LAUDIS CORONA

THE NEW

SUNDAY SCHOOL

HYMN Book

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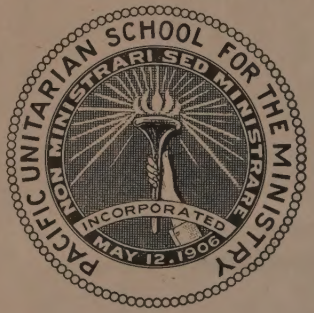

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LAUDIS CORONA;

THE NEW

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK,

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION OF CATHOLIC HYMNS,

ARRANGED FOR THE PRINCIPAL

SEASONS AND FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
449 AND 450 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

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PREFACE.

THE tunes in this collection were selected by a lady in Baltimore. They have been arranged for the press by Prof. Francis A. Harkins, M.A., of Boston College. The object has been to give to Sunday Schools and Sodalities of youth something that ALL can sing. For this end the Christmas Carols and the May Hymns will prove particularly useful.

Thanks are returned to the Sisters of Notre Dame for their kindness in granting the use of *May Chimes;* to Mr. Fred Eversmann, Jr., of Baltimore; to Mr. Harry Sanders, of the same city; and to Mr. Rosewig, Music Publisher, of Philadelphia.

BOSTON:
Feast of the Sacred Heart,
June 4, 1880.

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1885

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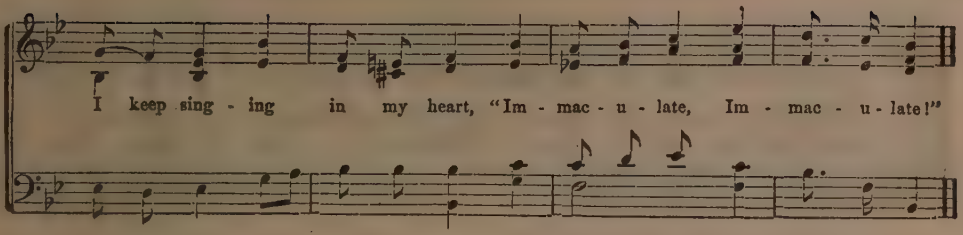


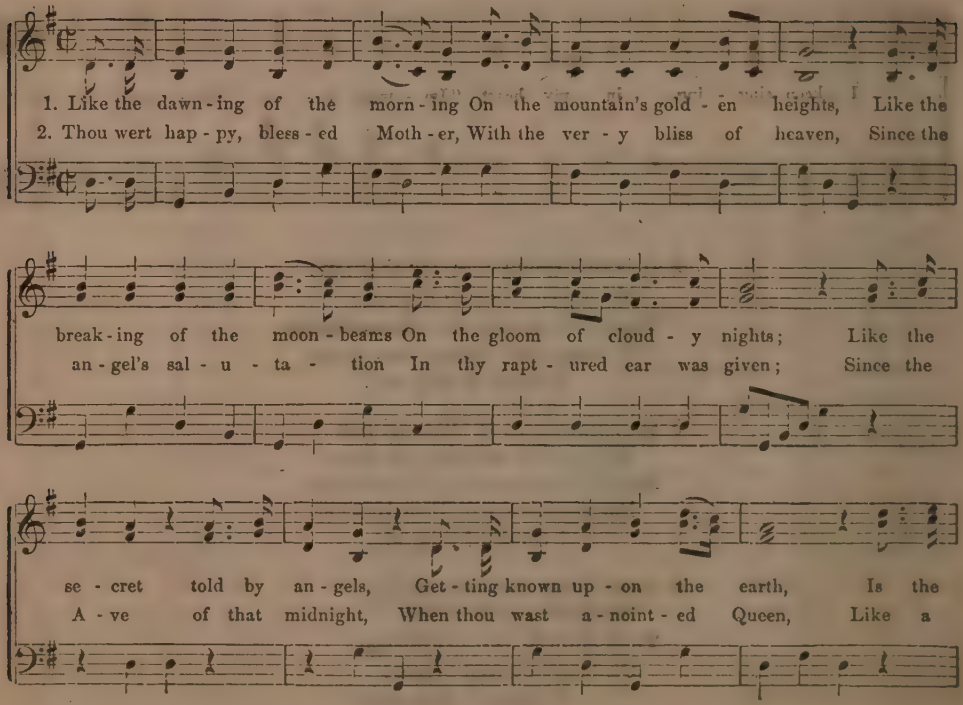
2 It is this thought to-day that lifts
My happy heart to heaven,
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
To thee, dear Queen, were given.
I think of thee, etc.

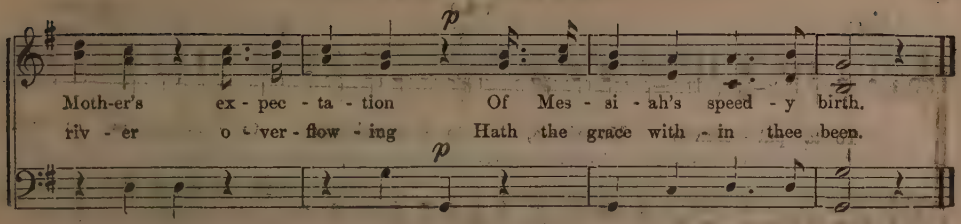
3 Oh! blessed be th' Eternal Son
Who joys to call thee Mother,
And lets poor men, by sin undone,
For thy sake, call Him Brother.
I think of thee, etc.

4 Immaculate Conception! far
Above all graces blest!
Thou shinest like a royal star
On God's eternal breast!
I think of thee, etc.

OUR LADY'S EXPECTATION.

(3.)


1. Like the dawn-ing of the morn-ing On the mountain's gold-en heights, Like the
2. Thou wert hap-py, bless-ed Moth-er, With the ver-y bliss of heaven, Since the
break-ing of the moon-beams On the gloom of cloud-y nights; Like the
an-gel's sal-u-ta-tion In thy rapt-ured ear was given; Since the
se-cret told by an-gels, Get-ting known up-on the earth, Is the
A-ve of that midnight, When thou wast a-noint-ed Queen, Like a

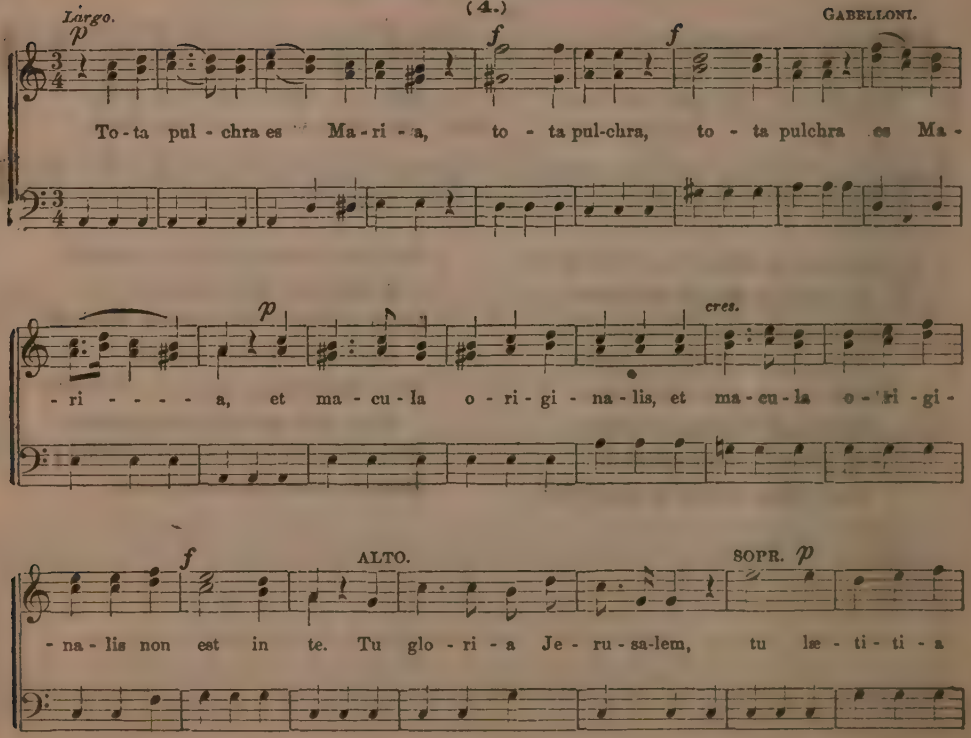


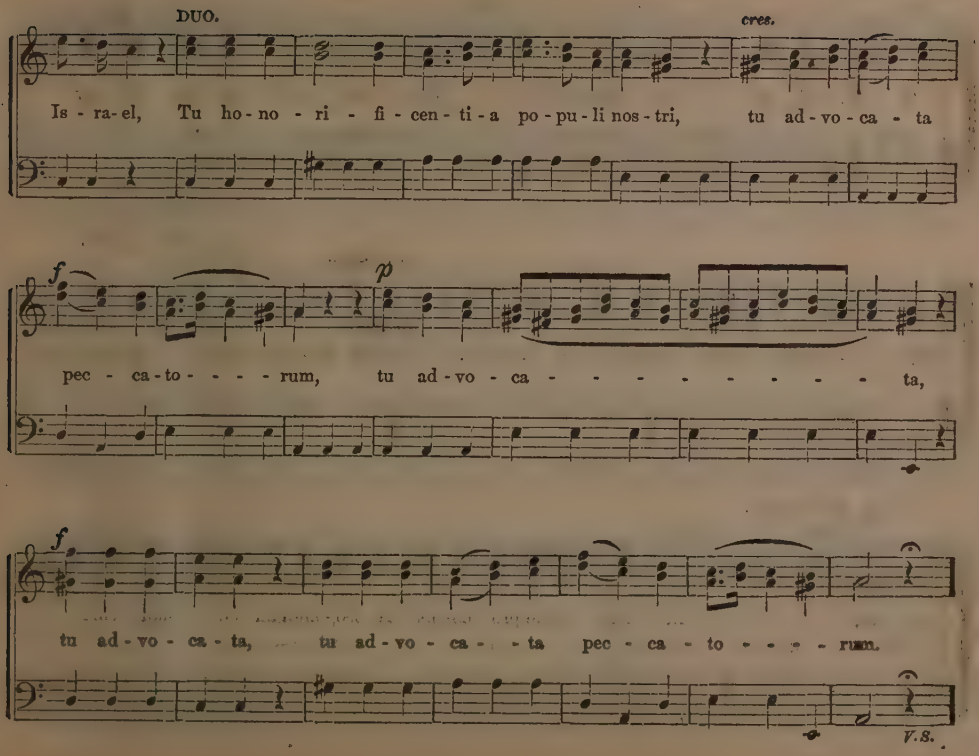
3 And what wonders have been in thee
All the day and all the night,
While the angels fell before thee,
To adore the Light of Light;
While the glory of the Father
Hath been in thee as a home,
And the scepter of creation
Hath been wielded in thy womb.

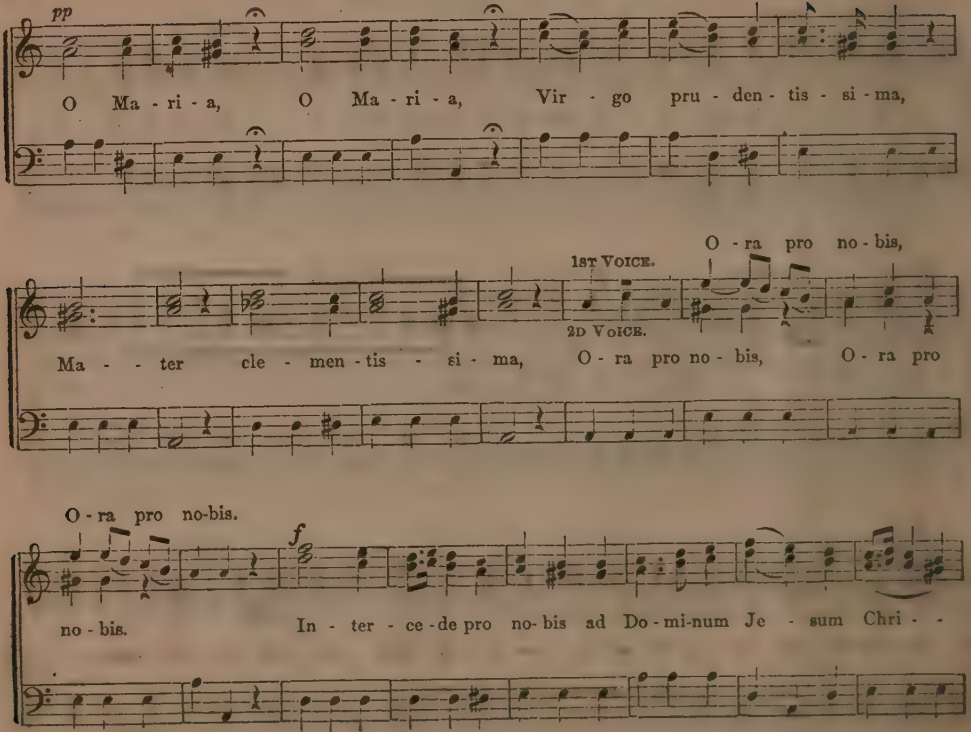
4 Thou hast waited, Child of David!
And thy waiting now is o'er!
Thou hast seen him Blessed Mother!
And wilt see him evermore!
Oh! His Human Face and Features,
They were passing sweet to see;
Thou beholdest them this moment;
Mother, show them now to me!

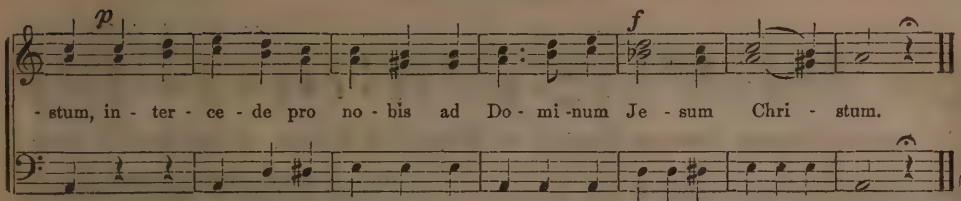
TOTA PULCHRA.

(4.)


Largo.
p
f
f
GABELLONI.
To - ta pul - chra es Ma - ri - a, to - ta pul-chra, to - ta pulchra es Ma -
p
cres.
- ri - - - - a, et ma - cu - la o - ri - gi - na - lis, et ma - cu - la o - ri - gi -
f
ALTO.
SOPR. p
- na - lis non est in te. Tu glo - ri - a Je - ru - sa-lem, tu læ - ti - ti - a


DUO.
cres.
Is - ra-el, Tu ho - no - ri - fi - cen - ti - a po - pu - li nos - tri, tu ad - vo - ca - ta
f
p
pec - ca - to - - - - rum, tu ad - vo - ca - - - - - - - - - - ta,
f
tu ad - vo - ca - ta, tu ad - vo - ca - - ta pec - ca - to - - - - - rum.
V.S.

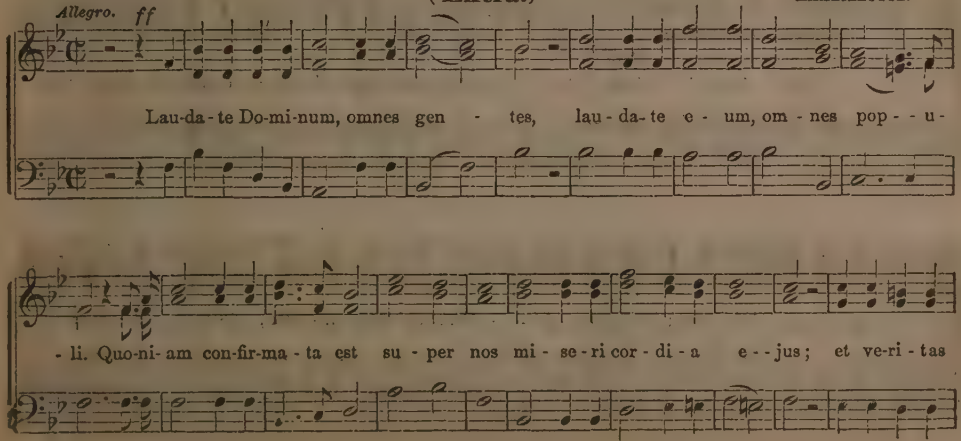

pp
O Ma - ri - a, O Ma - ri - a, Vir - go pru - den - tis - si - ma,
1ST VOICE.
O - ra pro no - bis,
2D VOICE.
Ma - - ter cle - men - tis - si - ma, O - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro
O - ra pro no-bis.
f
no - bis. In - ter - ce - de pro no - bis ad Do - mi-num Je - sum Chri - -

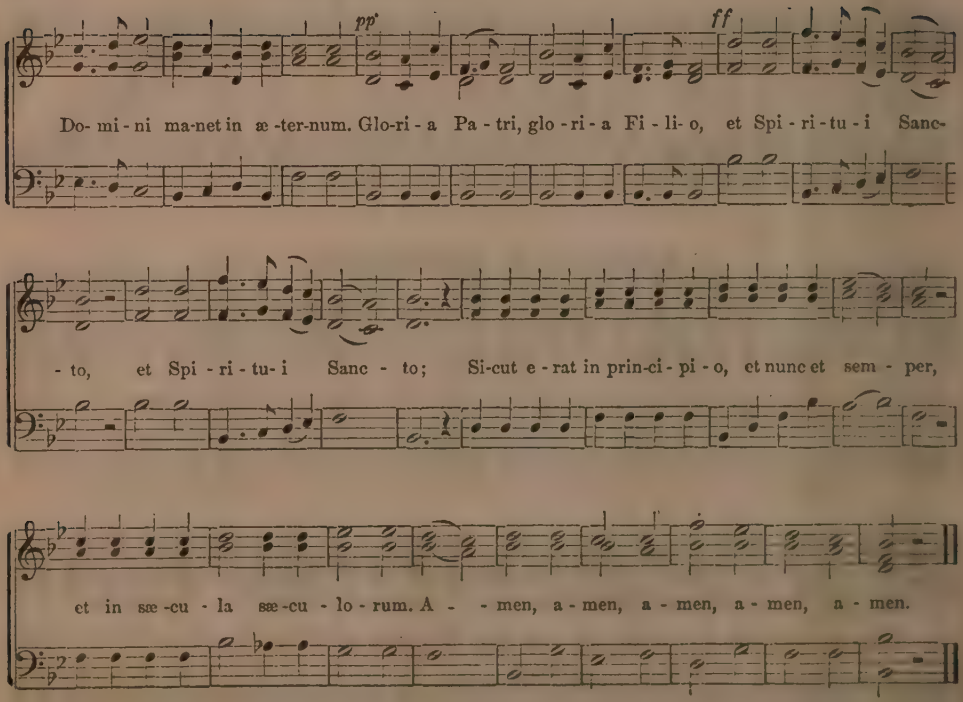


LAUDATE DOMINUM.

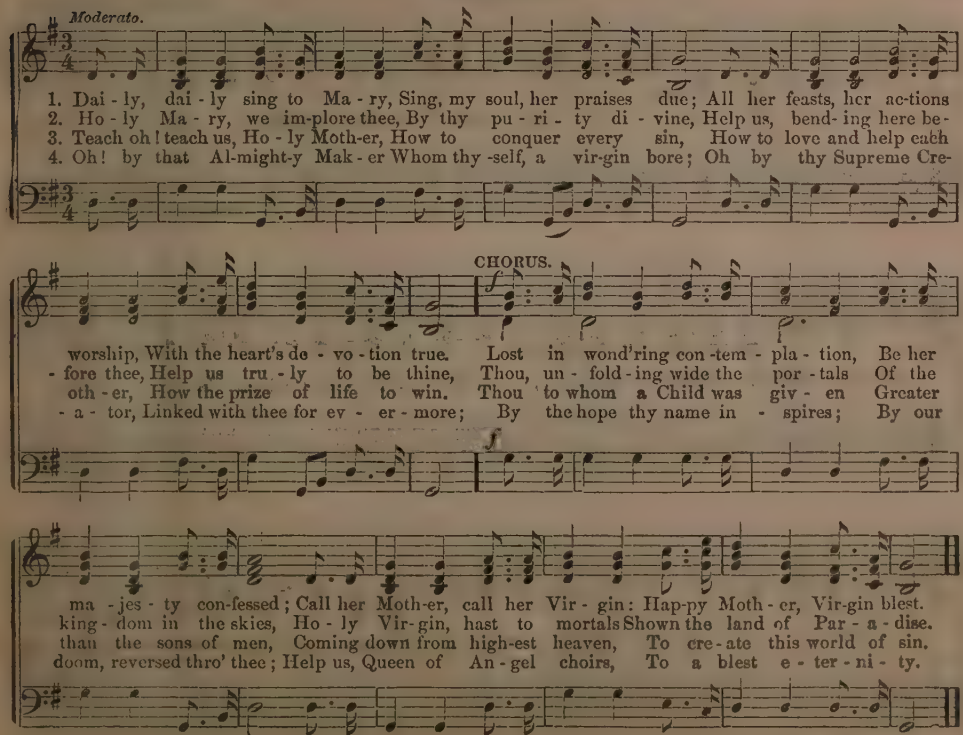
(Extra.)

LAMBILLOTTE.


Allegro.
ff
Lau-da-te Do-mi-num, omnes gen - tes, lau-da-te e - um, om - nes pop - - u -
- li. Quo-ni-am con-fir-ma-ta est su - per nos mi - se-ri cor-di-a e - - jus; et ve-ri-tas


pp
ff
Do- mi - ni ma-net in æ -ter-num. Glo-ri - a Pa - tri, glo - ri - a Fi - li- o, et Spi - ri - tu - i Sanc-
- to, et Spi - ri - tu- i Sanc - to; Si-cut e - rat in prin-ci- pi - o, et nunc et sem - per,
et in sæ -cu - la sæ-cu - lo - rum. A - - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

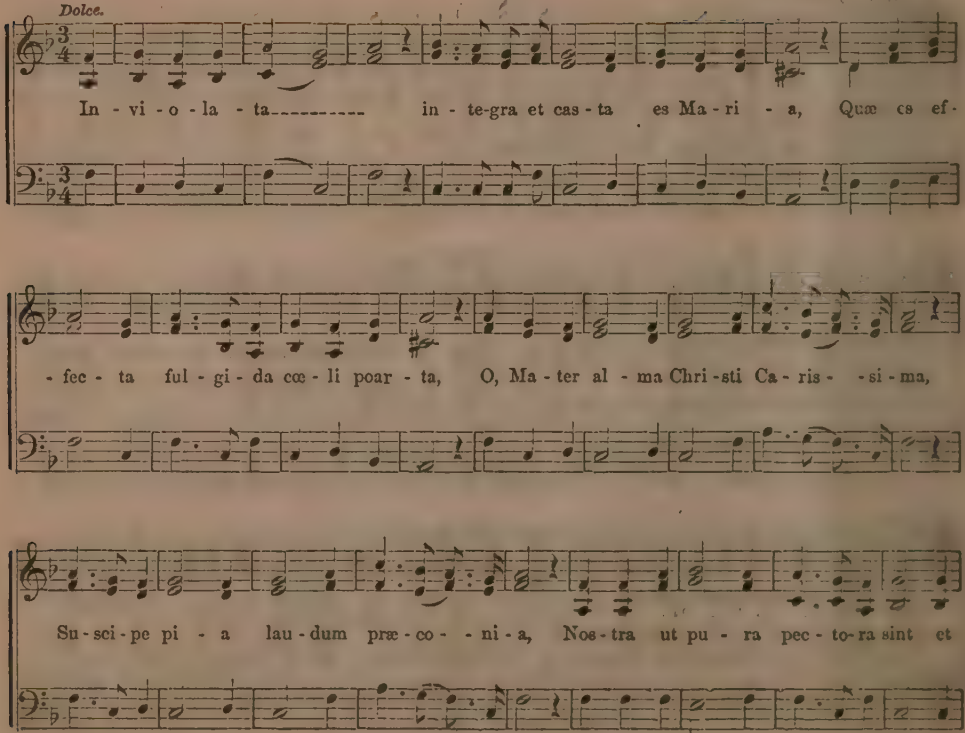
(6.)—[See also p. 14.]

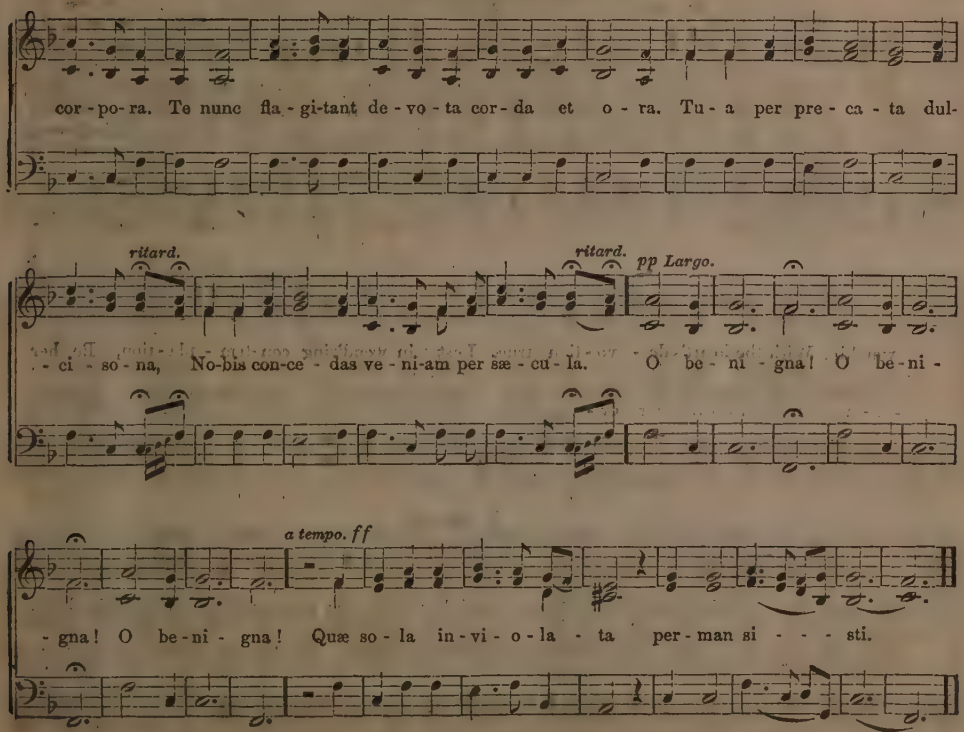

Moderato.
1. Dai - ly, dai - ly sing to Ma - ry, Sing, my soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her ac-tions
2. Ho - ly Ma - ry, we im-plore thee, By thy pu - ri - ty di - vine, Help us, bend - ing here be-
3. Teach oh! teach us, Ho - ly Moth-er, How to conquer every sin, How to love and help each
4. Oh! by that Al-might-y Mak - er Whom thy -self, a vir-gin bore; Oh by thy Supreme Cre-
CHORUS.
worship, With the heart's de - vo - tion true. Lost in wond'ring con-tem - pla - tion, Be her
- fore thee, Help us tru - ly to be thine, Thou, un - fold - ing wide the por - tals Of the
oth - er, How the prize of life to win. Thou to whom a Child was giv - en Greater
- a - tor, Linked with thee for ev - er - more; By the hope thy name in - spires; By our
ma - jes - ty con-fessed; Call her Moth-er, call her Vir - gin: Hap-py Moth - er, Vir-gin blest.
king - dom in the skies, Ho - ly Vir-gin, hast to mortals Shown the land of Par - a - dise.
than the sons of men, Coming down from high-est heaven, To cre - ate this world of sin.
doom, reversed thro' thee; Help us, Queen of An - gel choirs, To a blest e - ter - ni - ty.

INVIOLATA.

(8.)

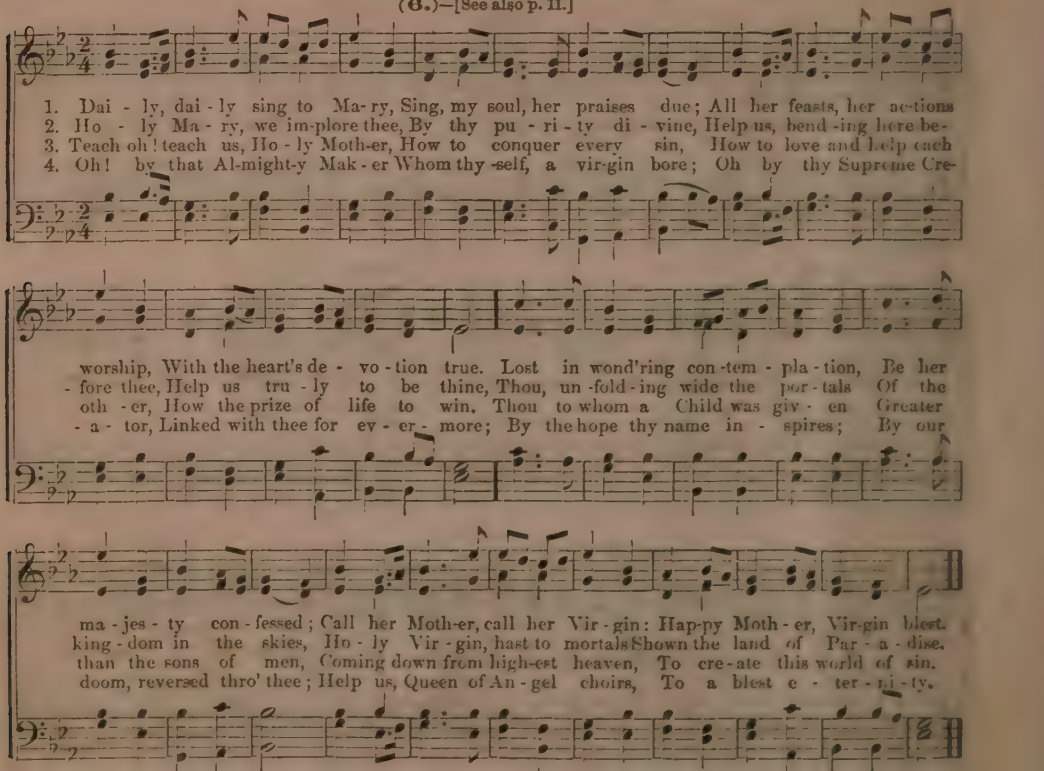
PARISIAN VESPERAL.


Dolce.
In - vi - o - la - ta in - te-gra et cas - ta es Ma - ri - a, Quæ ea ef -
- fec - ta ful - gi - da cœ - li poar - ta, O, Ma - ter al - ma Chri - sti Ca - ris - - si - ma,
Su - sci - pe pi - a lau - dum præ - co - - ni - a, Nos - tra ut pu - ra pec - to - ra sint et


cor - po - ra. Te nunc fla - gi-tant de - vo - ta cor - da et o - ra. Tu - a per pre - ca - ta dul-
ritard.
ritard.
pp Largo.
- ci - so - na, No-bis con-ce - das ve - ni-am per sæ - cu - la. O be - ni - gna! O be - ni -
a tempo. ff
- gna! O be - ni - gna! Quæ so - la in - vi - o - la - ta per - man si - - - - sti.

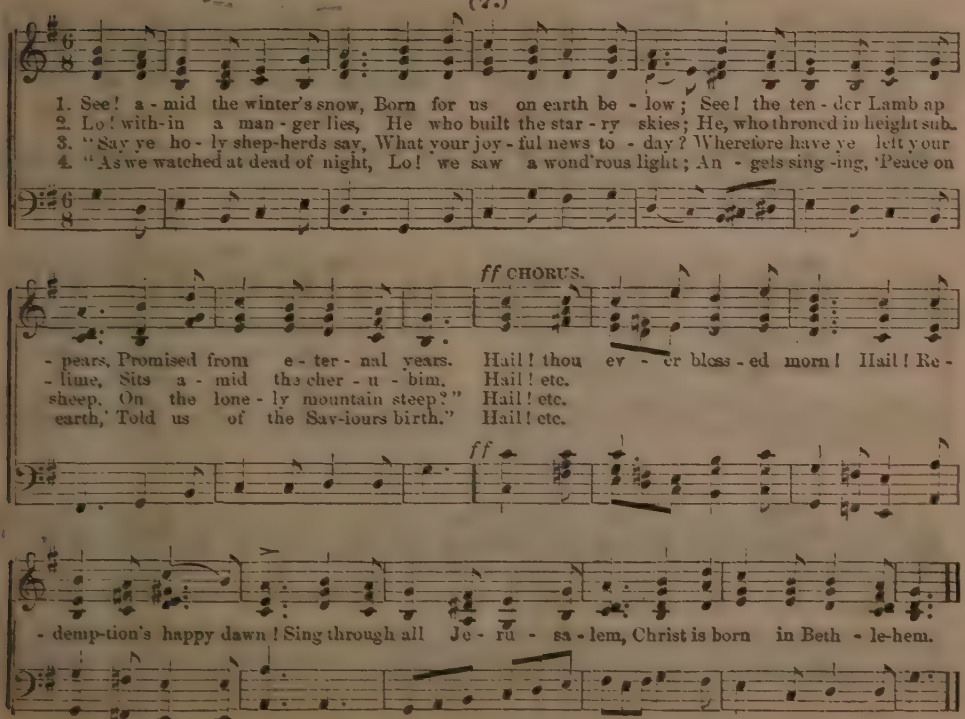
DAILY, DAILY SING TO MARY.

(6.)—[See also p. 11.]


1. Dai - ly, dai - ly sing to Ma - ry, Sing, my soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her ac-tions
2. Ho - ly Ma - ry, we im-plore thee, By thy pu - ri - ty di - vine, Help us, bend - ing here be-
3. Teach oh! teach us, Ho - ly Moth-er, How to conquer every sin, How to love and help each
4. Oh! by that Al-might-y Mak - er Whom thy self, a vir-gin bore; Oh by thy Supreme Cre-
worship, With the heart's de - vo - tion true. Lost in wond'ring con-tem - pla - tion, Be her
- fore thee, Help us tru - ly to be thine, Thou, un - fold - ing wide the por - tals Of the
oth - er, How the prize of life to win. Thou to whom a Child was giv - en Greater
- a - tor, Linked with thee for ev - er - more; By the hope thy name in - spires; By our
ma - jes - ty con - fessed; Call her Moth-er, call her Vir - gin: Hap-py Moth - er, Vir-gin blest.
king - dom in the skies, Ho - ly Vir - gin, hast to mortals Shown the land of Par - a - dise.
than the sons of men, Coming down from high-est heaven, To cre - ate this world of sin.
doom, reversed thro' thee; Help us, Queen of An - gel choirs, To a blest e - ter - ni - ty.

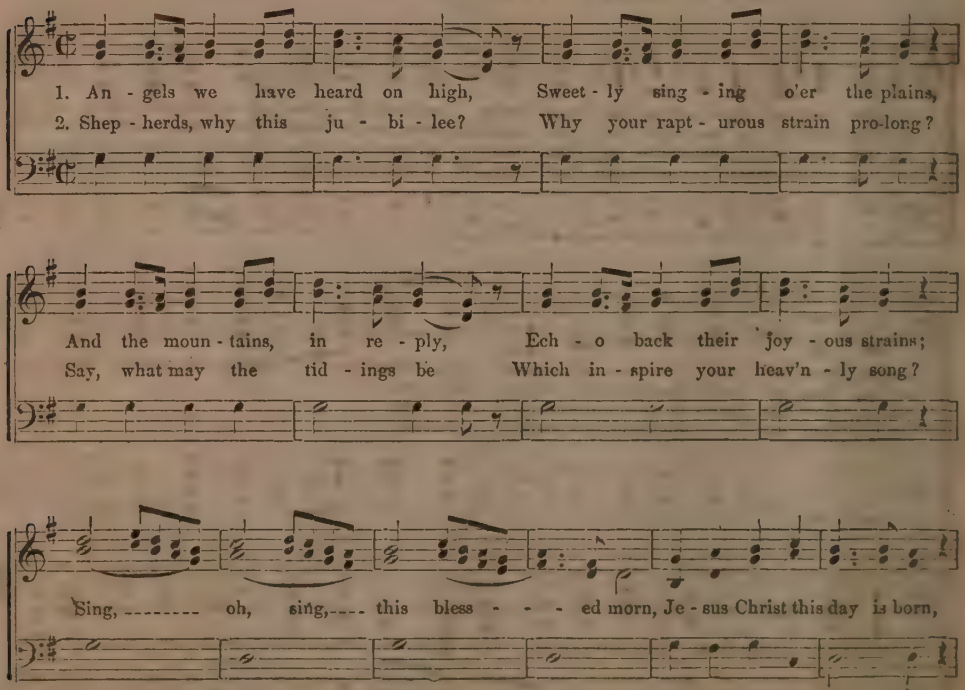
SEE! AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

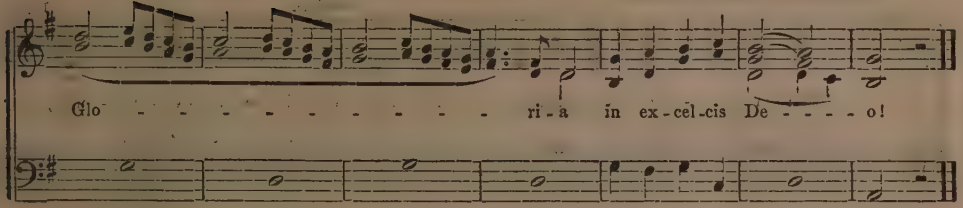
(7.)


1. See! a - mid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low; See! the ten - der Lamb ap
2. Lo! with-in a man - ger lies, He who built the star - ry skies; He, who throned in height sub.
3. "Say ye ho - ly shep-herds say, What your joy - ful news to - day? Wherefore have ye left your
4. "As we watched at dead of night, Lo! we saw a wond'rous light; An - gels sing - ing, 'Peace on
ff CHORUS.
- pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years. Hail! thou ev - er bless - ed morn! Hail! Re -
- lume, Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim. Hail! etc.
sheep, On the lone - ly mountain steep?" Hail! etc.
earth,' Told us of the Sav-iours birth." Hail! etc.
ff
- demp-tion's happy dawn! Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le-hem.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

(9.)


1. An - gels we have heard on high, Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,
2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your rapt - urous strain pro-long?
And the moun - tains, in re - ply, Ech - o back their joy - ous strains;
Say, what may the tid - ings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?
Sing, -------- oh, sing,---- this bless - - - ed morn, Je - sus Christ this day is born,

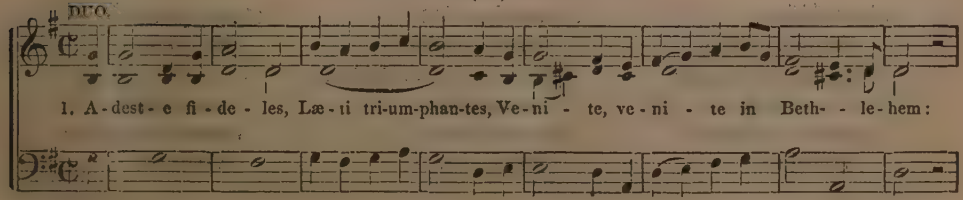


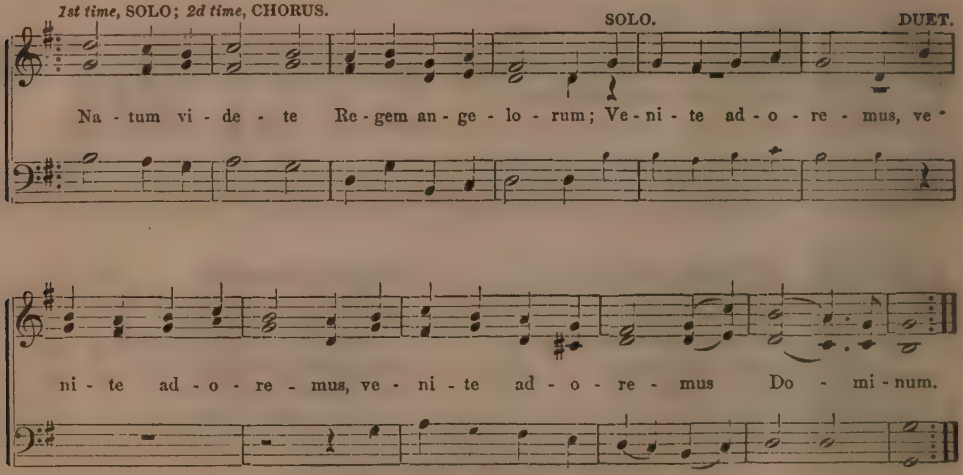
3 Come to Bethlehem, come and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Th' Infant Christ, the new-born King;
Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

4 See, within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth!
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
With us sing our Saviour's birth.
Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

ADESTES FIDELES.

(8.)




1st time, SOLO; 2d time, CHORUS.
SOLO.
DUET.
Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem an - ge - lo - rum; Ve - ni - te ad - o - re - mus, ve -
ni - te ad - o - re - mus, ve - ni - te ad - o - re - mus Do - mi - num.

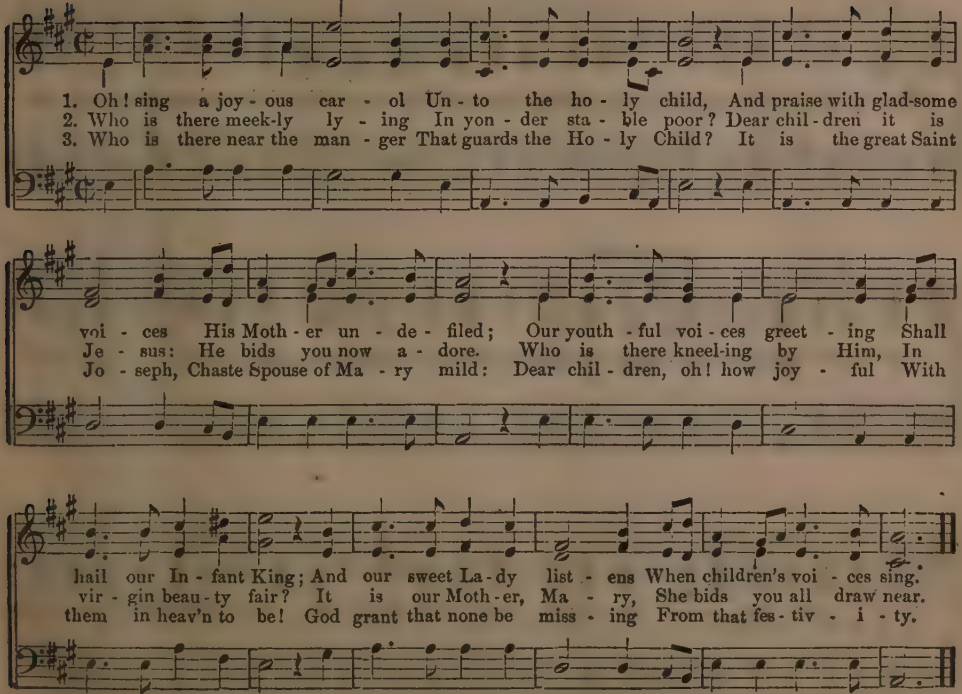
2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera;
Deum verum
Genitum non factum;
Venite, etc.

3 Cantet nunc Io!
Chorus Angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium
Gloria, gloria
In excelsis Deo;
Venite, etc.

4 Ergo, qui natus
Die hodierna
Jesu! tibi sit gloria,
Patris æterni,
Verbum caro factum;
Venite, etc.

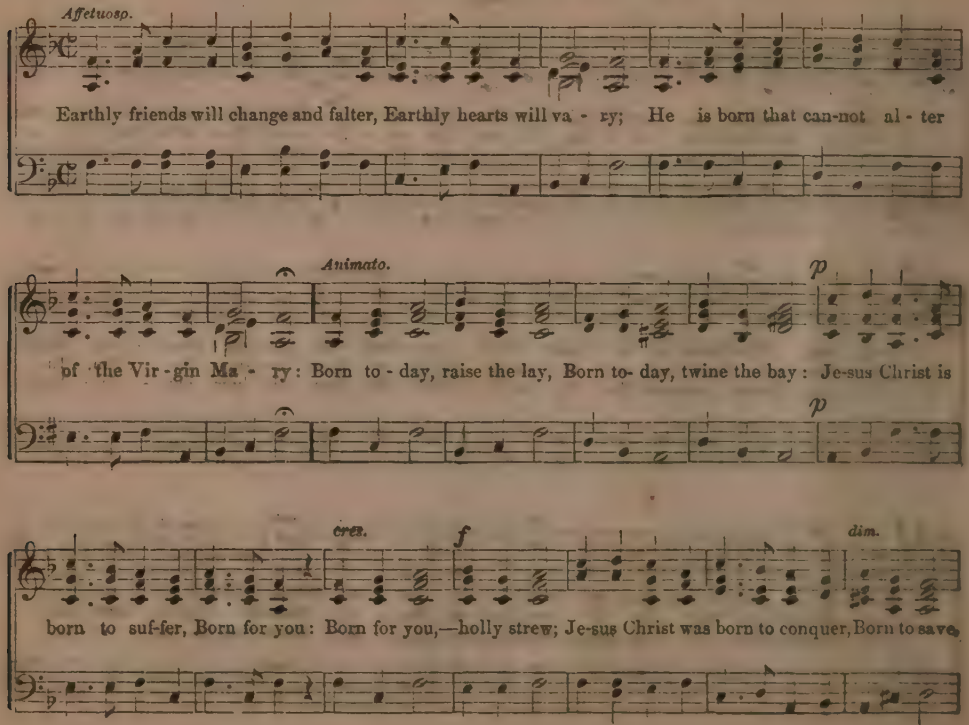
OH! SING A JOYOUS CAROL.

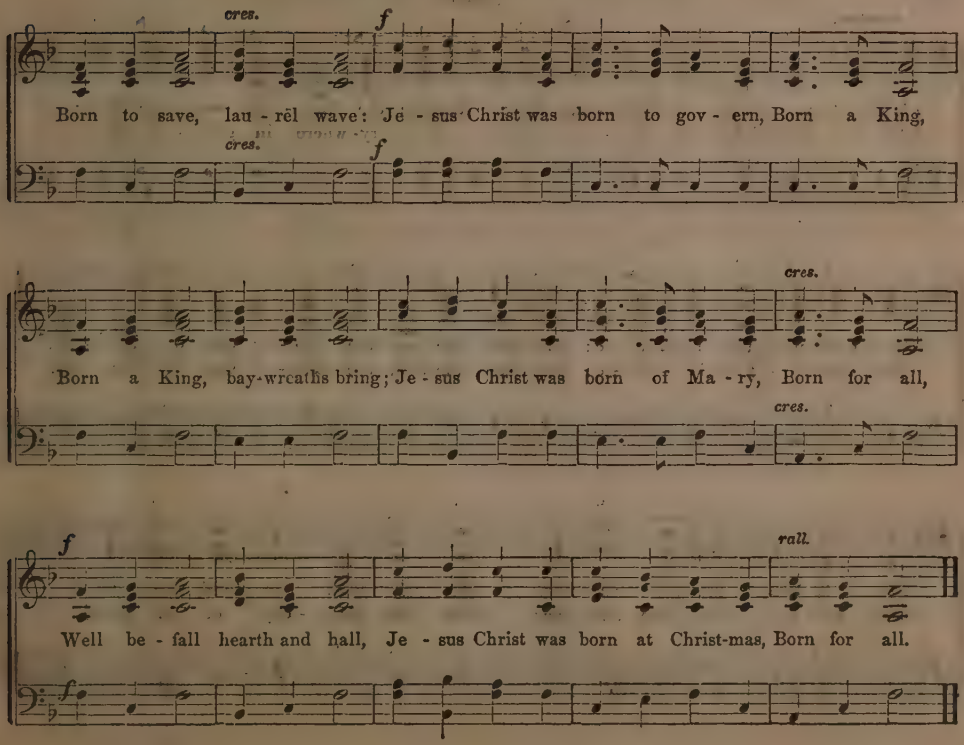
(10.)


1. Oh! sing a joy - ous car - ol Un - to the ho - ly child, And praise with glad-some voi - ces His Moth - er un - de - filed; Our youth - ful voi - ces greet - ing Shall hail our In - fant King; And our sweet La - dy list - ens When children's voi - ces sing.
2. Who is there meek-ly ly - ing In yon - der sta - ble poor? Dear chil - dren it is Je - sus: He bids you now a - dore. Who is there kneel-ing by Him, In vir - gin beau - ty fair? It is our Moth - er, Ma - ry, She bids you all draw near.
3. Who is there near the man - ger That guards the Ho - ly Child? It is the great Saint Jo - seph, Chaste Spouse of Ma - ry mild: Dear chil - dren, oh! how joy - ful With them in heav'n to be! God grant that none be miss - ing From that fes - tiv - i - ty.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

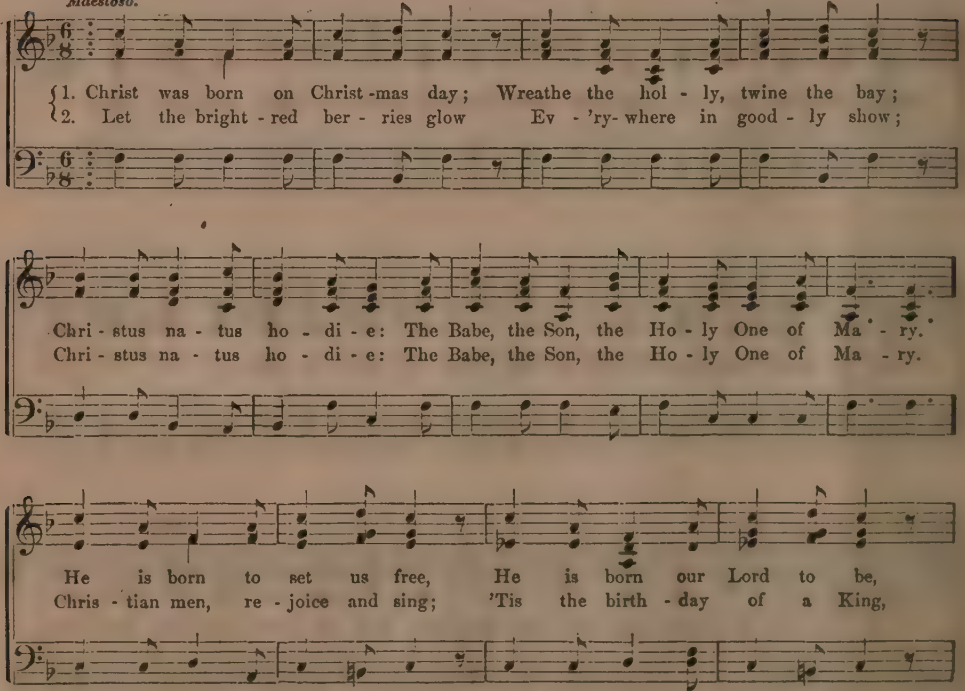
(11.)

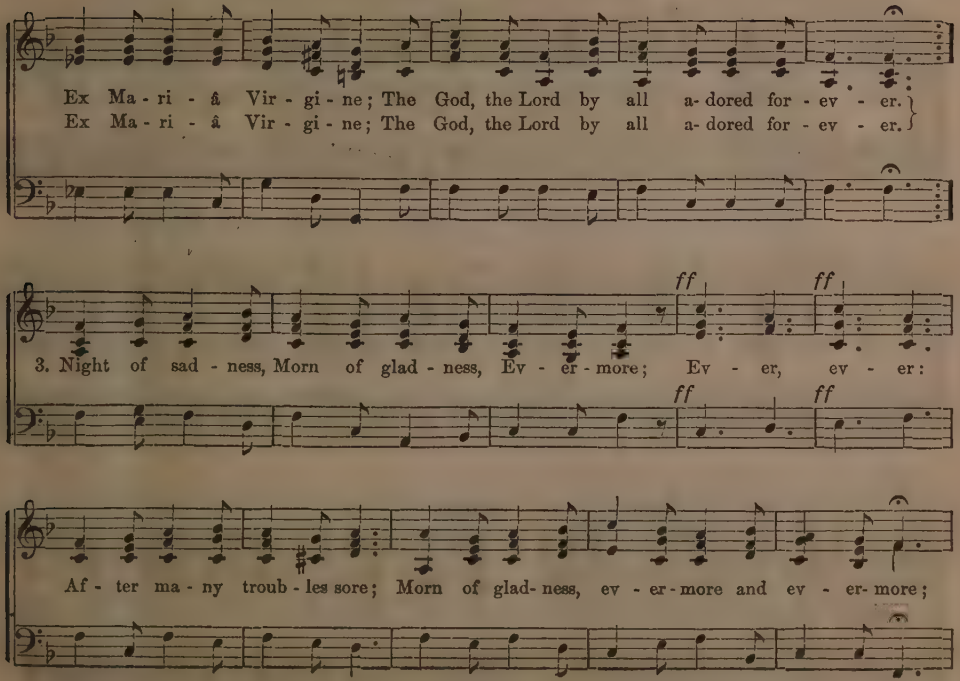

Affetuoso.
Earthly friends will change and falter, Earthly hearts will va - ry; He is born that can-not al - ter
Animato.
p
of the Vir - gin Ma - ry: Born to - day, raise the lay, Born to- day, twine the bay: Je-sus Christ is
p
cres.
f
dim.
born to suf-fer, Born for you: Born for you,—holly strew; Je-sus Christ was born to conquer, Born to save


cres.
f
Born to save, lau - rel wave: Je - sus Christ was born to gov - ern, Born a King,
cres.
f
Born a King, bay-wreaths bring; Je - sus Christ was born of Ma - ry, Born for all,
cres.
cres.
f
rall.
Well be - fall hearth and hall, Je - sus Christ was born at Christ-mas, Born for all.
f

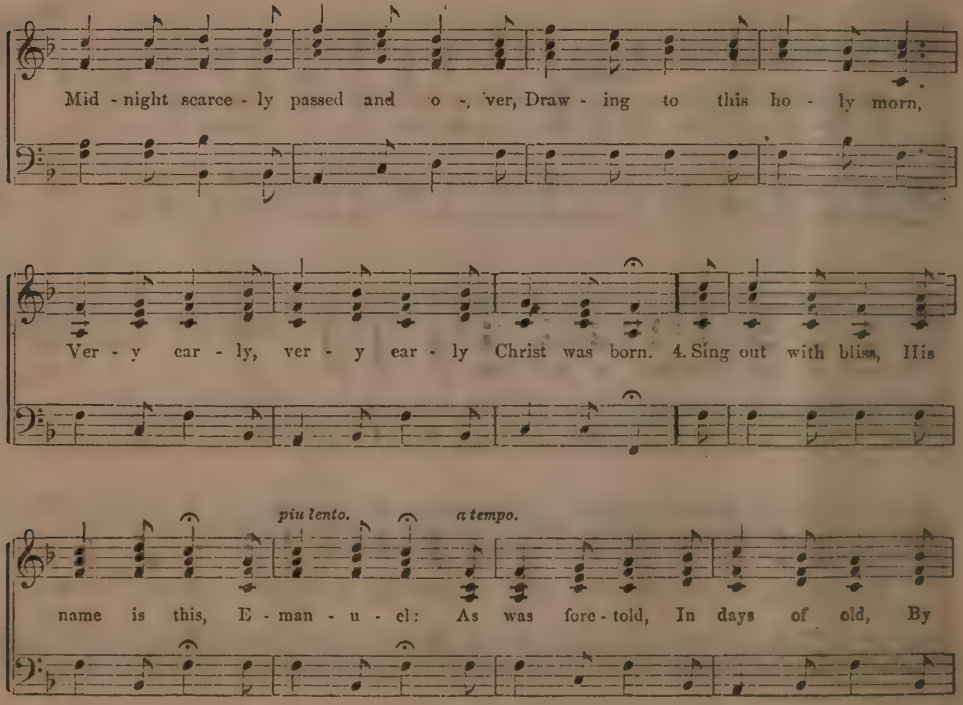
CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

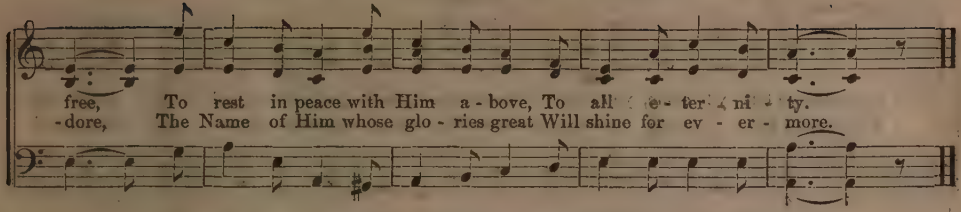
(12.)


Maestoso.
1. Christ was born on Christ-mas day; Wreathe the hol - ly, twine the bay;
2. Let the bright - red ber - ries glow Ev - 'ry-where in good - ly show;
Chri - stus na - tus ho - di - e: The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
Chri - stus na - tus ho - di - e: The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,
Chris - tian men, re - joice and sing; 'Tis the birth - day of a King,


Ex Ma - ri - â Vir - gi - ne; The God, the Lord by all a- dored for - ev - er.
Ex Ma - ri - â Vir - gi - ne; The God, the Lord by all a- dored for - ev - er.
ff
ff
3. Night of sad - ness, Morn of glad - ness, Ev - er - more; Ev - er, ev - er:
ff
ff
Af - ter ma - ny troub - les sore; Morn of glad- ness, ev - er - more and ev - er- more;

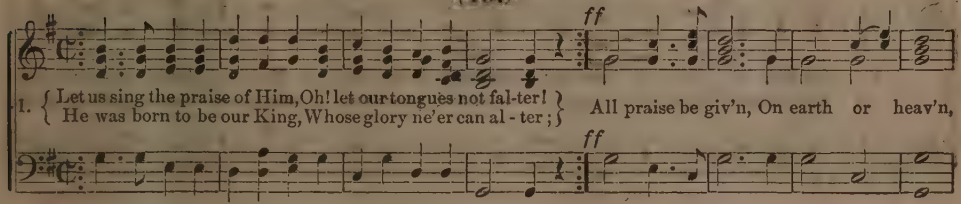
Christ was born on Christmas Day. CONTINUED.

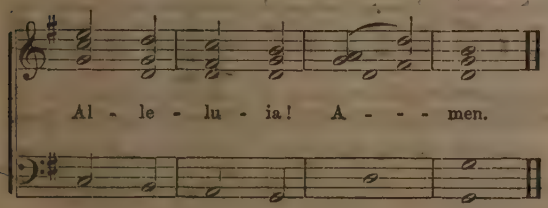

Mid - night scarce - ly passed and o - ver, Draw - ing to this ho - ly morn,
Ver - y ear - ly, ver - y ear - ly Christ was born. 4. Sing out with bliss, His
piu lento.
a tempo.
name is this, E - man - u - el: As was fore - told, In days of old, By



LET US SING THE PRAISE OF HIM.

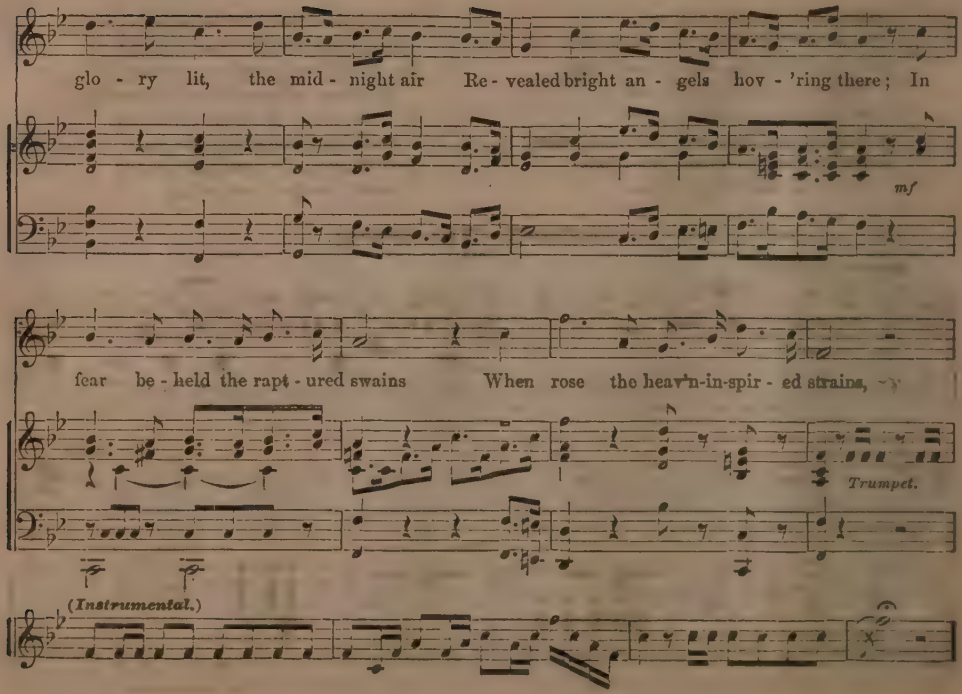
(19.)

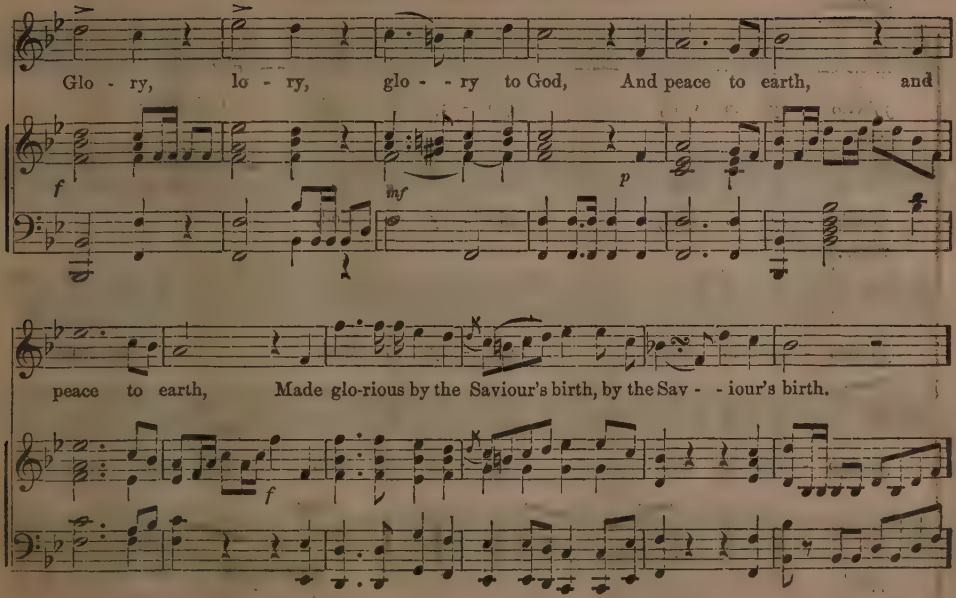

ff
1. { Let us sing the praise of Him, Oh! let our tongues not fal-ter! } All praise be giv'n, On earth or heav'n,
{ He was born to be our King, Whose glory ne'er can al - ter; }
ff



2 In a manger lowly laid,
And where the shepherds found him,
Ev'ry homage be Him paid,
By those who kneel before Him;
Raise ev'ry voice,
Let earth rejoice. Alleluia! Amen.

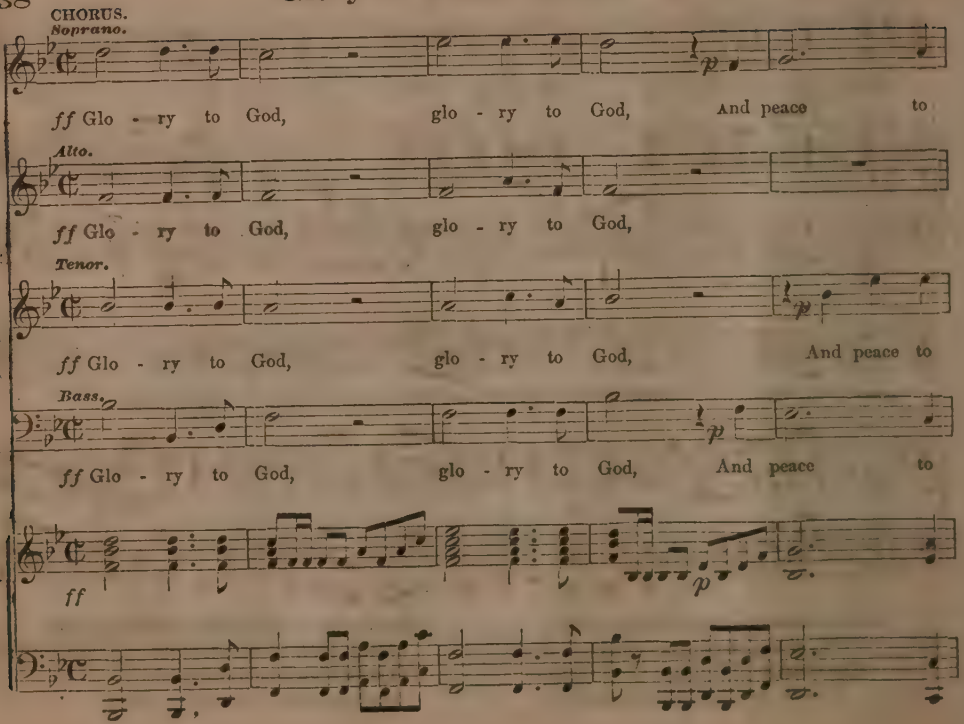
3 Born to-day sing loud the lay,
From hearts that cannot vary,
Christ is born for us this day,
Born of the spotless Mary;
Redeemer King,
Thy praise we sing. Alleluia! Amen.

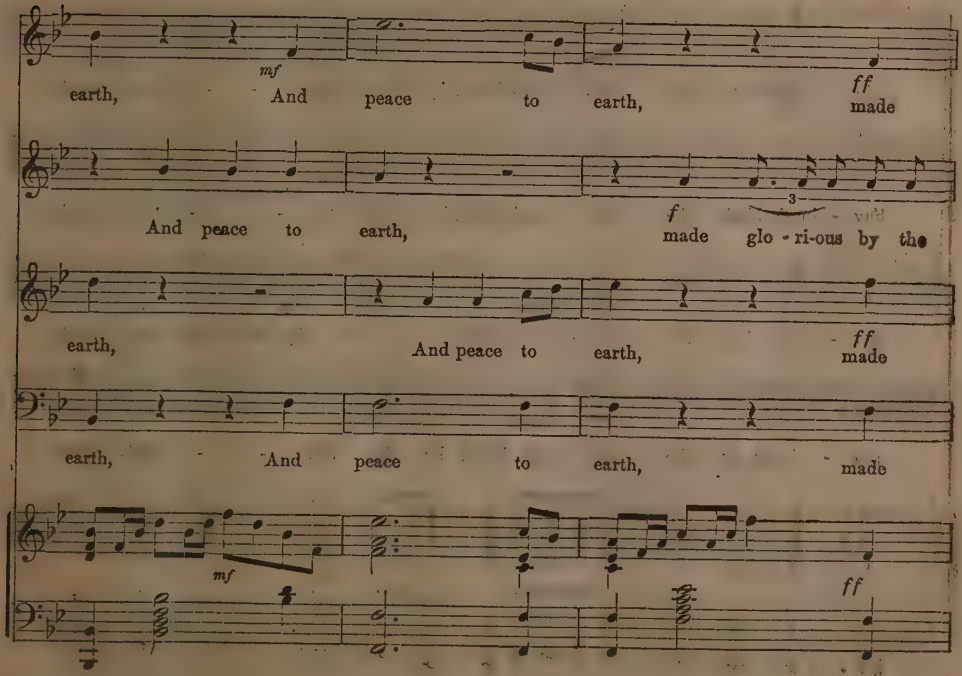

glo - ry lit, the mid - night air Re - vealed bright an - gels hov - 'ring there; In
mf
fear be - held the rapt - ured swains When rose the heav'n-in-spir - ed strains,
Trumpet.
(Instrumental.)

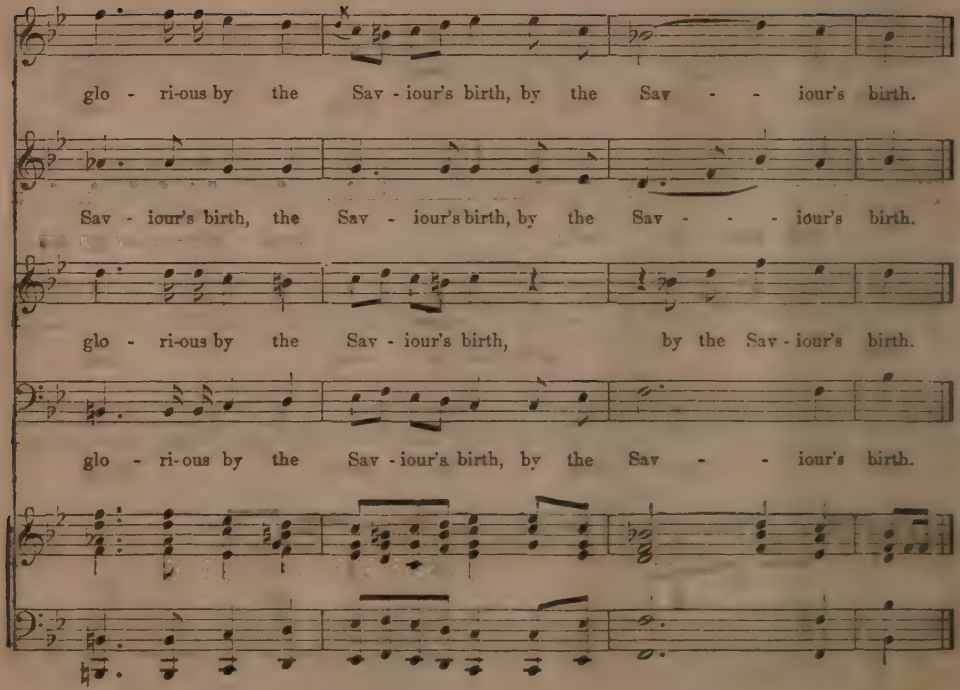

Glo - ry, lo - ry, glo - - ry to God, And peace to earth, and
f
mf
p
peace to earth, Made glo-rious by the Saviour's birth, by the Sav - - iour's birth.
f

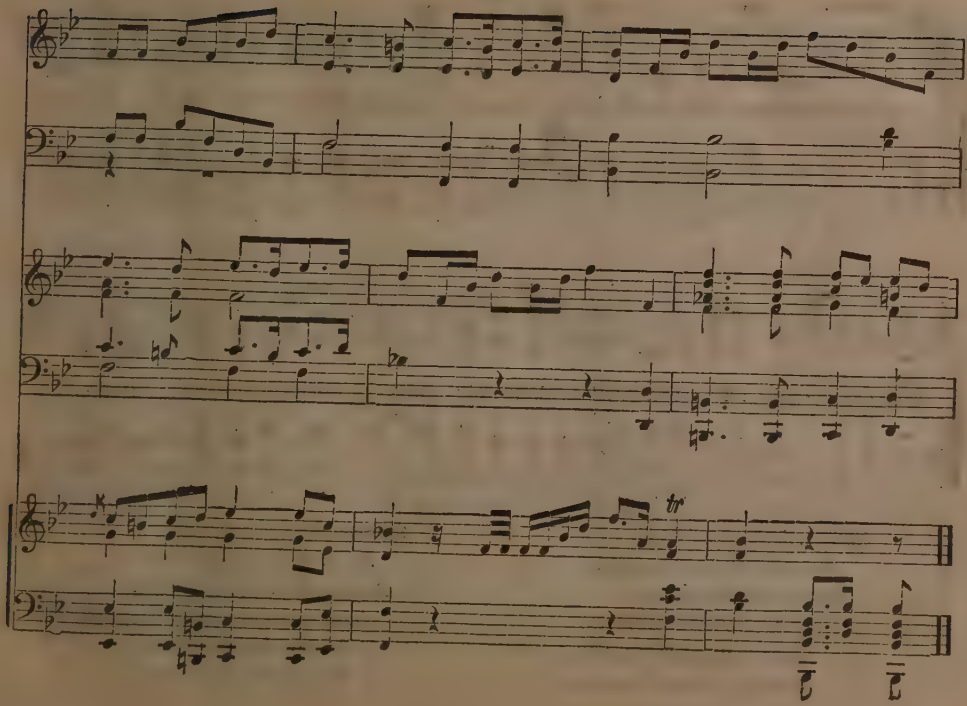
2 Then sweetly spoke th' angelic voice;
"Fear not; let heaven and earth rejoice;
The Child in Bethlehem's crib that lies
Is God, descended from the skies."

3 The choirs of Heaven still bless the morn,
When God, through love for man, was born:
That God we humbly bow before,
And praise with angels, and adore.


CHORUS.
Soprano.
ff Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, And peace to
Alto.
ff Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,
Tenor.
ff Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, And peace to
Bass.
ff Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, And peace to
ff
p

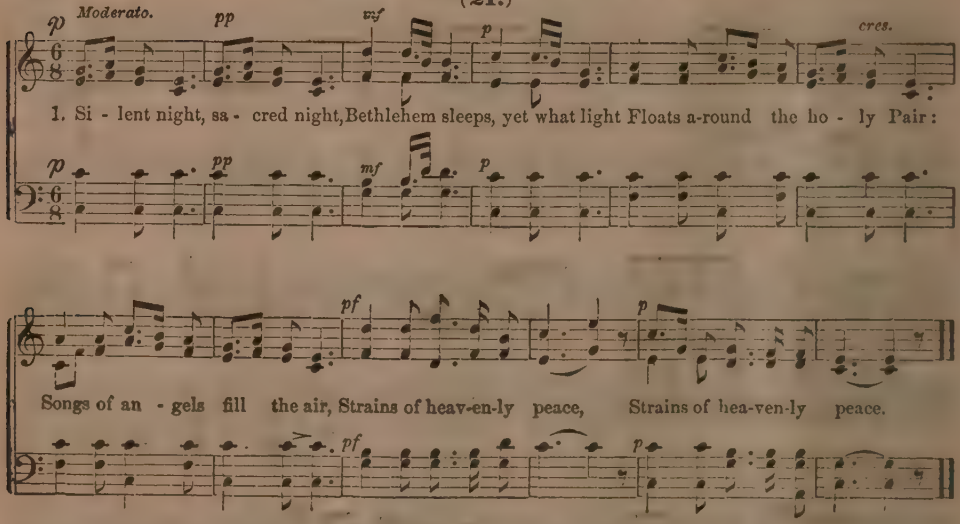

mf
earth, And peace to earth, ff made
And peace to earth, f made glo - ri-ous by the
3
earth, And peace to earth, ff made
earth, And peace to earth, made
mf
ff


glo - ri-ous by the Sav - iour's birth, by the Sav - - iour's birth.
Sav - iour's birth, the Sav - iour's birth, by the Sav - - - iour's birth.
glo - ri-ous by the Sav - iour's birth, by the Sav - iour's birth.
glo - ri-ous by the Sav - iour's birth, by the Sav - - iour's birth.


tr

SILENT NIGHT.

(21.)

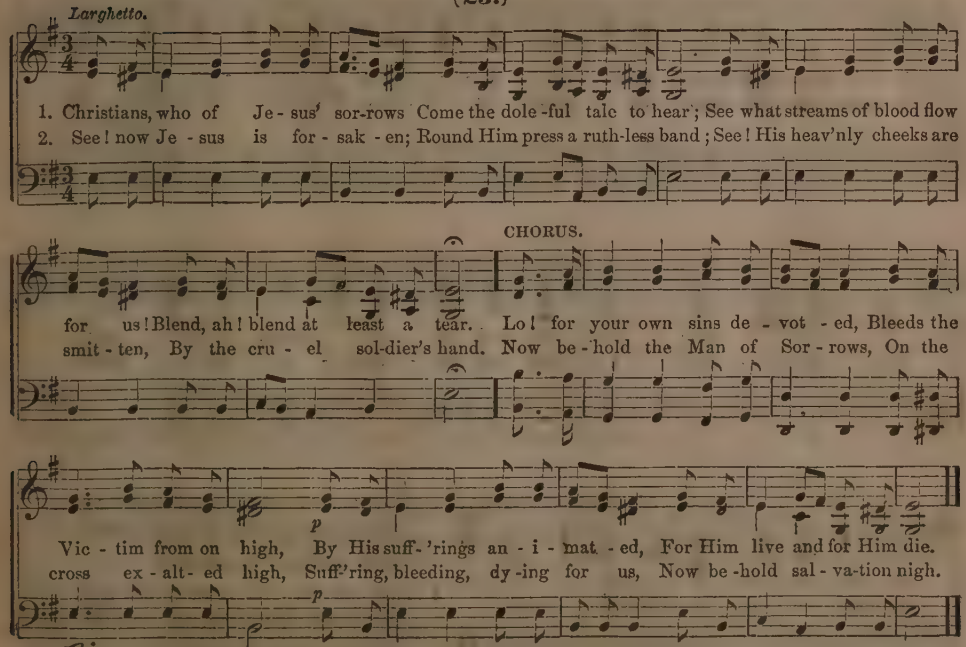

Moderato.
1. Si - lent night, sa - cred night, Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light Floats a-round the ho - ly Pair:
Songs of an - gels fill the air, Strains of heav-en-ly peace, Strains of hea-ven-ly peace.

2 Silent night, sacred night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the Alleluias ring,
Which the angel-chorus sing;
Christ the Saviour has come,
Christ the Saviour has come.

3 Silent night, sacred night,
Son of God! oh, what light
Radiates from thy manger-bed
Over realms with darkness spread,
Thou in Bethlehem born,
Thou in Bethlehem born.

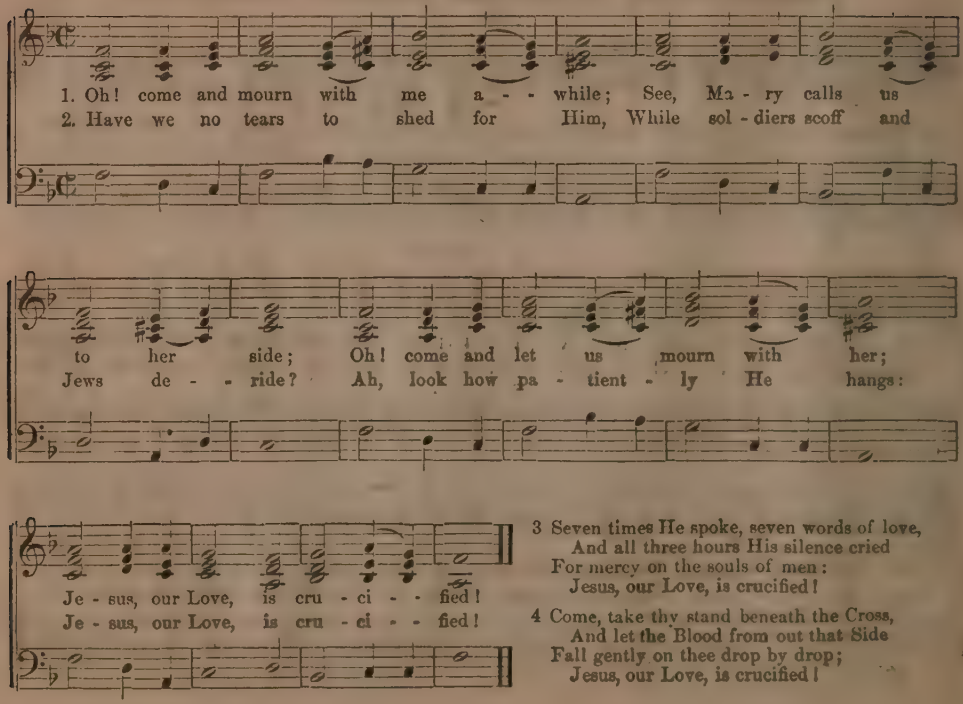
CHRISTIANS WHO OF JESUS' SORROWS.

(25.)


Larghetto.
1. Christians, who of Je - sus' sor-rows Come the dole-ful tale to hear; See what streams of blood flow
2. See! now Je - sus is for - sak - en; Round Him press a ruth-less band; See! His heav'nly cheeks are
CHORUS.
for us! Blend, ah! blend at least a tear. Lo! for your own sins de - vot - ed, Bleeds the
smit - ten, By the cru - el sol-dier's hand. Now be - hold the Man of Sor - rows, On the
p
Vic - tim from on high, By His suff-'rings an - i - mat - ed, For Him live and for Him die.
cross ex - alt - ed high, Suff'ring, bleeding, dy - ing for us, Now be - hold sal - va - tion nigh.
p

OH! COME AND MOURN WITH ME.

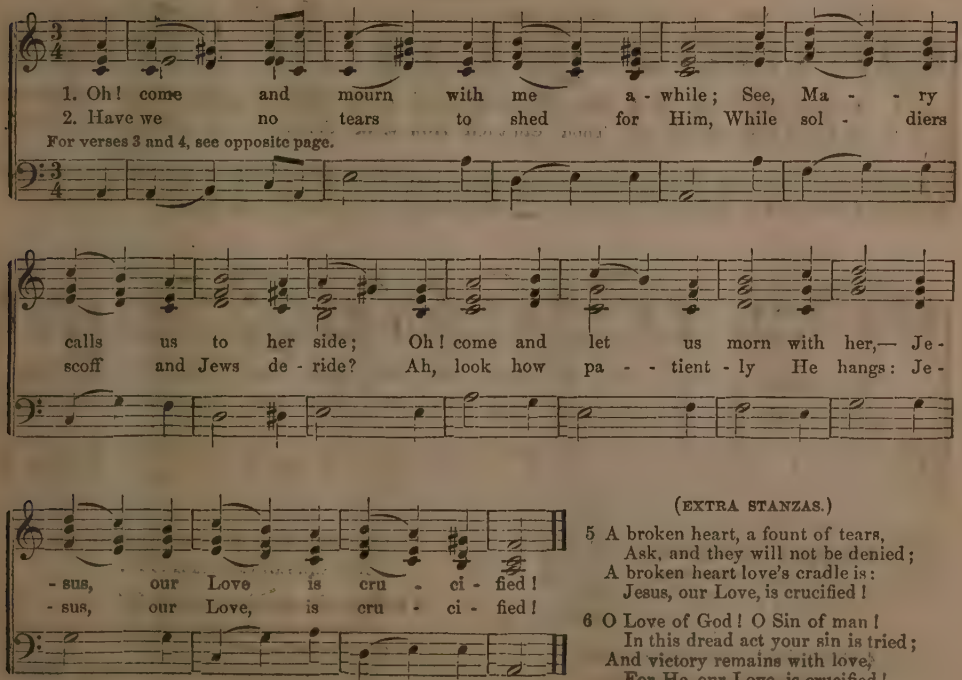
(26.)—*f.*


1. Oh! come and mourn with me a - - while; See, Ma - ry calls us
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While sol - diers scoff and
to her side; Oh! come and let us mourn with her;
Jews de - - ride? Ah, look how pa - tient - ly He hangs:
Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - - fied!
Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - - fied!

3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

4 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

(26.)—*b.*


1. Oh! come and mourn with me a - while; See, Ma - - ry
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While sol - diers
For verses 3 and 4, see opposite page.
calls us to her side; Oh! come and let us morn with her,— Je -
scoff and Jews de - ride? Ah, look how pa - - tient - ly He hangs: Je -
- sus, our Love is cru - ci - fied!
- sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied!

(EXTRA STANZAS.)

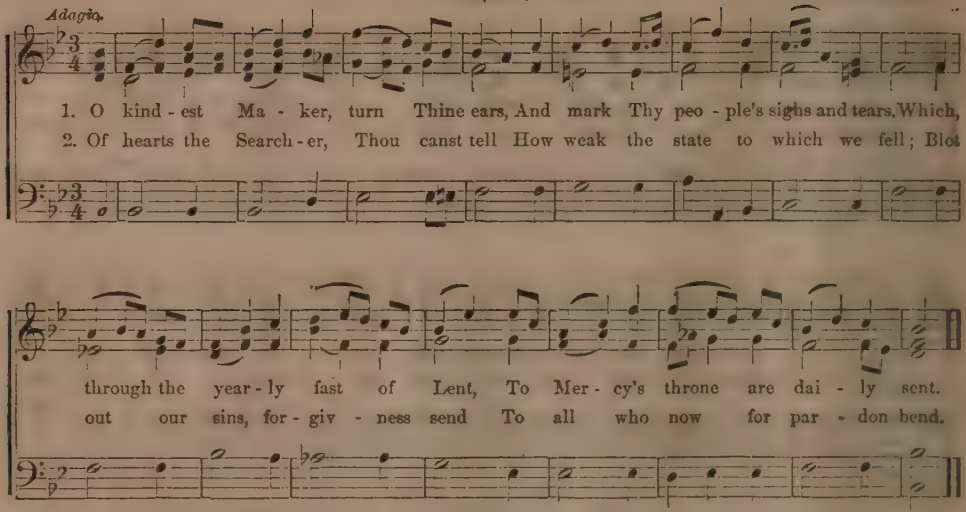
5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

6 O Love of God! O Sin of man!
In this dread act your sin is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified!

O KINDEST MAKER.

(31.)

J. RICHARDSON.


Adagio.
1. O kind - est Ma - ker, turn Thine ears, And mark Thy peo - ple's sighs and tears, Which,
2. Of hearts the Search - er, Thou canst tell How weak the state to which we fell; Blot
through the year - ly fast of Lent, To Mer - cy's throne are dai - ly sent.
out our sins, for - giv - ness send To all who now for par - don bend.

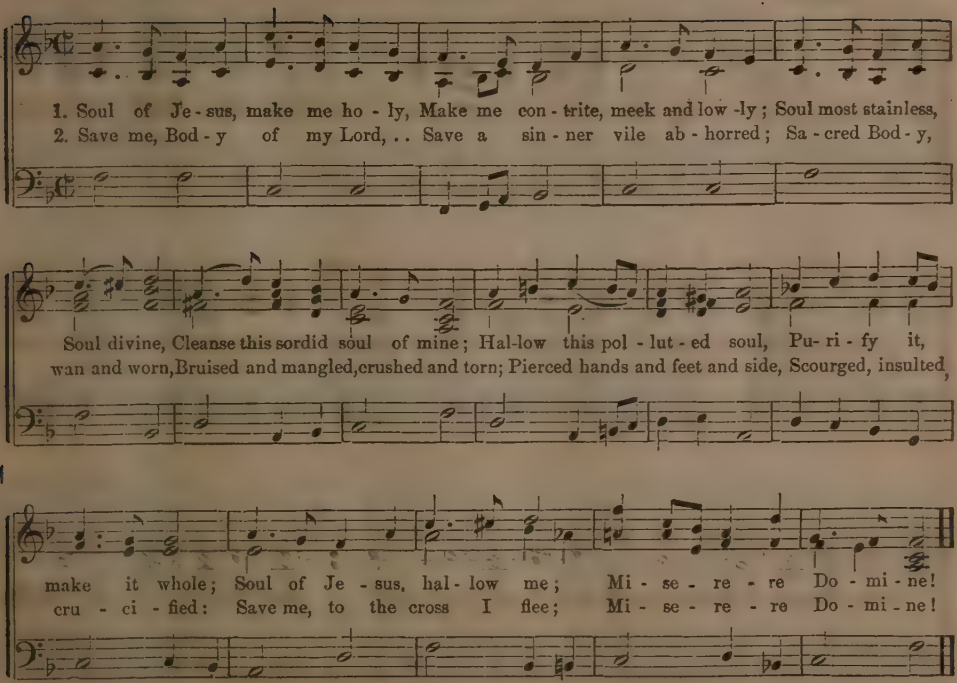
3 Our souls to crimes unnumber'd own,
Be grace to free confession shown;
Let sickly souls Thy healing claim,
That all may praise Thy glorious name.

4 Grant that by stinted use of food,
Our bodies may be so subdued,
That grace may guide our stubborn will,
And stifle all that leads to ill.

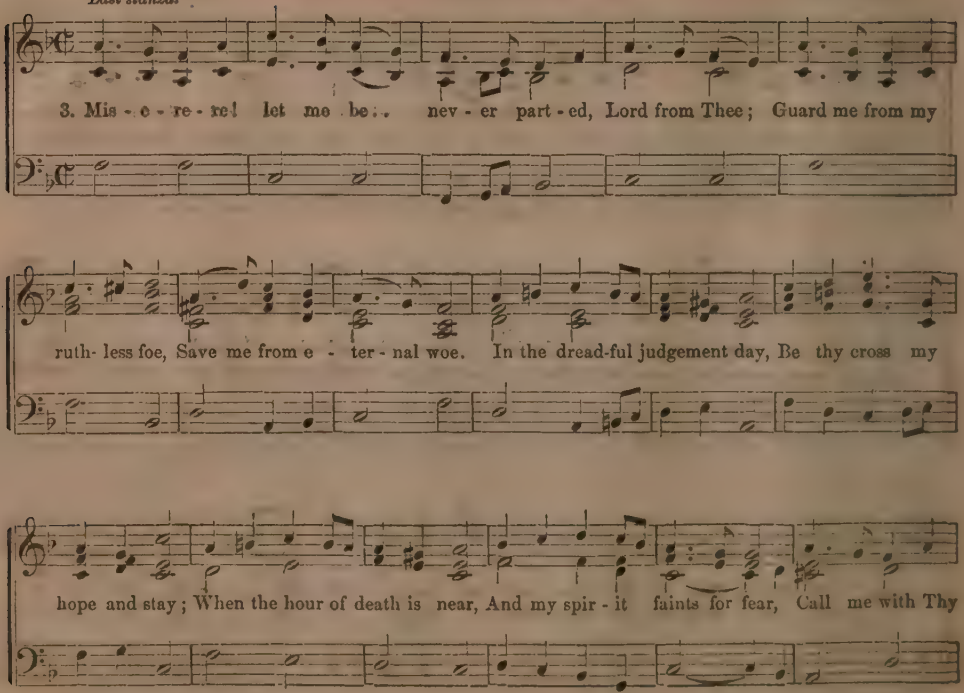
5 May this our solemn yearly fast
The future aid, repair the past;
O holy Godhead, Three in One,
The Father, Holy Ghost, and Son. Amen.

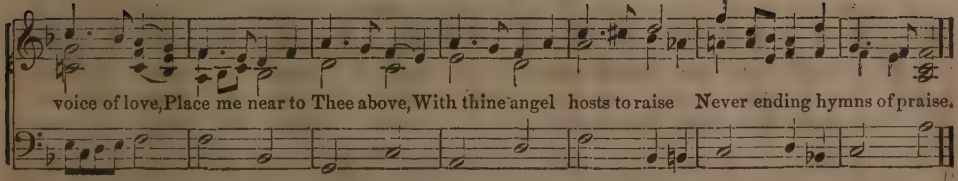
SOUL OF JESUS.

(30.)


1. Soul of Je - sus, make me ho - ly, Make me con - trite, meek and low -ly; Soul most stainless,
2. Save me, Bod - y of my Lord, .. Save a sin - ner vile ab - horred; Sa - cred Bod - y,
Soul divine, Cleanse this sordid soul of mine; Hal-low this pol - lut - ed soul, Pu- ri - fy it,
wan and worn, Bruised and mangled, crushed and torn; Pierced hands and feet and side, Scourged, insulted,
make it whole; Soul of Je - sus, hal - low me; Mi - se - re - re Do - mi - ne!
cru - ci - fied: Save me, to the cross I flee; Mi - se - re - re Do - mi - ne!

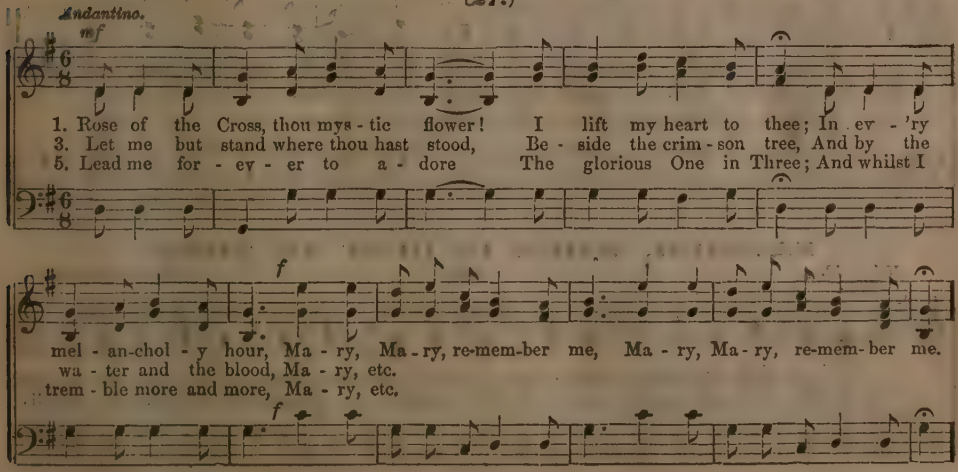
Last stanza.

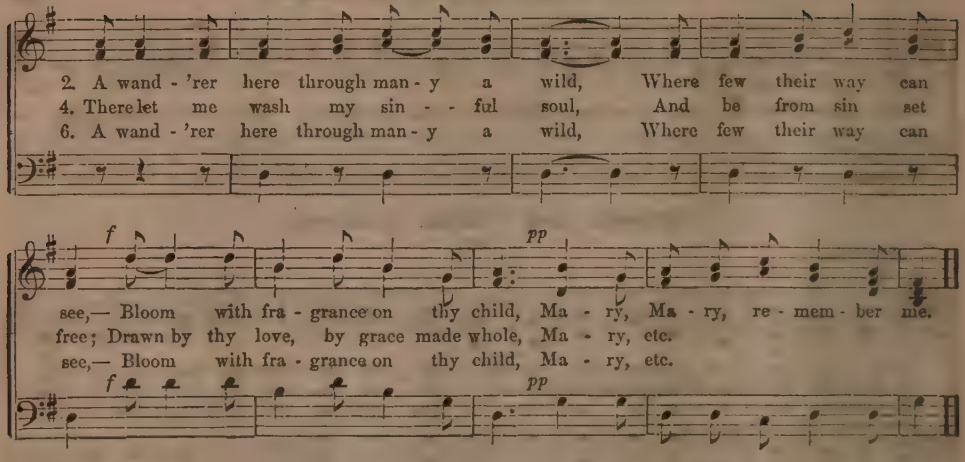

3. Mis - e - re - re! let me be nev - er part - ed, Lord from Thee; Guard me from my
ruth- less foe, Save me from e - ter - nal woe. In the dread-ful judgement day, Be thy cross my
hope and stay; When the hour of death is near, And my spir - it faints for fear, Call me with Thy



ROSE OF THE CROSS.

(27.)

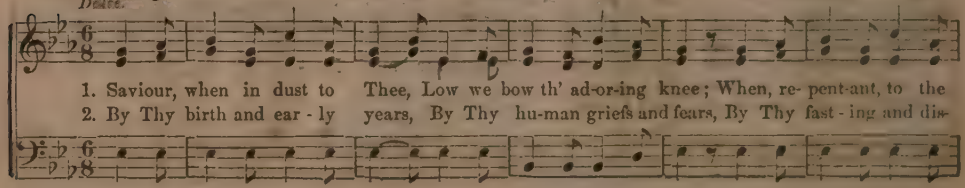

Andantino.
mf
1. Rose of the Cross, thou mys - tic flower! I lift my heart to thee; In ev - 'ry
3. Let me but stand where thou hast stood, Be - side the crim - son tree, And by the
5. Lead me for - ev - er to a - dore The glorious One in Three; And whilst I
f
mel - an-chol - y hour, Ma - ry, Ma - ry, re-mem-ber me, Ma - ry, Ma - ry, re-mem-ber me.
wa - ter and the blood, Ma - ry, etc.
trem - ble more and more, Ma - ry, etc.
f

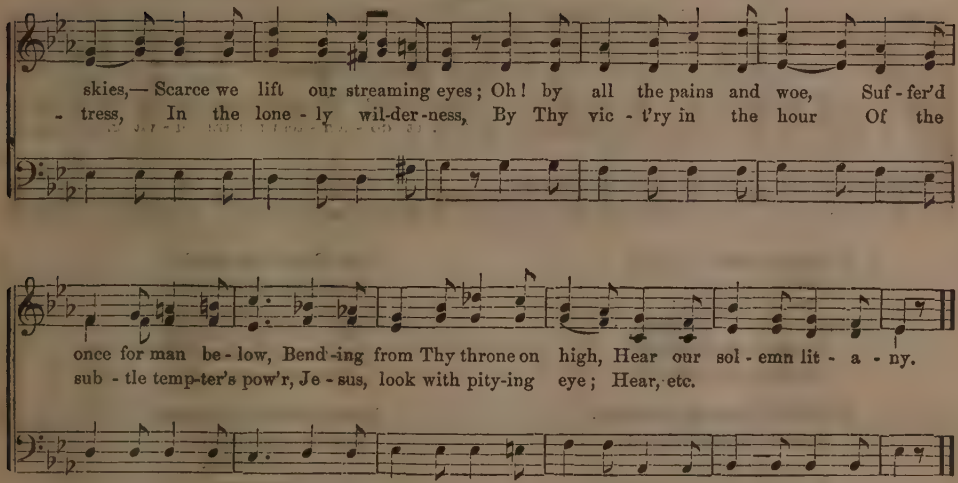

2. A wand - 'rer here through man - y a wild, Where few their way can
4. There let me wash my sin - - ful soul, And be from sin set
6. A wand - 'rer here through man - y a wild, Where few their way can
f
pp
see,— Bloom with fra - grance on thy child, Ma - ry, Ma - ry, re - mem - ber me.
free; Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole, Ma - ry, etc.
see,— Bloom with fra - grance on thy child, Ma - ry, etc.
f
pp

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

(29.)

GIULIO ROBERTI.


Met. = 52.
Delce.
1. Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' ad-or-ing knee; When, re- pent-ant, to the
2. By Thy birth and ear - ly years, By Thy hu-man griefs and fears, By Thy fast - ing and dis-

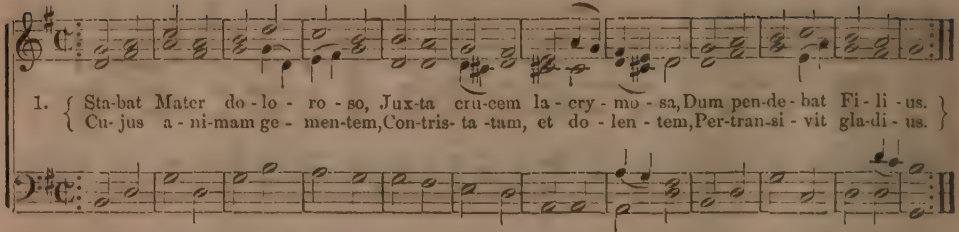

skies,— Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; Oh! by all the pains and woe, Suf-fer'd
-tress, In the lone-ly wil-der-ness, By Thy vic-t'ry in the hour Of the
once for man be-low, Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.
sub-tle temp-ter's pow'r, Je-sus, look with pity-ing eye; Hear, etc.

3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By Thy purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany.

4 By Thy deep, expiring groan,
By Thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

STABAT MATER.

(28.)


1. Sta-bat Mater do-lo-ro-so, Jux-ta cru-cem la-cry-mo-sa, Dum pen-de-bat Fi-li-us.
Cu-jus a-ni-mam ge-men-tem, Con-tris-ta-tam, et do-len-tem, Per-tran-si-vit gla-di-us.

2 O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

3 Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

4 Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum,
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

5 Pia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,
Fac ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

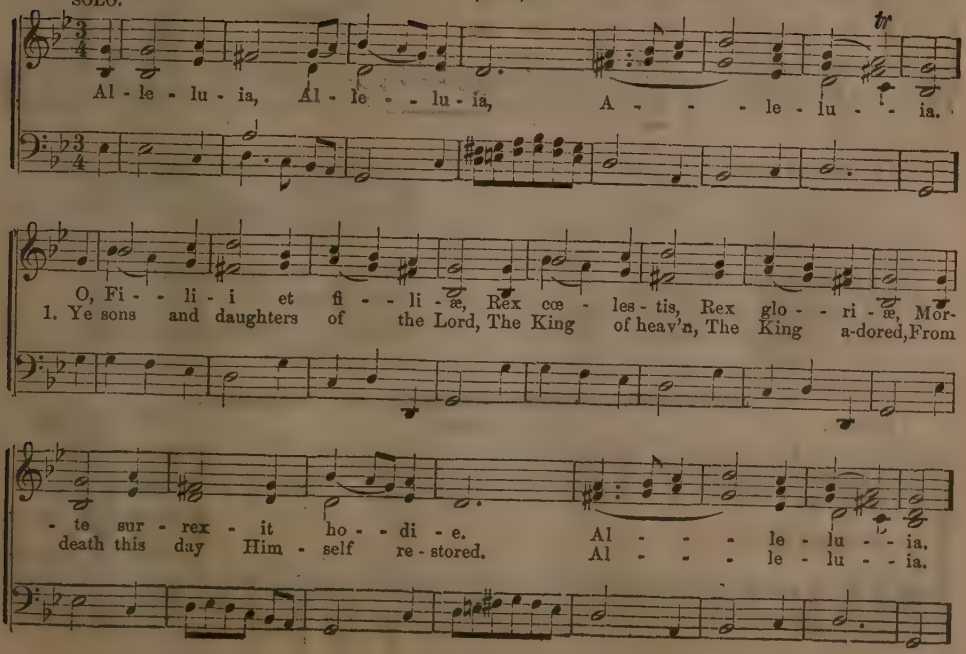
6 Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

7 Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare,
In planctu desidero.

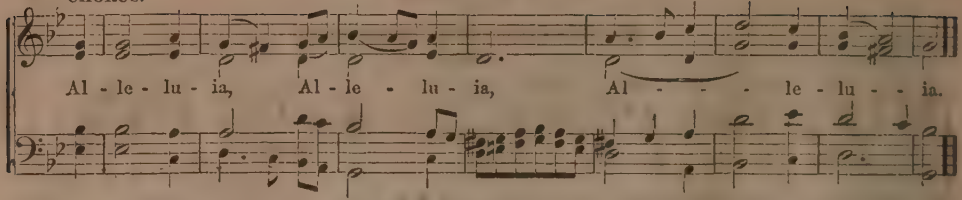
O FILII ET FILIÆ,

(32.)

SOLO.


Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - - lu - ia, A - - - le - lu - - ia.
O, Fi - - li - i et fi - - li - æ, Rex cœ - les - tis, Rex glo - - ri - æ, Mor-
1. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord, The King of heav'n, The King a-dored, From
- te sur - rex - it ho - - di - e. Al - - - le - lu - - ia.
death this day Him - self re - stored. Al - - - le - lu - - ia.

CHORUS.



2 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
All in the early morning gray,
Went holy women on their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Of spices pure a precious store
In their pure hands these women bore,
To anoint the sacred Body o'er.
Alleluia!

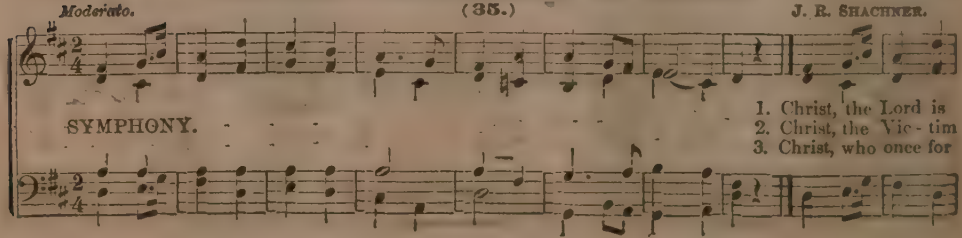
4 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Then straightway one in white they see,
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but He
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."
Alleluia!

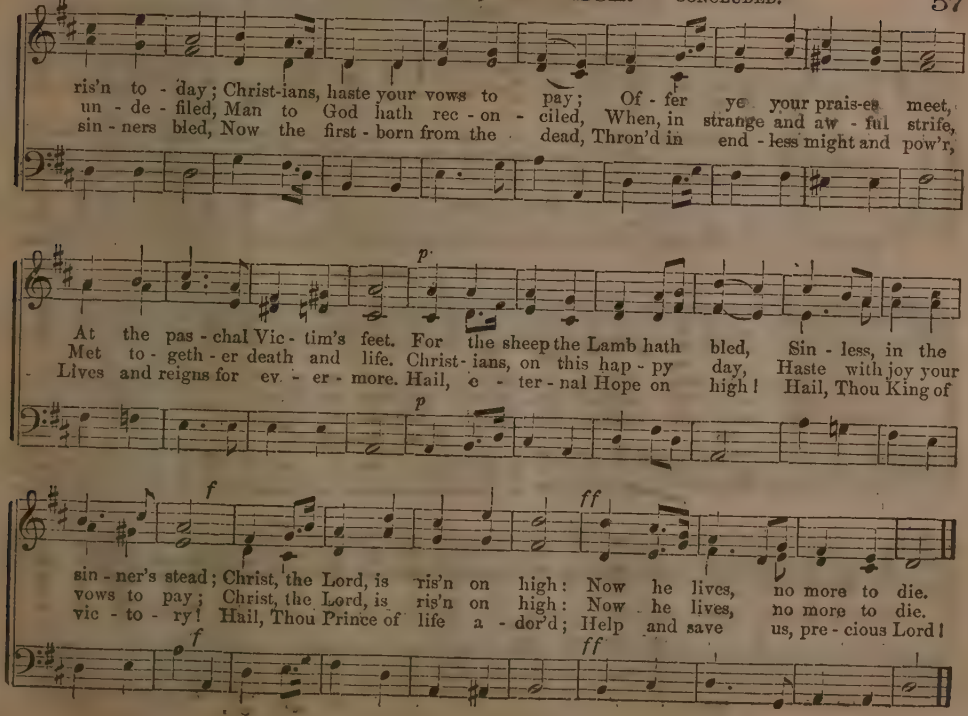
5 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now let us praise the Lord most high;
And strive His name to magnify,
On this great day, through earth and sky.
Alleluia!

CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN.

(35.)

Moderato. J. R. Shachner.

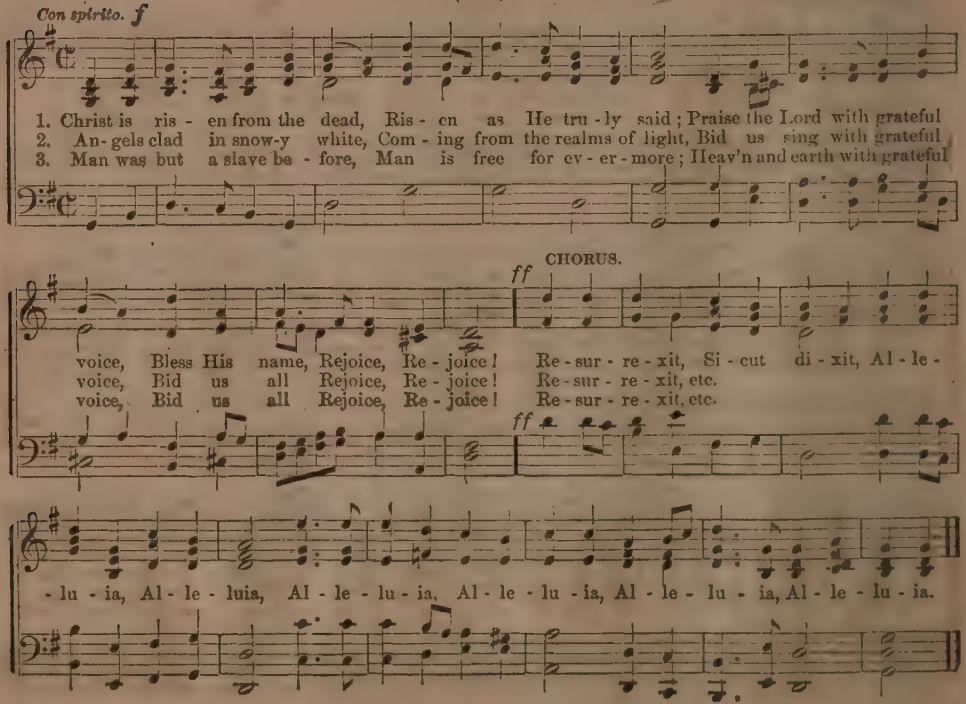



ris'n to - day; Christ-ians, haste your vows to pay; Of - fer ye your prais-es meet,
un - de - filed, Man to God hath rec - on - ciled, When, in strange and aw - ful strife,
sin - ners bled, Now the first - born from the dead, Thron'd in end - less might and pow'r,
p
At the pas - chal Vic - tim's feet. For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less, in the
Met to - geth - er death and life. Christ - ians, on this hap - py day, Haste with joy your
Lives and reigns for ev - er - more. Hail, e - ter - nal Hope on high! Hail, Thou King of
p
f
ff
sin - ner's stead; Christ, the Lord, is ris'n on high: Now he lives, no more to die.
vows to pay; Christ, the Lord, is ris'n on high: Now he lives, no more to die.
vic - to - ry! Hail, Thou Prince of life a - dor'd; Help and save us, pre - cious Lord!
f
ff

CHRIST IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

(34.)

From MENDELSSOHN.


Con spirito. f
1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Ris - en as He tru - ly said; Praise the Lord with grateful
2. An - gels clad in snow-y white, Com - ing from the realms of light, Bid us sing with grateful
3. Man was but a slave be - fore, Man is free for ev - er - more; Heav'n and earth with grateful
CHORUS.
ff
voice, Bless His name, Rejoice, Re - joice! Re - sur - re - xit, Si - cut di - xit, Al - le -
voice, Bid us all Rejoice, Re - joice! Re - sur - re - xit, etc.
voice, Bid us all Rejoice, Re - joice! Re - sur - re - xit, etc.
ff
- lu - ia, Al - le - luia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

(Extra.)

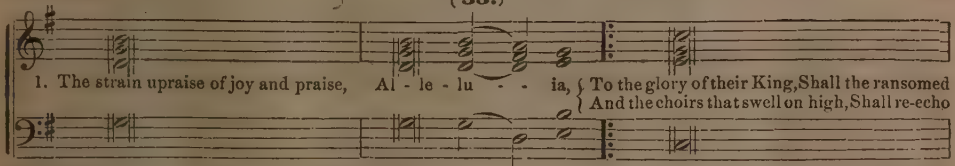
[*Same air as page* 58.]

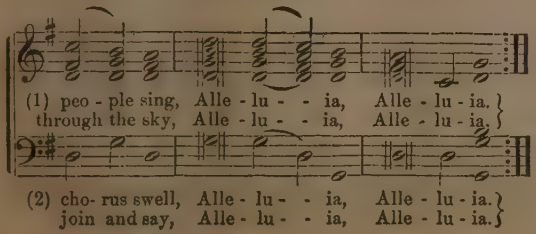
1 Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
With th' angelic host proclaim:
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold, Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb,
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead He:
Hail th' incarnate Deity.
Pleased as man with man appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

EASTER SONG OF PRAISE.

(33.)

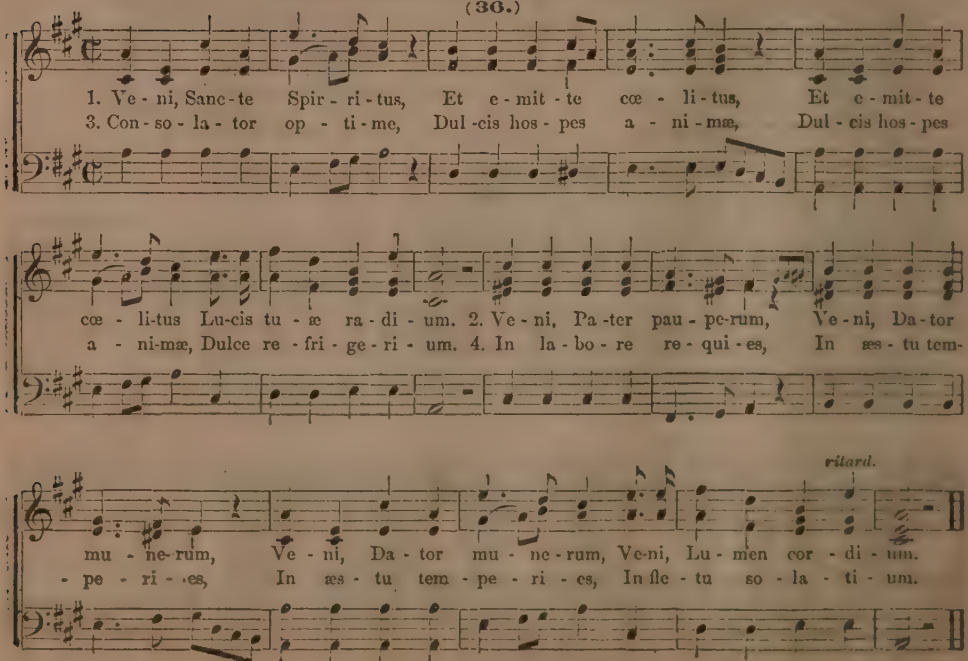

1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, Al - le - lu - - - ia, To the glory of their King, Shall the ransomed And the choirs that swell on high, Shall re-echo
2. They in the rest of paradise who dwell, Al - le - lu - - - ia, The bless - ed ones with joy the The planets beaming on their heavenly way, The shining constellations


(1) peo - ple sing, Alle - lu - - - ia, Alle - lu - ia.
through the sky, Alle - lu - - - ia, Alle - lu - ia.
(2) cho- rus swell, Alle - lu - - - ia, Alle - lu - ia.
join and say, Alle - lu - - - ia, Alle - lu - ia.

3 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making, [Alleluia!
Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One. Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

(36.)


1. Ve - ni, Sanc - te Spir - ri - tus, Et e - mit - te cœ - li - tus, Et e - mit - te
3. Con - so - la - tor op - ti - me, Dul - cis hos - pes a - ni - mæ, Dul - cis hos - pes
cœ - li - tus Lu - cis tu - æ ra - di - um. 2. Ve - ni, Pa - ter pau - pe - rum, Ve - ni, Da - tor
a - ni - mæ, Dulce re - fri - ge - ri - um. 4. In la - bo - re re - qui - es, In æs - tu tem -
ritard.
mu - ne - rum, Ve - ni, Da - tor mu - ne - rum, Ve - ni, Lu - men cor - di - um.
- pe - ri - es, In æs - tu tem - pe - ri - es, In fle - tu so - la - ti - um.

5 O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

6 Sine tuo nomine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

7 Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.

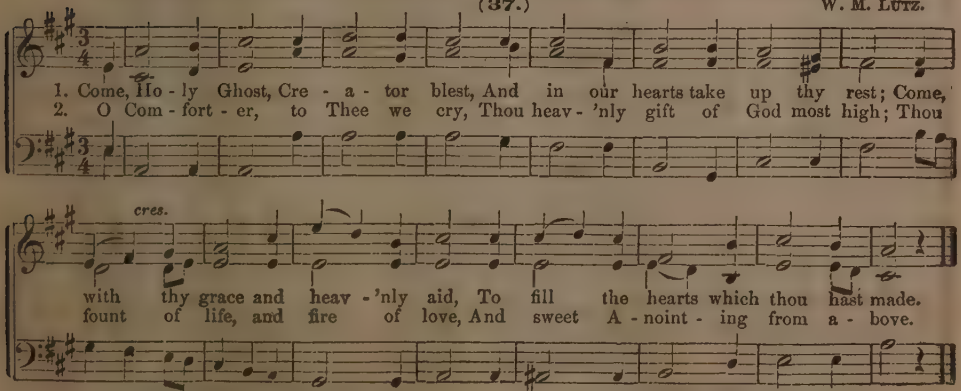
8 Flecte quod est rigidum.
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

9 Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.

10 Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium. Amen.

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST.

(37.) W. M. LUTZ.

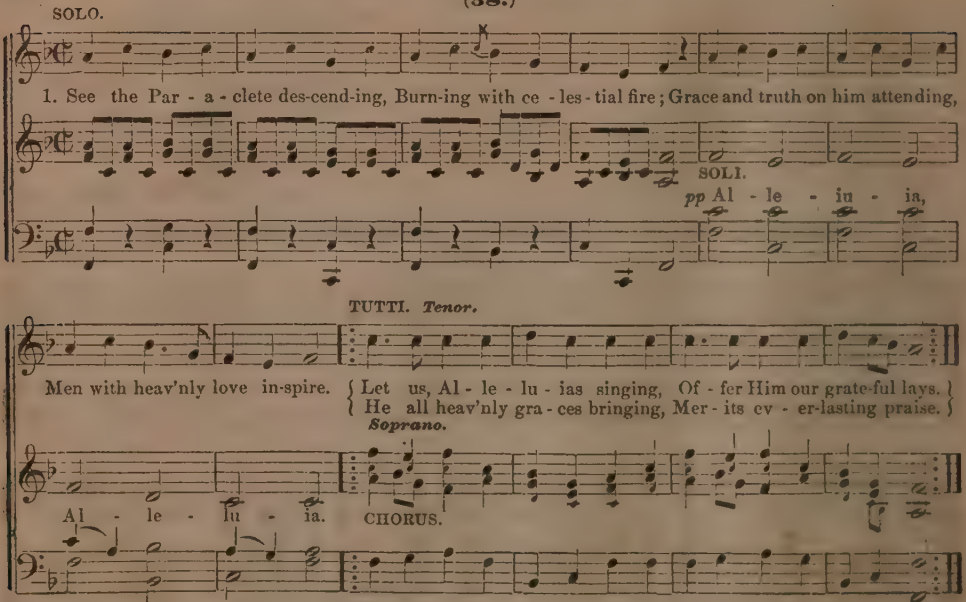

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, And in our hearts take up thy rest; Come,
2. O Com - fort - er, to Thee we cry, Thou heav - 'nly gift of God most high; Thou
cres.
with thy grace and heav - 'nly aid, To fill the hearts which thou hast made.
fount of life, and fire of love, And sweet A - noint - ing from a - bove.

3 Drive far away our deadly foe,
And peace for evermore bestow:
If Thou be our preventing Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

4 Praise we the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in one;
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

SEE THE PARACLETE DESCENDING.

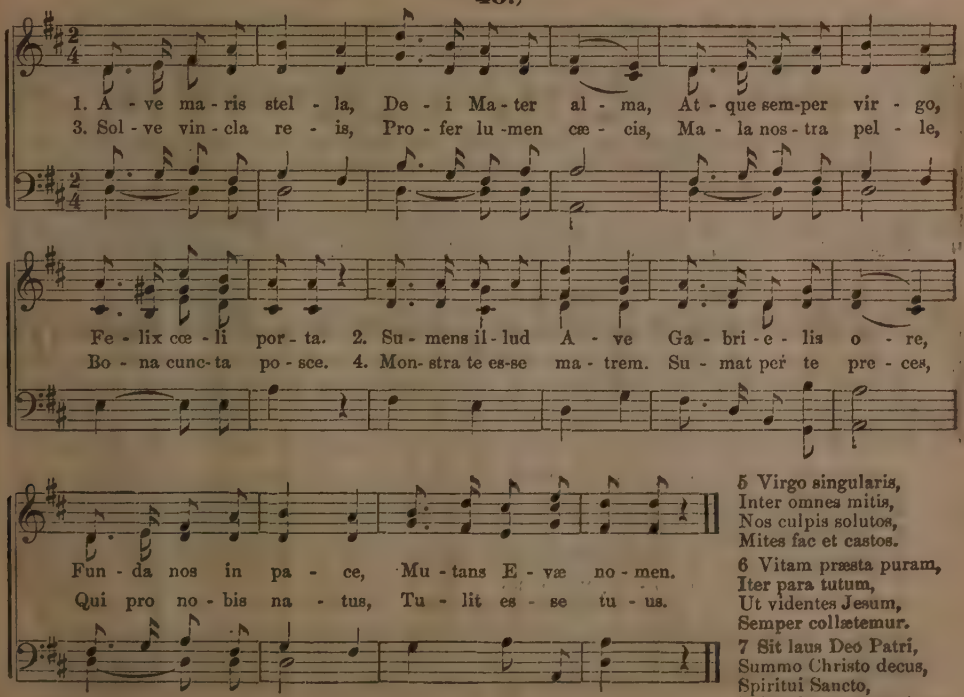
(38.)


SOLO.
1. See the Par - a - clete des-cend-ing, Burn-ing with ce - les - tial fire; Grace and truth on him attending,
SOLI.
pp Al - le - lu - ia,
TUTTI. Tenor.
Men with heav'nly love in-spire.
Let us, Al - le - lu - ias singing, Of - fer Him our grate-ful lays.
He all heav'nly gra - ces bringing, Mer - its ev - er-lasting praise.
Soprano.
Al - le - lu - ia.
CHORUS.
8va

3 Men in every danger fearing,
Now the greatest dangers scorn;
Amidst tortures persevering,
Show themselves in Christ new-born.—Cho.

4 Fishermen, by Thee instructed,
Jesus, to the world proclaim;
Infants, by Thy grace conducted,
Rather die than slight His name.—Cho.

40.)


1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma, At - que sem-per vir - go,
3. Sol - ve vin - cla re - is, Pro - fer lu - men cæ - cis, Ma - la nos - tra pel - le,
Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta. 2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri - e - lis o - re,
Bo - na cunc - ta po - sce. 4. Mon - stra te es-se ma - trem. Su - mat per te pre - ces,
Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mu - tans E - væ no - men.
Qui pro no - bis na - tus, Tu - lit es - se tu - us.

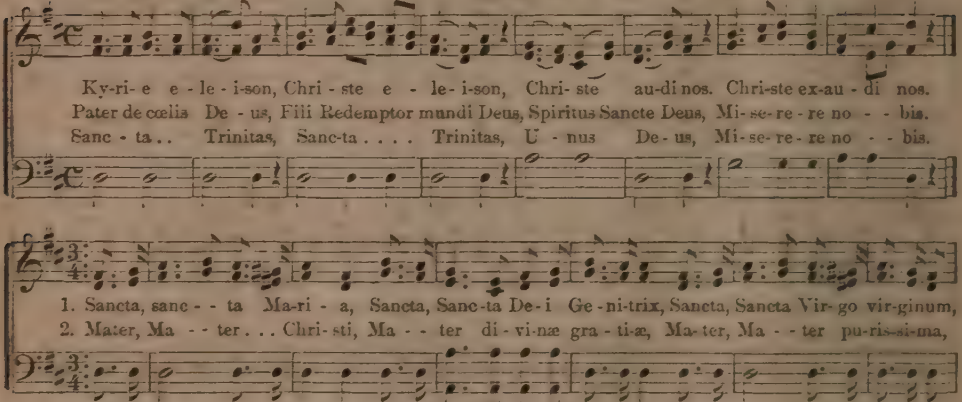
5 Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.

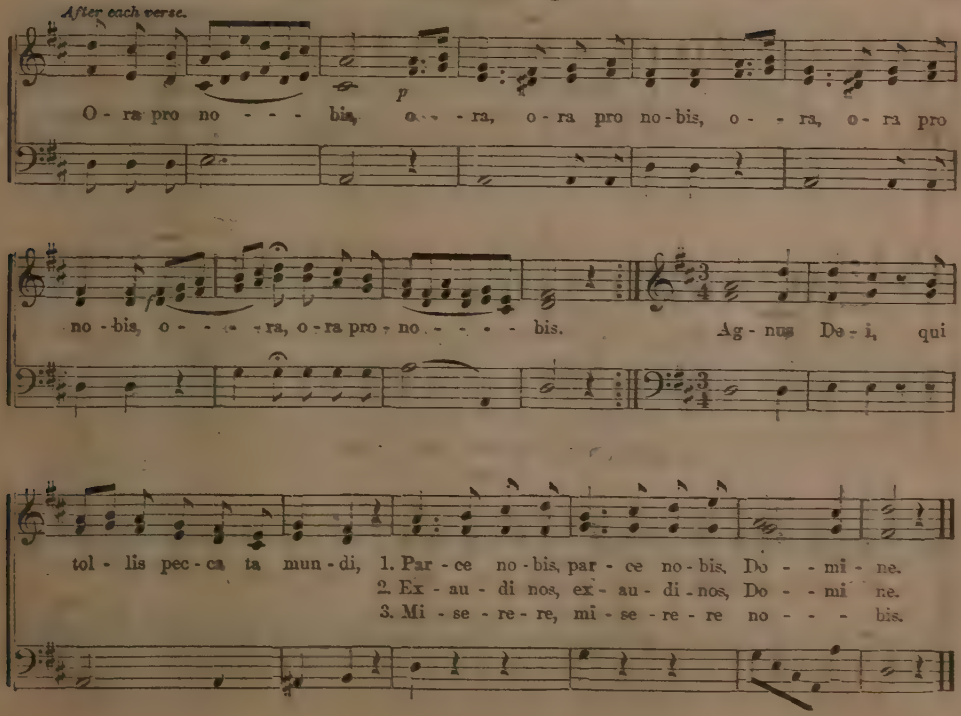
6 Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætemur.

7 Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. No. 1.

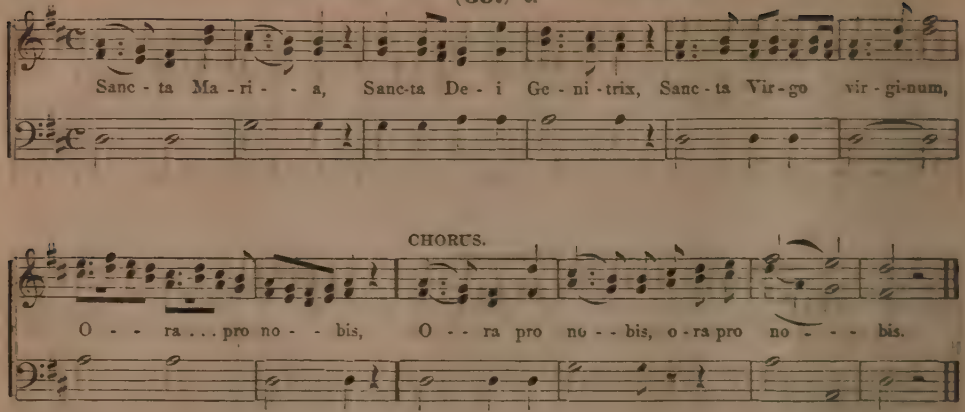
(39.)—*a.*


Ky-ri-e e-le-i-son, Chri-ste e-le-i-son, Chri-ste au-di nos. Chri-ste ex-au-di nos.
Pater de cœlis De-us, Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, Spiritus Sancte Deus, Mi-se-re-re no-bis.
Sanc-ta.. Trinitas, Sanc-ta.... Trinitas, U-nus De-us, Mi-se-re-re no-bis.
1. Sancta, sanc-ta Ma-ri-a, Sancta, Sanc-ta De-i Ge-ni-trix, Sancta, Sancta Vir-go vir-ginum,
2. Mater, Ma-ter... Chri-sti, Ma-ter di-vi-næ gra-ti-æ, Ma-ter, Ma-ter pu-ris-si-ma,
3. Mater, Ma-ter cas-tis-si-ma, Ma-ter in-vi-o-la-ta, Mater in-te-me-ra-ta,
4. Mater, Ma-ter a-mabilis, Mater, Ma-ter ad-mi-ra-bi-lis, Mater, Mater Cre-a-to-ris,
5. Mater, Ma-ter Salva-to-ris Vir-go, Vir-go pruden-tissima, Virgo, Virgo ve-ne-ran-da,
6. Vir-go, Virgo præ-di-canda, Vir-go, Vir-go, potens, Virgo, Vir-go... cle-mens,
7. Vir-go, Vir-go fi-de-lis, Specu-lum jus-titiæ, Sedes, Sedes Sa-pi-en-tiæ,
8. Causa nos-træ læ-ti-ti-æ, Vas spi-ri-tu-a-le, Vas ho-no-ra-bi-le,
9. Vas in-sig-ne devo-ti-o-nis, Ro-sa, Ro-sa mys-ti-ca, Tur-ris Da-vi-di-ca,
10. Tur-ris e-burnea, Domus, Do-mus au-re-a Fœ-de-ris ar-ca,
11. Ja-nu-a cœ-li, Stella, Stella ma-tu-ti-na, Sa-lus in-fir-mo-rum,
12. Re-fugium pec-ca-to-rum, Conso-latix affic-to-rum, Aux-il-ium Christian-o-rum,
13. Re-gina an-ge-lo-rum, Re-gina Patriar-charum, Re-gina Pro-phe-ta-rum,
14. Re-gina apo-sto-lo-rum, Re-gi-na... Mar-ty-rum, Re-gi-na Confes-so-rum,
15. Re-gi-na..... Virginum, Re-gina Sanctorum omnium, Re-gina sine labe con-cep-ta,


After each verse.
p
O - ra pro no - - - bis, o - - ra, o - ra pro no - bis, o - - ra, o - ra pro
no - bis, o - - - ra, o - ra pro - no - - - - bis.
Ag - nus De - i, qui
tol - lis pec - ca ta mun - di, 1. Par - ce no - bis, par - ce no - bis, Do - - mi - ne.
2. Ex - au - di nos, ex - au - di - nos, Do - - mi - ne.
3. Mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re no - - - bis.

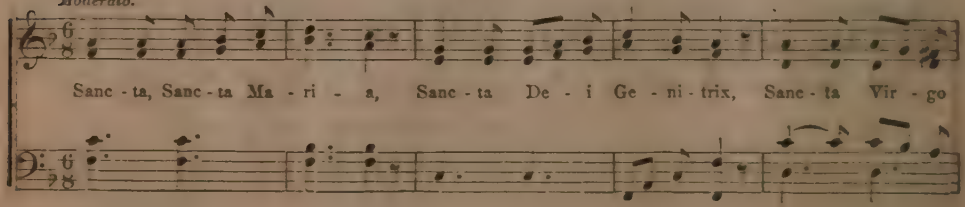
LITANY B. V. M. No. 2.

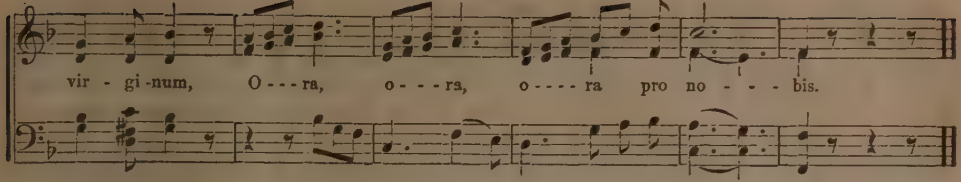
(39.)—b.



LITANY B. V. M. No. 3.

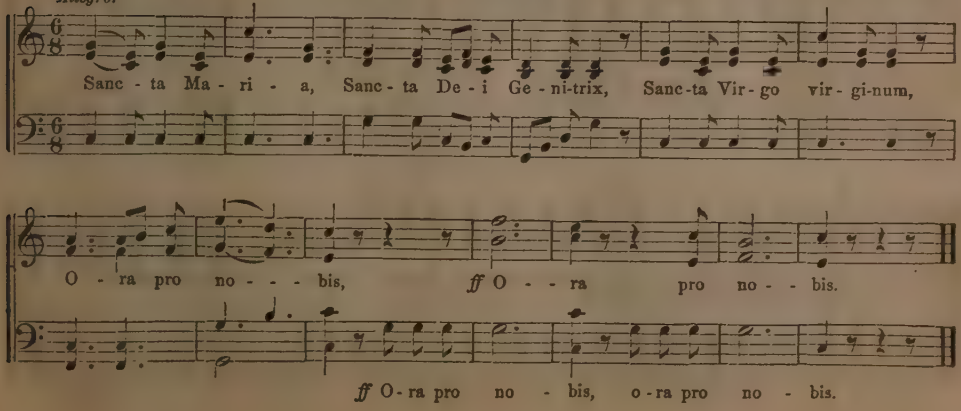
(39.)—c.





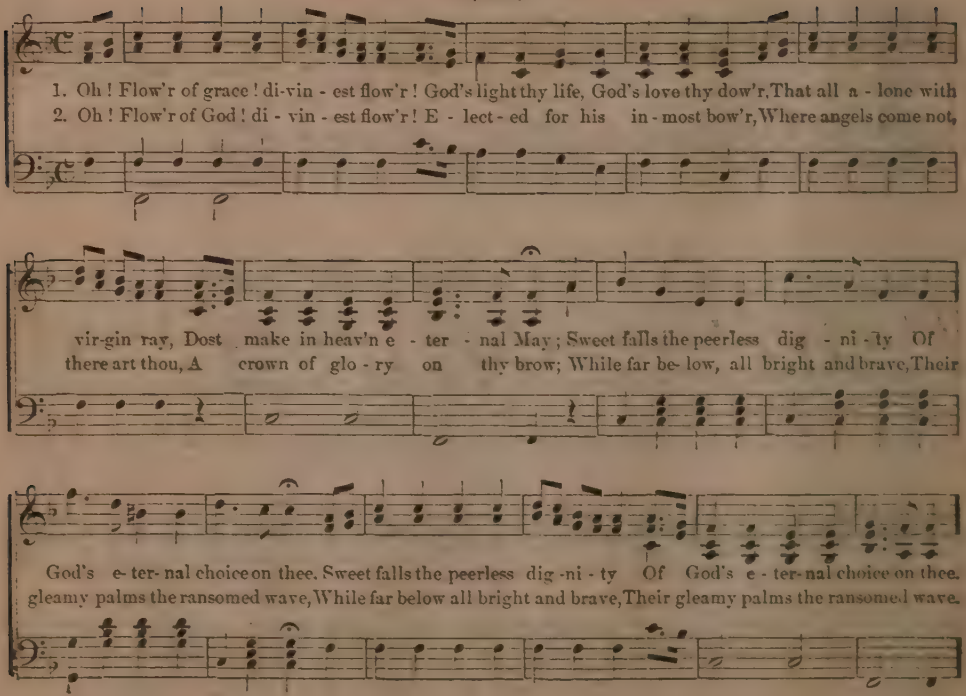
LITANY B. V. M. No. 4.

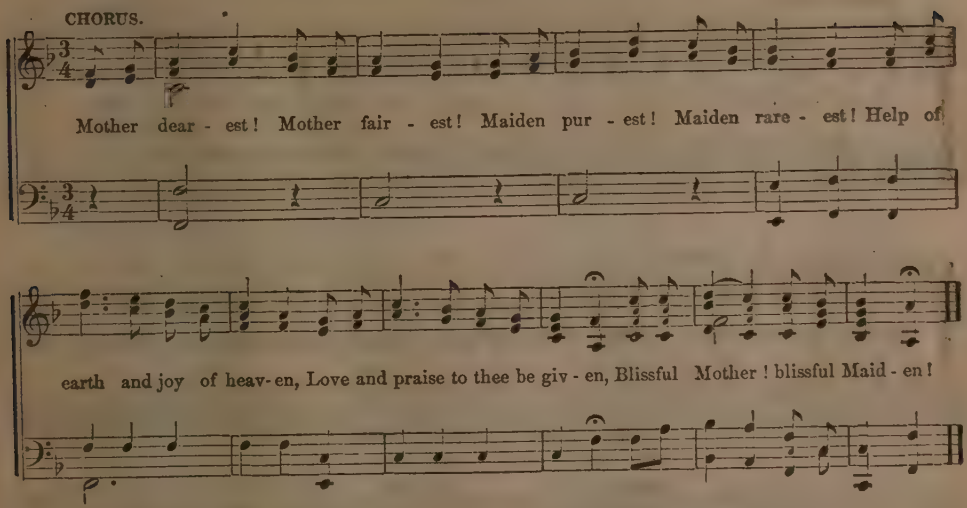
(39.)—*d.*


Allegro.
Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Sanc - ta De - i Ge - ni - trix, Sanc - ta Vir - go vir - gi - num,
O - ra pro no - - - bis, ff O - - ra pro no - - bis.
ff O - ra pro no - bis, o - ra pro no - bis.

O FLOWER OF GRACE.

(41.)


1. Oh! Flow'r of grace! di-vin - est flow'r! God's light thy life, God's love thy dow'r, That all a - lone with
2. Oh! Flow'r of God! di - vin - est flow'r! E - lect - ed for his in - most bow'r, Where angels come not,
vir-gin ray, Dost make in heav'n e - ter - nal May; Sweet falls the peerless dig - ni - ty Of
there art thou, A crown of glo - ry on thy brow; While far be- low, all bright and brave, Their
God's e- ter- nal choice on thee. Sweet falls the peerless dig - ni - ty Of God's e - ter- nal choice on thee.
gleamy palms the ransomed wave, While far below all bright and brave, Their gleamy palms the ransomed wave.

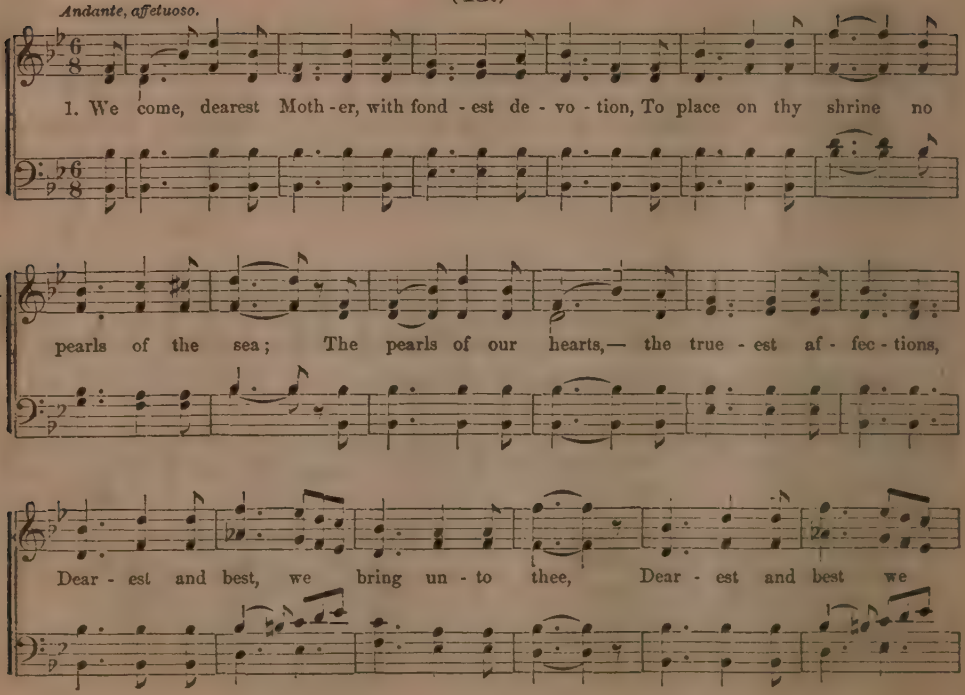

CHORUS.
Mother dear - est! Mother fair - est! Maiden pur - est! Maiden rare - est! Help of
earth and joy of heav-en, Love and praise to thee be giv - en, Blissful Mother! blissful Maid - en!

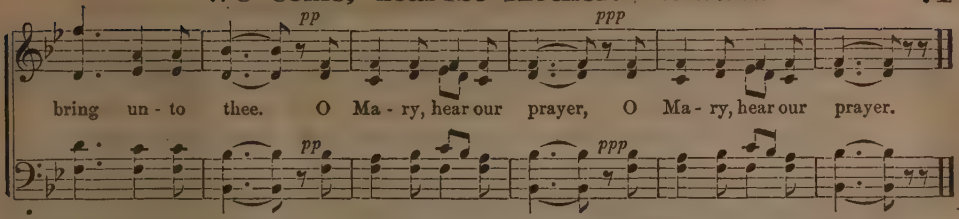
3 O Help of Christians! mercy-laden!
O blissless Mother! blissful Maiden!
O Sinless; were it not for thee,
There were in faith no liberty
To hold that God could stoop so low,
Or love his sinful creatures so.
Mother dearest! etc.

4 O Mary! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be;
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt;
And so it is—that utterly,
Mother of God, we trust in thee!
Mother dearest! etc.

WE COME, DEAREST MOTHER.

(43.)


Andante, affetuoso.
1. We come, dearest Moth-er, with fond-est de-vo-tion, To place on thy shrine no
pearls of the sea; The pearls of our hearts,— the true-est af-fec-tions,
Dear-est and best, we bring un-to thee, Dear-est and best we

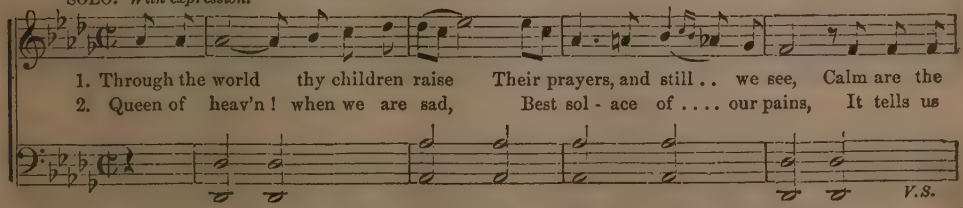


2 Hail, highest and holiest—bright Lily of Heaven!
In the garden of God thou reignest supreme;
Chosen vessel of honor, Immaculate ever,—
Mother of Jesus! we hail thee our Queen.
We come, dearest Mother, etc.

3 The rose and lily of earth's early spring-time,
Mary, dear Mother, we wreathe for thee now;
Draw nearer, bright angels, with songs of gladness
As we place fairest flowers on our dear Mother's brow.
We come, dearest Mother, etc.

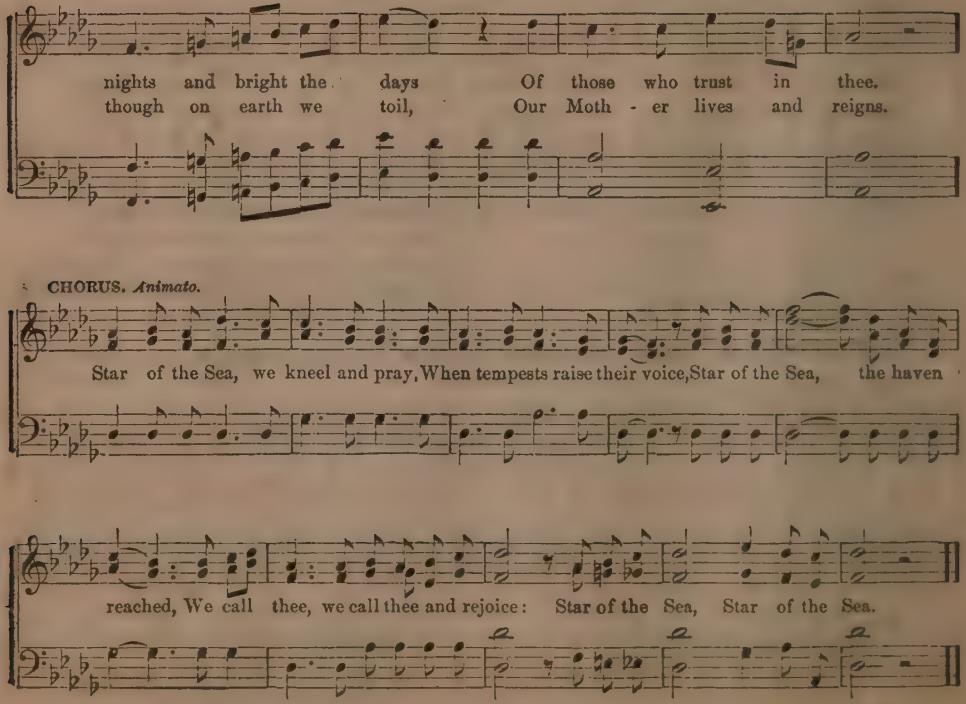
THROUGH THE WORLD THY CHILDREN RAISE.

(44.) S. N. D.


SOLO. With expression.
1. Through the world thy children raise Their prayers, and still .. we see, Calm are the
2. Queen of heav'n! when we are sad, Best sol - ace of .... our pains, It tells us
V.S.

3 Hope of sinners, how many souls
Cast down by woe and sin,
Have learned thro' this dear name of thine,
A pardon and peace to win.

4 Mary, dearest name of all,
The holiest and the best,
The first low word that Jesus lisped,
Laid on His Mother's breast.


nights and bright the days Of those who trust in thee.
though on earth we toil, Our Moth - er lives and reigns.
CHORUS. *Animato.*
Star of the Sea, we kneel and pray, When tempests raise their voice, Star of the Sea, the haven
reached, We call thee, we call thee and rejoice: Star of the Sea, Star of the Sea.

(42.)

SOLO.

1. Oh! fair - est of all vis - ions, With meek-ly fold - ed hands, A - dor - ing eyes up-
2. Oh! fair - est of all vis - ions, That met the ea - ger gaze, Of Pa - tri-arch and
3. Oh! fair - est of all vis - ions, Our wea - ry ex - ile o'er, In thy un-cloud - ed
4. We'll see thee, Queen and Moth - er, En-throned in roy - al state. In all thy vir - gin

CHORUS.

Sop. Alto. Sop. Alto. Sop.

lift - - ed, Be - fore her God she stands.
Pro - phet, In far pri-me - val days.
glo - - ry We'll see thee ev - er - more.
splen - dor, Our Queen Im-mac- u - late.

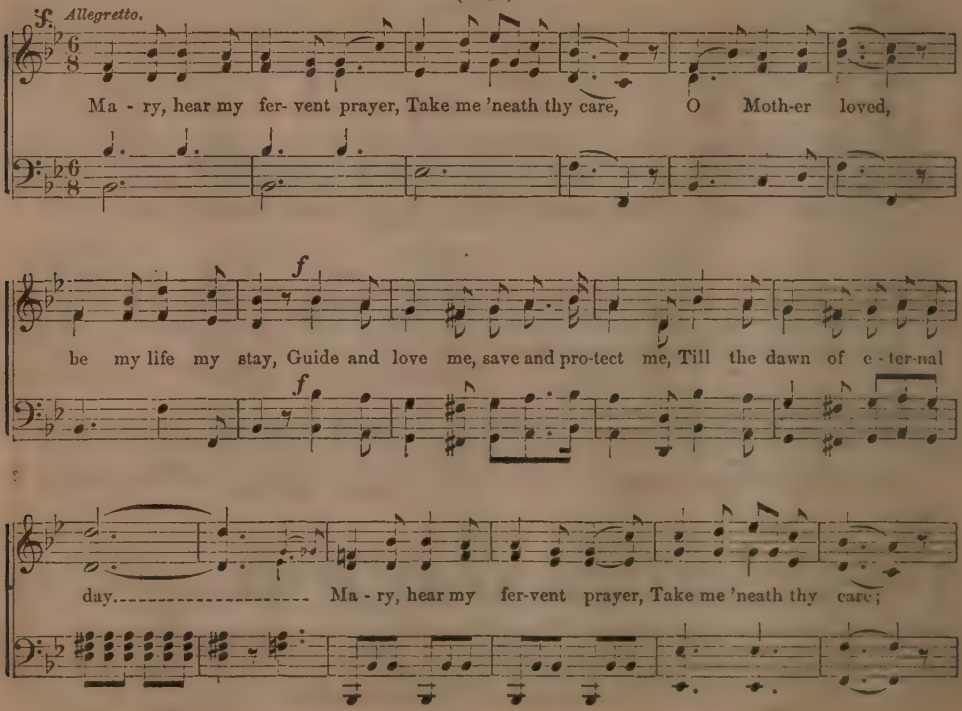
Mother pure, Mother pure, Virgin fair, Virgin fair, Spotless

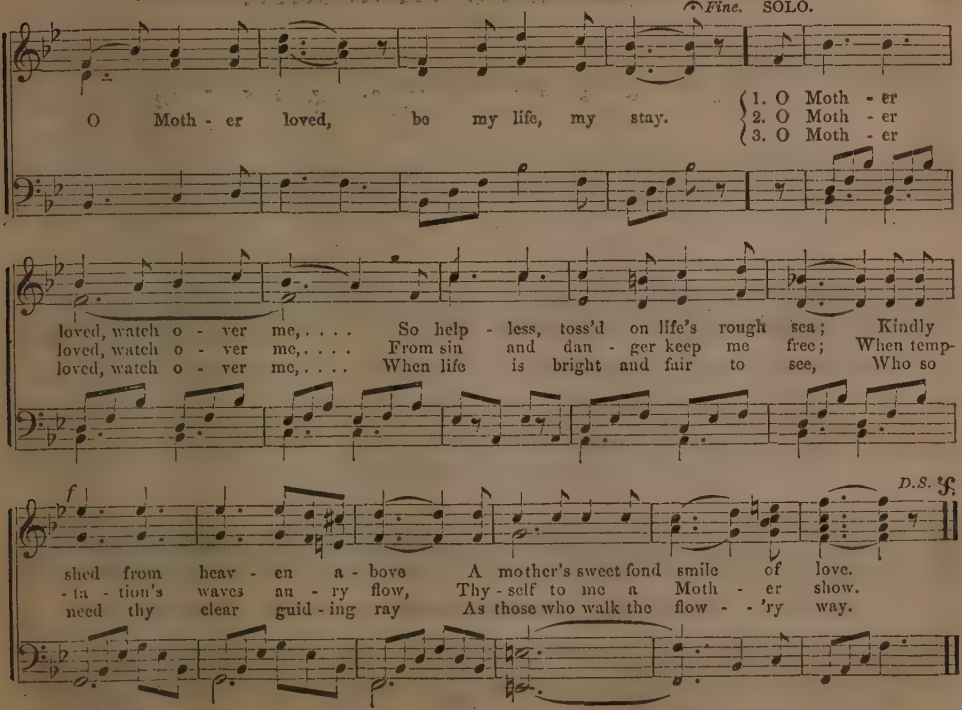
Sop. rall.

Alto. Alto. Both.

Dove, Spotless Dove, Peerless Maid, Peerless Maid, Crown'd Queen of God's creation, Our Queen Immacu- late.

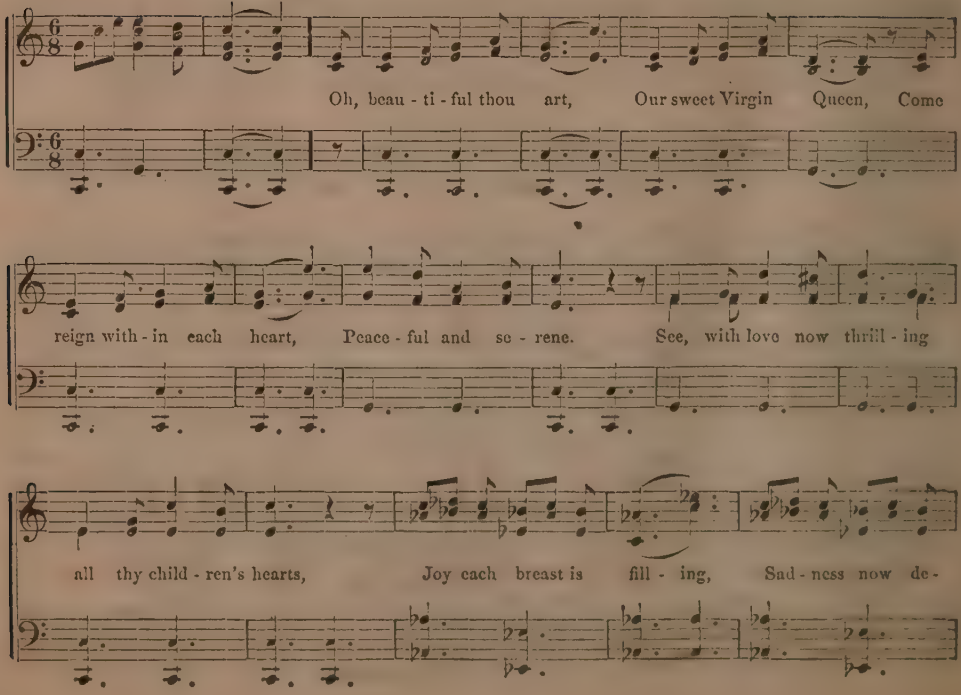
(46.)

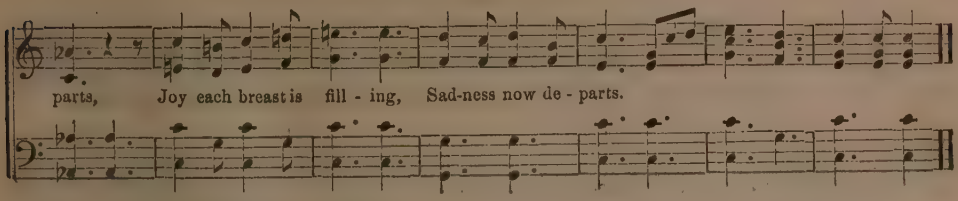

Allegretto.
Ma - ry, hear my fer- vent prayer, Take me 'neath thy care, O Moth-er loved,
be my life my stay, Guide and love me, save and pro-tect me, Till the dawn of e - ter-nal
day. Ma - ry, hear my fer-vent prayer, Take me 'neath thy care;


Fine. SOLO.
O Moth - er loved, be my life, my stay.
1. O Moth - er
2. O Moth - er
3. O Moth - er
loved, watch o - ver me, ... So help - less, toss'd on life's rough sea; Kindly
loved, watch o - ver me, ... From sin and dan - ger keep me free; When temp-
loved, watch o - ver me, ... When life is bright and fair to see, Who so
D.S.
shed from heav - en a - bove A mother's sweet fond smile of love.
-ta - tion's waves an - ry flow, Thy - self to me a Moth - er show.
need thy clear guid - ing ray As those who walk the flow - - 'ry way.

OH, BEAUTIFUL THOU ART.

(47.)


Oh, beau - ti - ful thou art, Our sweet Virgin Queen, Come
reign with - in each heart, Peace - ful and se - rene. See, with love now thrill - ing
all thy child - ren's hearts, Joy each breast is fill - ing, Sad - ness now de -



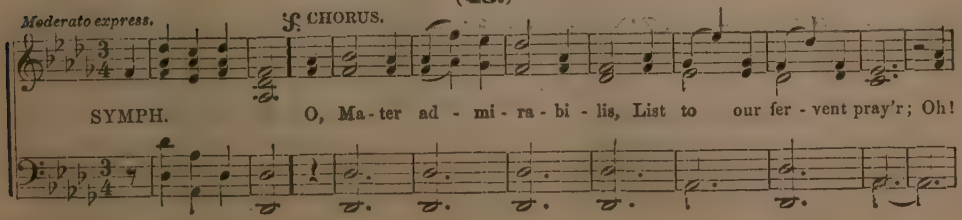
2 Oh list to strains now swelling
Even to thy throne;
O call us for this dwelling,—
Leave us not alone.
Mother ever holy,
Hear us as we pray;
Virgin pure and lowly
With us ever stay.

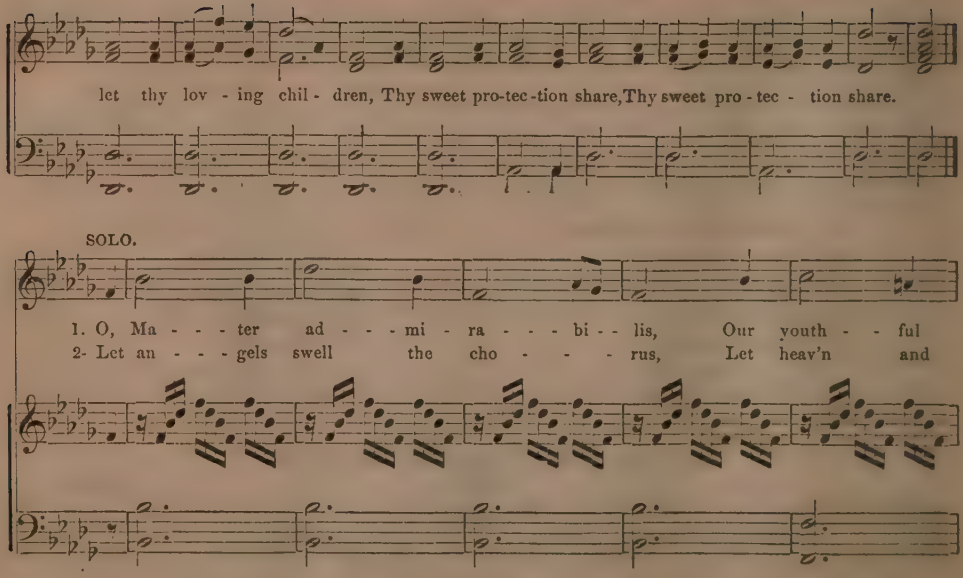
3 Ah! when we're sad and weary:
Tired of life and sin,
And when the way looks dreary
Haste thy child and win.
When death lays his finger
On our icy brow,
Oh, then near us linger,
Linger then as now.

O MATER ADMIRABILIS.

(48.)

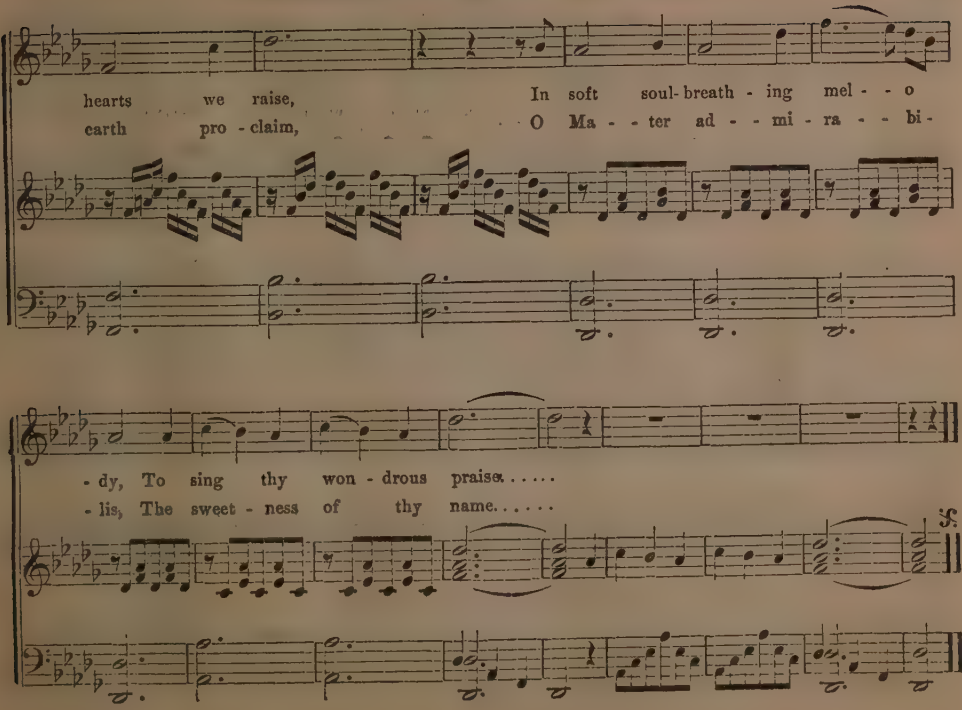
CONCONE.




let thy lov - ing chil - dren, Thy sweet pro-tec-tion share, Thy sweet pro - tec - tion share.
SOLO.
1. O, Ma - - - ter ad - - - mi - ra - - - bi - - lis, Our youth - - ful
2- Let an - - - gels swell the cho - - - - rus, Let heav'n and

3 Before thy loving image,
'Tis truest joy to kneel,
And gaze upon the beauties
That faith and love reveal.

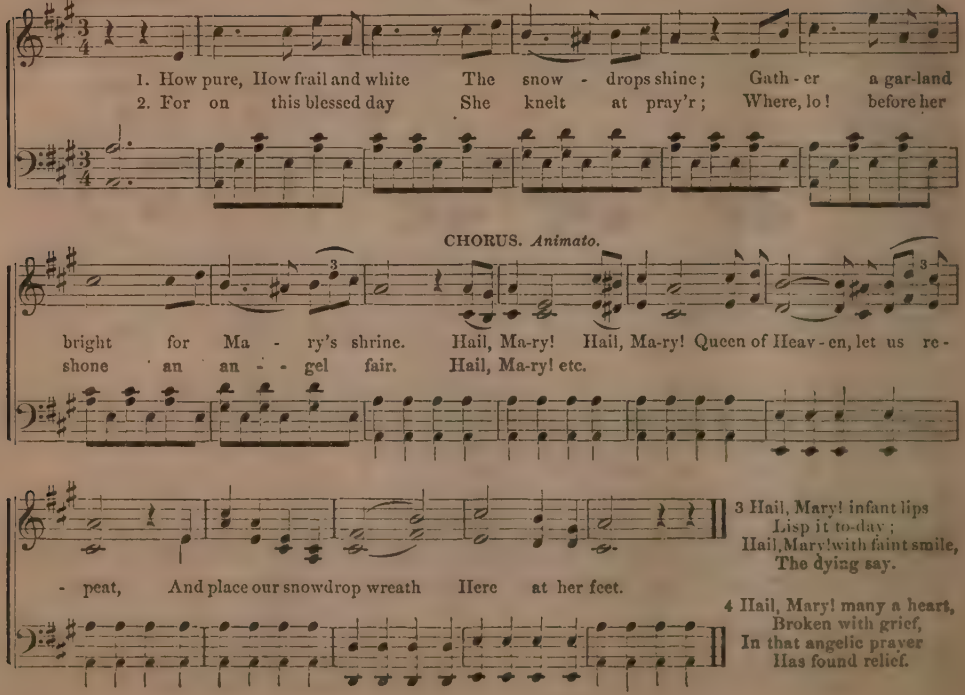
4 O Mater Admirabilis,
'Tis more than rapturous glow
That cheers our lone and darksome way
On this sad earth below.


hearts we raise, In soft soul-breath - ing mel - - o
earth pro - claim, O Ma - - ter ad - - mi - ra - - bi -
- dy, To sing thy won - drous praise.....
- lis, The sweet - ness of thy name.....
fz

HOW PURE, HOW FRAIL.

(45.)

SOLO. *Moderato.* S. N. D.


1. How pure, How frail and white The snow - drops shine; Gath - er a gar-land
2. For on this blessed day She knelt at pray'r; Where, lo! before her
CHORUS. *Animato.*
bright for Ma - ry's shine. Hail, Ma-ry! Hail, Ma-ry! Queen of Heav - en, let us re -
shone an an - gel fair. Hail, Ma-ry! etc.
- peat, And place our snowdrop wreath Here at her feet.

3 Hail, Mary! infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
Hail, Mary! with faint smile,
The dying say.

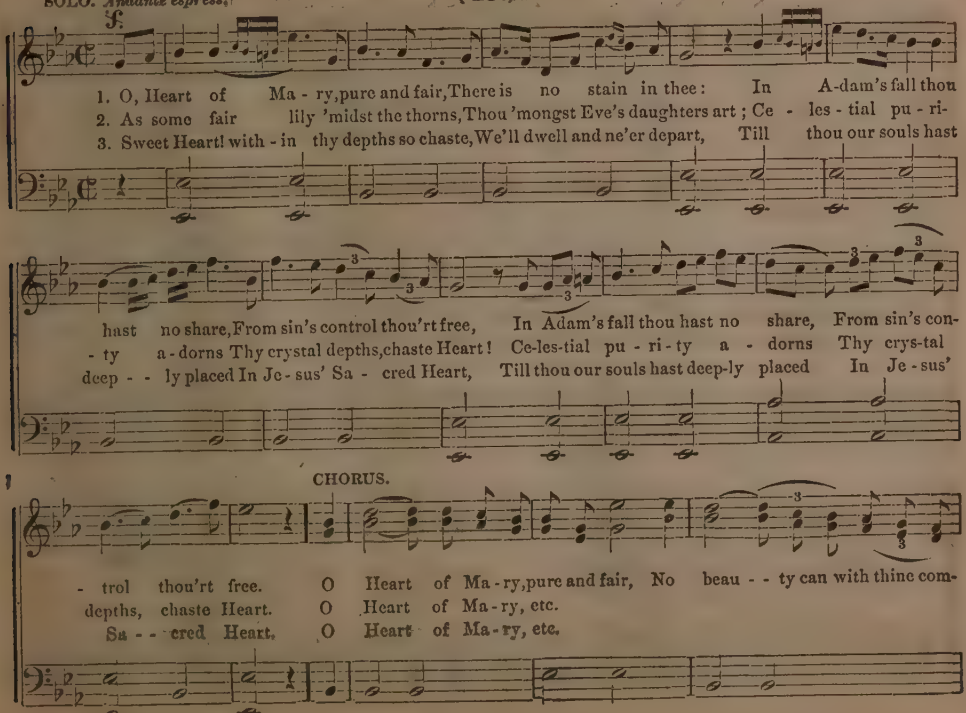
4 Hail, Mary! many a heart,
Broken with grief,
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

O HEART OF MARY.

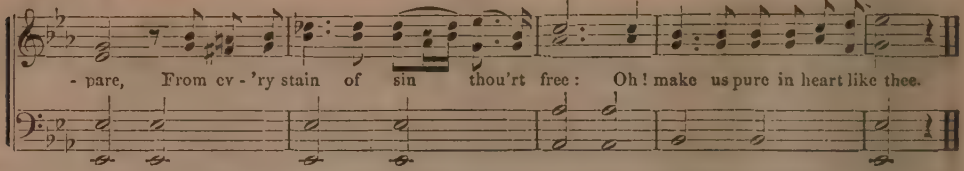
(49.)

S. N. D.

SOLO. *Andante espress.*

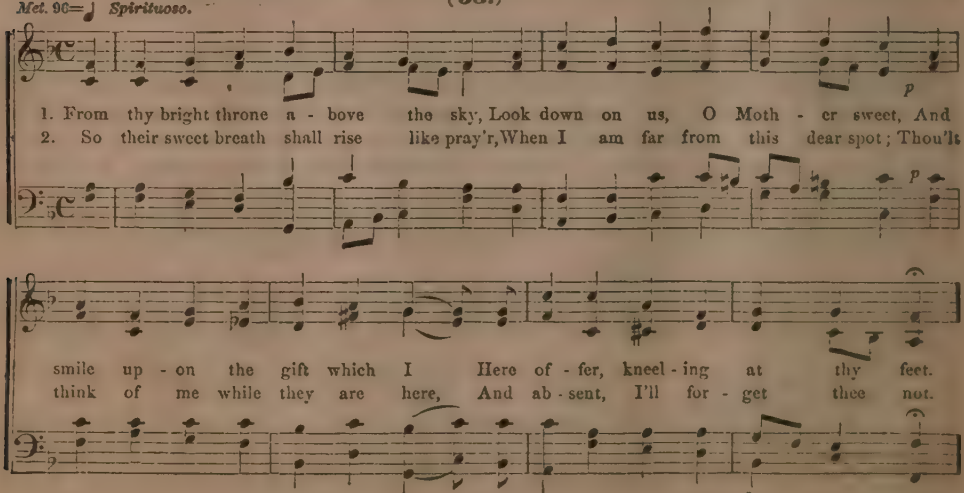

f.
1. O, Heart of Ma - ry, pure and fair, There is no stain in thee: In A-dam's fall thou
2. As some fair lily 'midst the thorns, Thou 'mongst Eve's daughters art; Ce - les - tial pu - ri-
3. Sweet Heart! with - in thy depths so chaste, We'll dwell and ne'er depart, Till thou our souls hast
hast no share, From sin's control thou'rt free, In Adam's fall thou hast no share, From sin's con-
- ty a - dorns Thy crystal depths, chaste Heart! Ce-les-tial pu - ri - ty a - dorns Thy crys-tal
deep - - ly placed In Je - sus' Sa - cred Heart, Till thou our souls hast deep-ly placed In Je - sus'
CHORUS.
- trol thou'rt free. O Heart of Ma - ry, pure and fair, No beau - - ty can with thine com-
depths, chaste Heart. O Heart of Ma - ry, etc.
Sa - - cred Heart. O Heart of Ma - ry, etc.

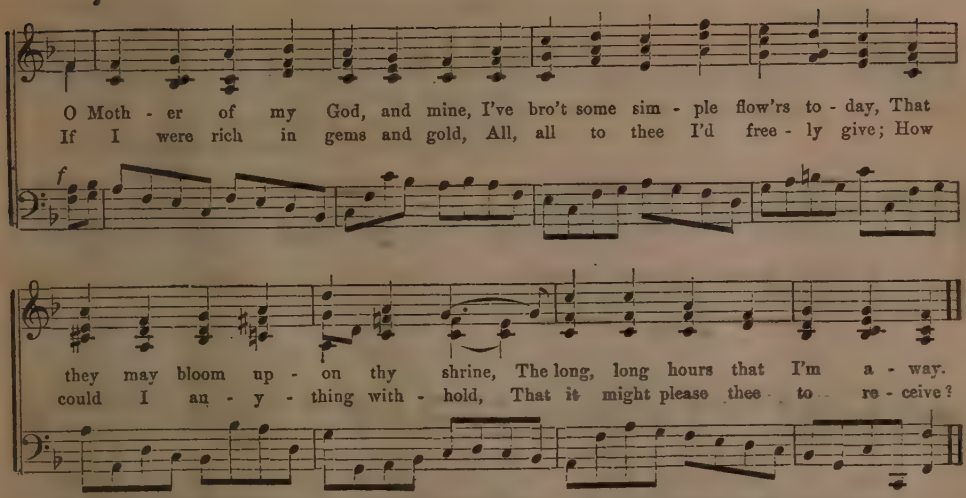
O Heart of Mary. CONCLUDED.



FROM THY BRIGHT THRONE.

(53.)


Mel. 96=♩ Spirituoso.
p
1. From thy bright throne a - bove the sky, Look down on us, O Moth - er sweet, And
2. So their sweet breath shall rise like pray'r, When I am far from this dear spot; Thou'lt
p
smile up - on the gift which I Here of - fer, kneel - ing at thy feet.
think of me while they are here, And ab - sent, I'll for - get thee not.


O Moth - er of my God, and mine, I've bro't some sim - ple flow'rs to - day, That
If I were rich in gems and gold, All, all to thee I'd free - ly give; How
f
they may bloom up - on thy shrine, The long, long hours that I'm a - way.
could I an - y - thing with - hold, That it might please thee to re - ceive?

3 But if I had a golden mine,
And were to lay it at thy feet,—
My heart not being truly thine,—
Say, would it please thee, mother sweet?
I know it would not, and I know
That I can only be thine own
By loving Him who loved thee so
That He became thine own dear Son.

4 My heart henceforth shall be all thine,
And I will watch and I will pray,
That never thought or word of mine
May take my heart from thee away.
Oh, give a blessing now to me;
I'll try to be so good all day,
That I may bring fresh flowers to thee
To make thy holy altar gay.

FAREWELL TO MAY.

(51.)

F. Longs.

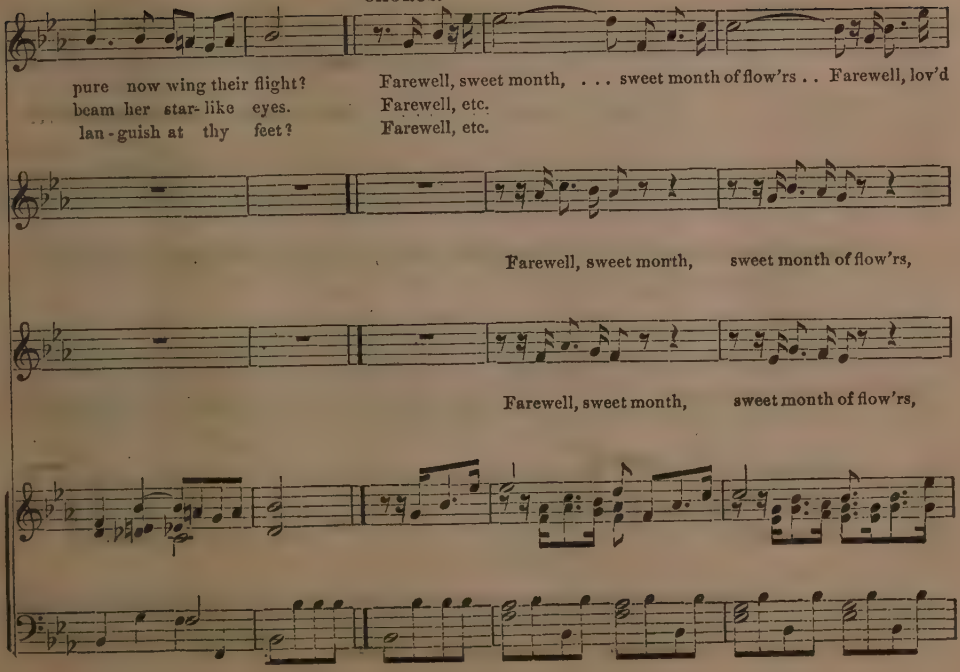
Andante grazioso.

1. Oh! must I leave our Lady's al - - - tar, Where
2. How sweet to sing my Mother's prais - - es, And
3. Ah! while my love to thee I'm sing - - ing, To

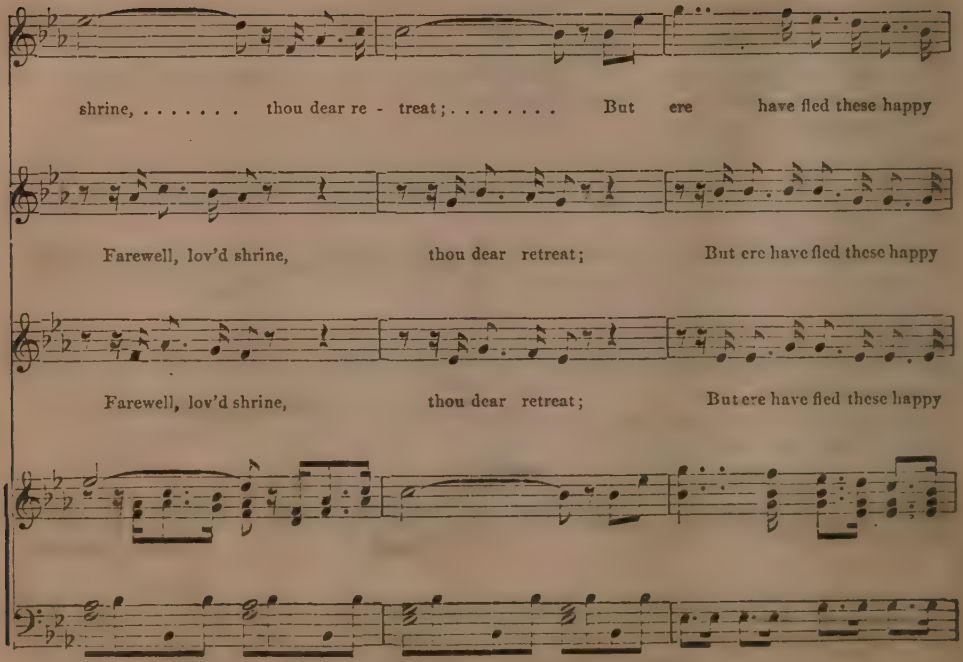
oft I've found such sweet delight?
breathe to her my loving sighs!
die this hour would be so sweet,

My sad a - dieux must I now fal - ter, Must joys so
So fondly on me then she gaz - es, So soft - ly
Like those spring flowers, per - fumes flinging, That bloom and

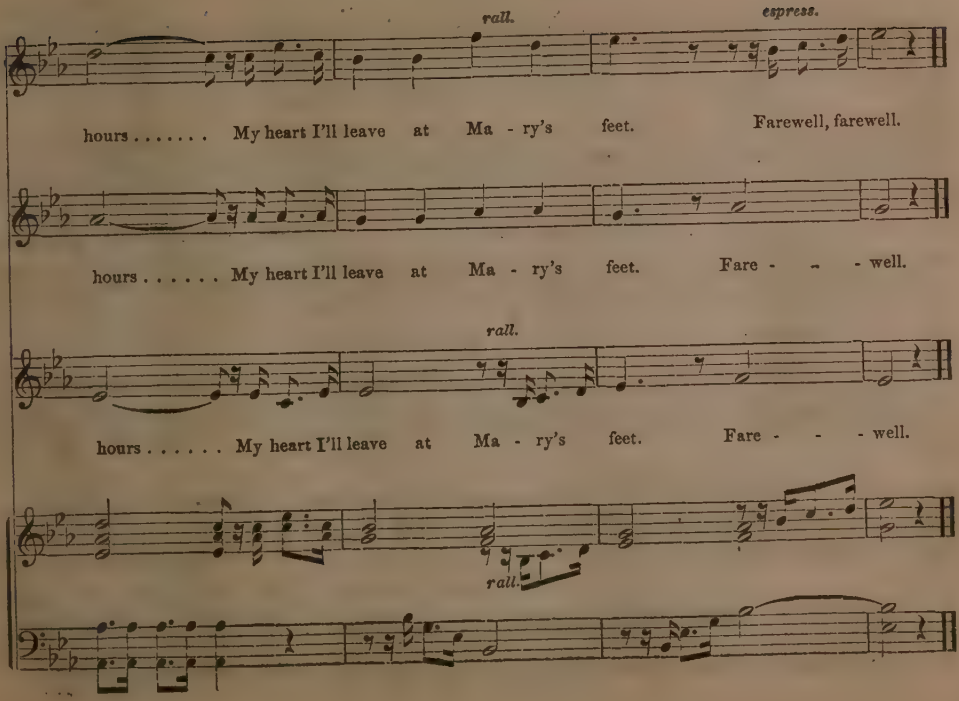
CHORUS.


pure now wing their flight?
beam her star-like eyes.
lan-guish at thy feet?
Farewell, sweet month, . . . sweet month of flow'rs . . Farewell, lov'd
Farewell, etc.
Farewell, etc.
Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of flow'rs,
Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of flow'rs,

Farewell to May. CONTINUED.

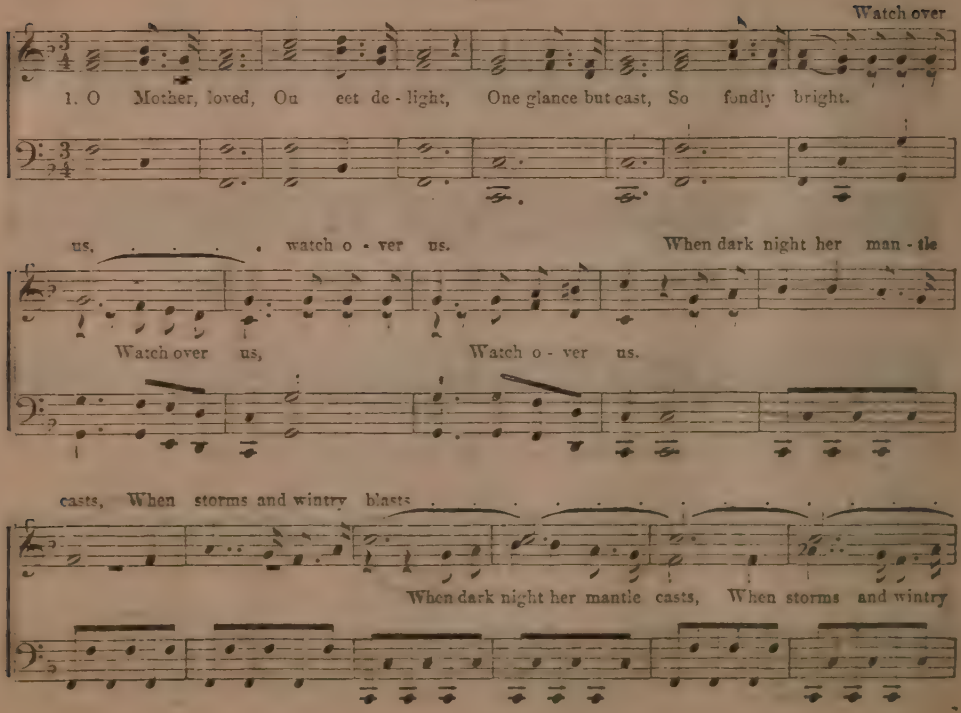

shrine, ... thou dear re - treat; . . . . . But ere have fled these happy
Farewell, lov'd shrine, thou dear retreat; But ere have fled these happy
Farewell, lov'd shrine, thou dear retreat; But ere have fled these happy

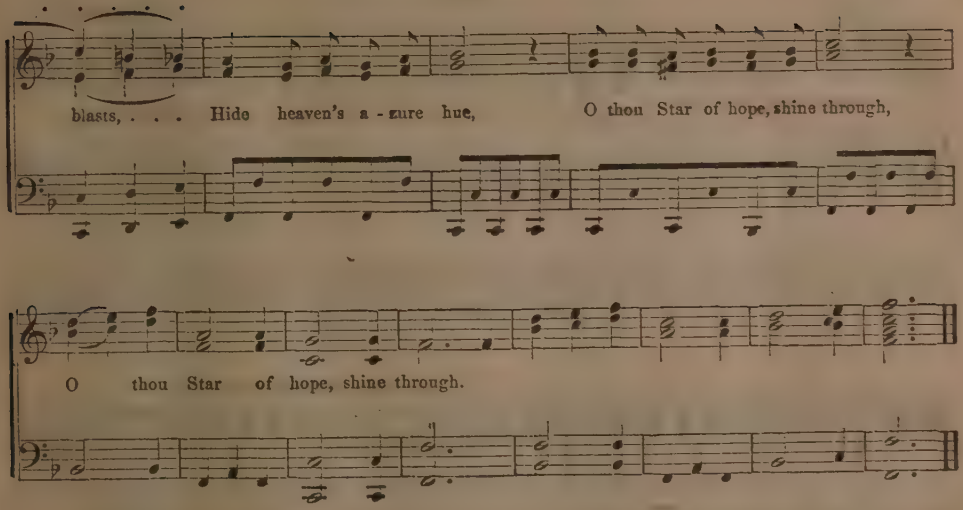
Farewell to May. Concluded.


rall.
espress.
hours . . . . . My heart I'll leave at Ma - ry's feet. Farewell, farewell.
hours . . . . . My heart I'll leave at Ma - ry's feet. Fare - - - well.
rall.
hours . . . . . My heart I'll leave at Ma - ry's feet. Fare - - - well.
rall.

WATCH OVER US.

(52.)


Watch over
1. O Mother, loved, Ou eet de - light, One glance but cast, So fondly bright.
us, watch o - ver us.
When dark night her man - tle
Watch over us,
Watch o - ver us.
casts, When storms and wintry blasts
When dark night her mantle casts, When storms and wintry



2 Be love of thee, my whole life long,
My sweetest joy, my only way.
‖: Watch over us. :‖
Shine then brightly, O soft Star
With thy light driving far
Mists that oft veil my soul,
Clouds that e'er around me roll.

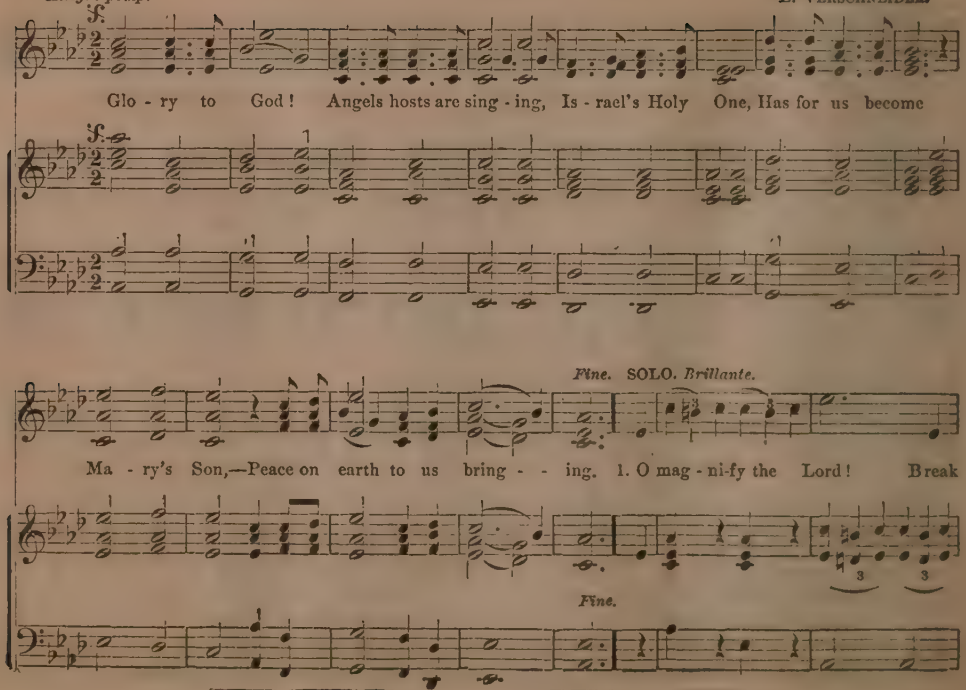
3 Mother of God! our hope, our life.—
Sweet Mother, shield us in the strife.
‖: Watch over us. :‖
From all earthly toils set free,
We'll quickly fly to thee;
Let us rest in thy heart:
From its depths we'll ne'er depart.

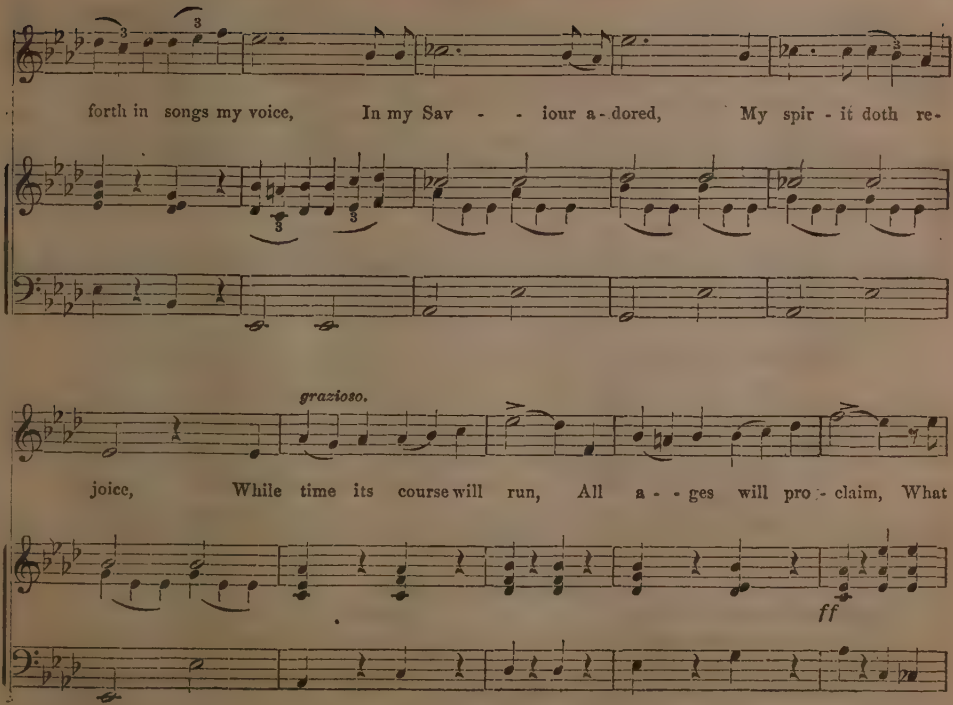
MAGNIFICAT.

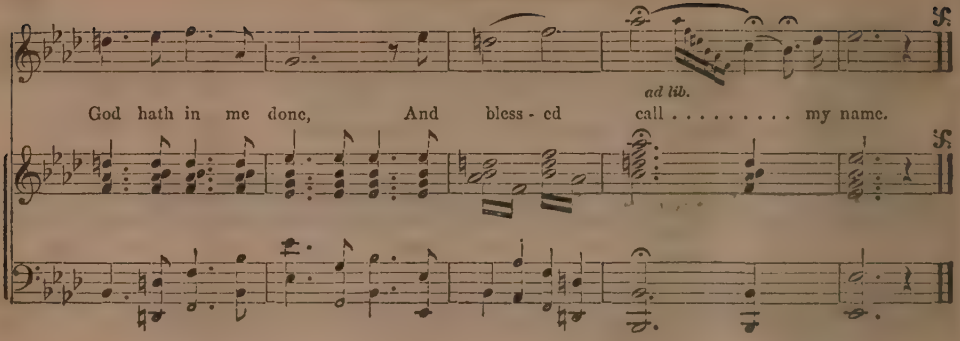
(55.)

CHORUS.
Allegro pomp.

E. VERSCHNEIDER.


f.
Glo - ry to God! Angels hosts are sing - ing, Is - rael's Holy One, Has for us become
f.
Fine. SOLO. Brillante.
Ma - ry's Son,—Peace on earth to us bring - - ing. 1. O mag - ni-fy the Lord! Break
3
3
Fine.


forth in songs my voice, In my Sav - - iour a - dored, My spir - it doth re-
grazioso.
joice, While time its course will run, All a - - ges will pro - claim, What
ff



2 My lowliness He sought,
On me His eyes He cast,
And in me He has wrought
A wonder unsurpassed!
His mercies to the just
From age to age He shows,
But humbles in the dust
His proud and haughty foes.

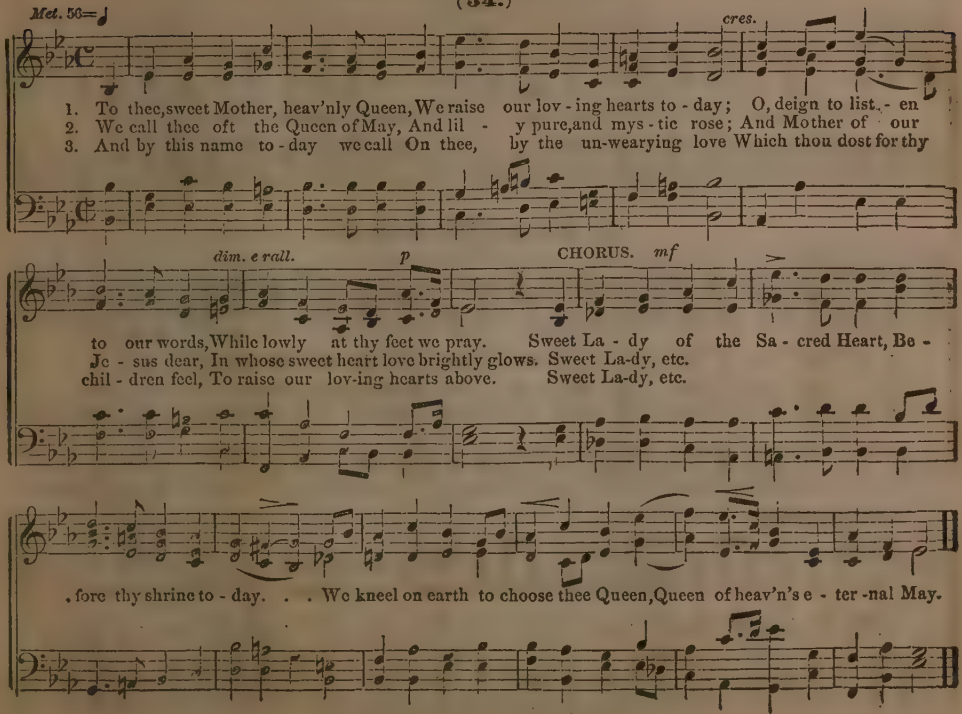
3 The mighty ones He spurns,
The humble He receives,
Fills the soul that yearns;
The rich in want He leaves.
To us, for Israel's sake,
His mercies still extend;
For Abram, as he spake,
His love shall never end.

[*To music on opposite page.*]

4 Then beg of Jesus by the blood,
That flowed so freely from His Heart
That He will bathe us in its flood
That, chastened, we may form a part,—CHO.

5 A beauteous, holy, loving part
Of that much envied train and bright,
That follows evermore the Lamb,
Through Heaven's eternal realms of light.—CHO.

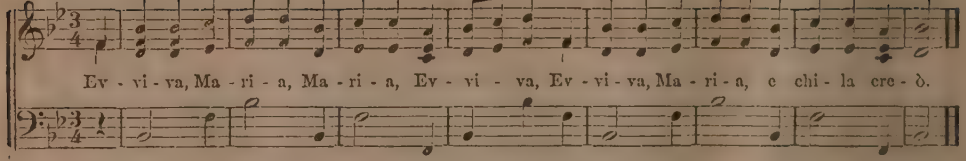
(54.)


Met. 56=♩
cres.
1. To thee, sweet Mother, heav'nly Queen, We raise our lov - ing hearts to - day; O, deign to list - en
2. We call thee oft the Queen of May, And lil - y pure, and mys - tic rose; And Mother of our
3. And by this name to - day we call On thee, by the un-wearying love Which thou dost for thy
dim. e rall.
p
CHORUS. mf
to our words, While lowly at thy feet we pray. Sweet La - dy of the Sa - cred Heart, Be -
Je - sus dear, In whose sweet heart love brightly glows. Sweet La-dy, etc.
chil - dren feel, To raise our lov-ing hearts above. Sweet La-dy, etc.
. fore thy shrine to - day. . . We kneel on earth to choose thee Queen, Queen of heav'n's e - ter - nal May.

4th and 5th stanzas on opposite page.

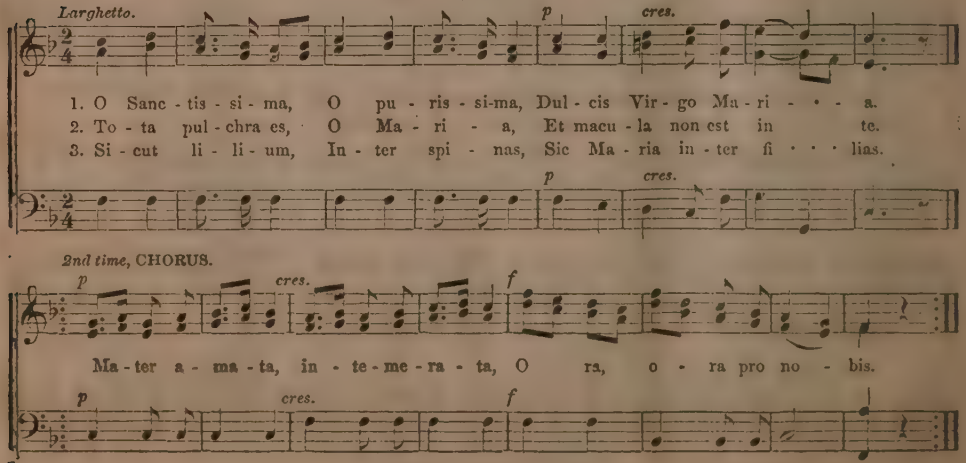
EVVIVA, MARIA.

(57.)



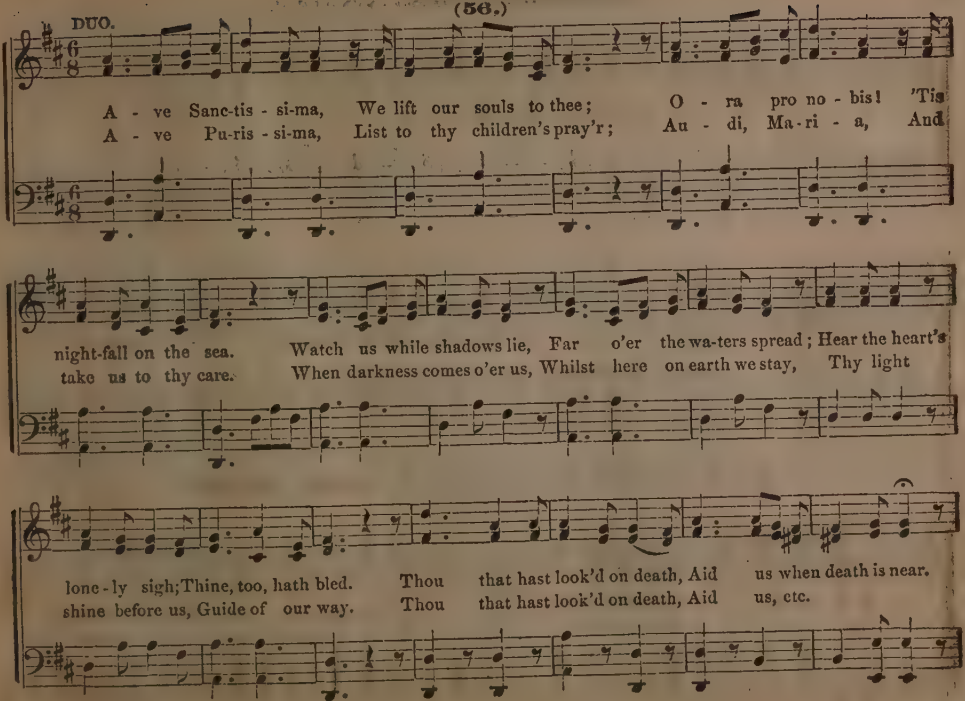
O SANCTISSIMA.

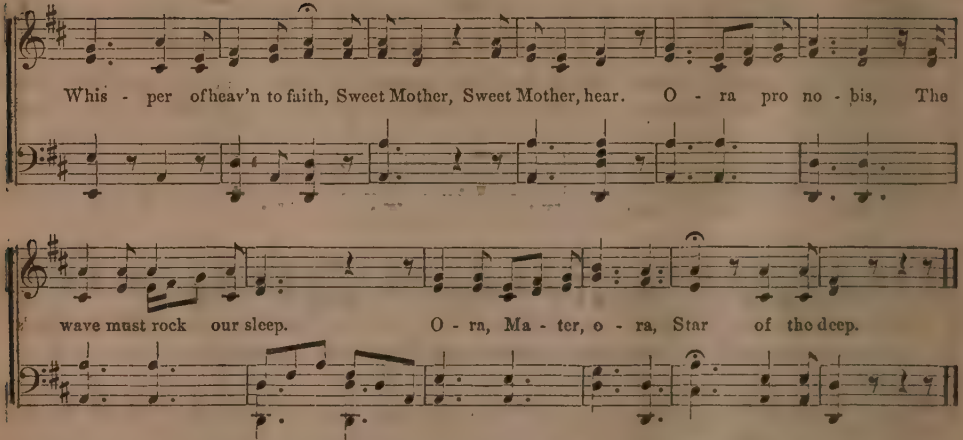
(58.)


Larghetto.
p
cres.
1. O Sanc - tis - si - ma, O pu - ris - si-ma, Dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri - - - a.
2. To - ta pul - chra es, O Ma - ri - a, Et macu - la non est in te.
3. Si - cut li - li - um, In - ter spi - nas, Sic Ma - ria in - ter fi - - - lias.
p
cres.
2nd time, CHORUS.
p
cres.
f
Ma - ter a - ma - ta, in - te - me - ra - ta, O ra, o - ra pro no - bis.
p
cres.
f

AVE SANCTISSIMA.

(56.)

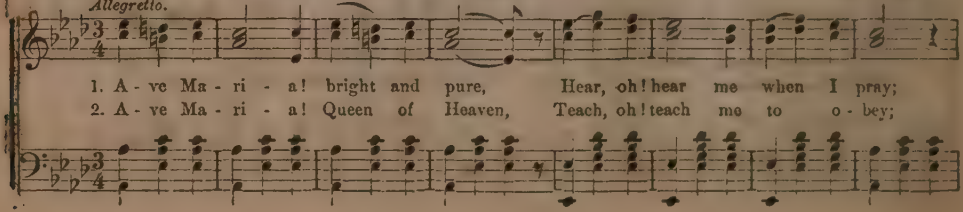

DUO.
A - ve Sanc-tis - si-ma, We lift our souls to thee; O - ra pro no - bis! 'Tis
A - ve Pu-ris - si-ma, List to thy children's pray'r; Au - di, Ma-ri - a, And
night-fall on the sea. Watch us while shadows lie, Far o'er the wa-ters spread; Hear the heart's
take us to thy care. When darkness comes o'er us, Whilst here on earth we stay, Thy light
lone-ly sigh; Thine, too, hath bled. Thou that hast look'd on death, Aid us when death is near.
shine before us, Guide of our way. Thou that hast look'd on death, Aid us, etc.

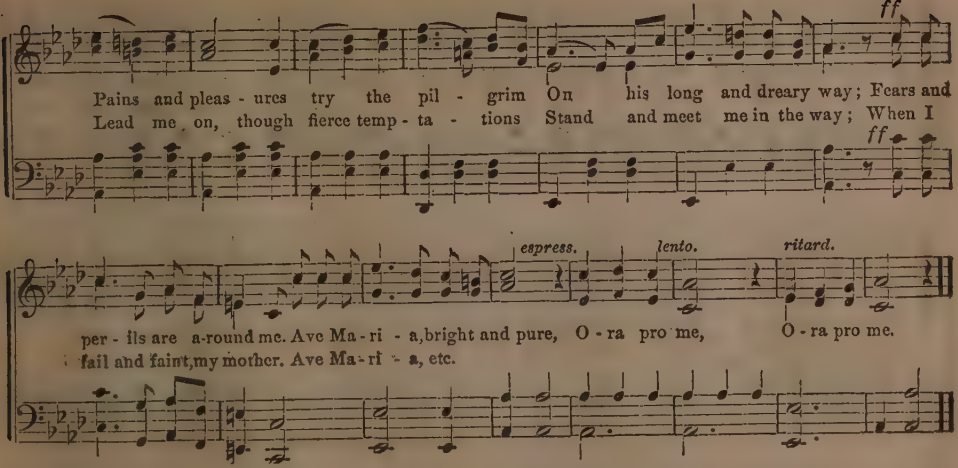

Whis - per of heav'n to faith, Sweet Mother, Sweet Mother, hear. O - ra pro no - bis, The
wave must rock our sleep. O - ra, Ma - ter, o - ra, Star of the deep.

AVE MARIA, BRIGHT AND PURE.

(50.)

S. N. D.




ff
Pains and pleas - ures try the pil - grim On his long and dreary way; Fears and
Lead me on, though fierce temp - ta - tions Stand and meet me in the way; When I
ff
espress.
lento.
ritard.
per - ils are a-round me. Ave Ma - ri - a, bright and pure, O - ra pro me, O - ra pro me.
fail and faint, my mother. Ave Ma - ri - a, etc.

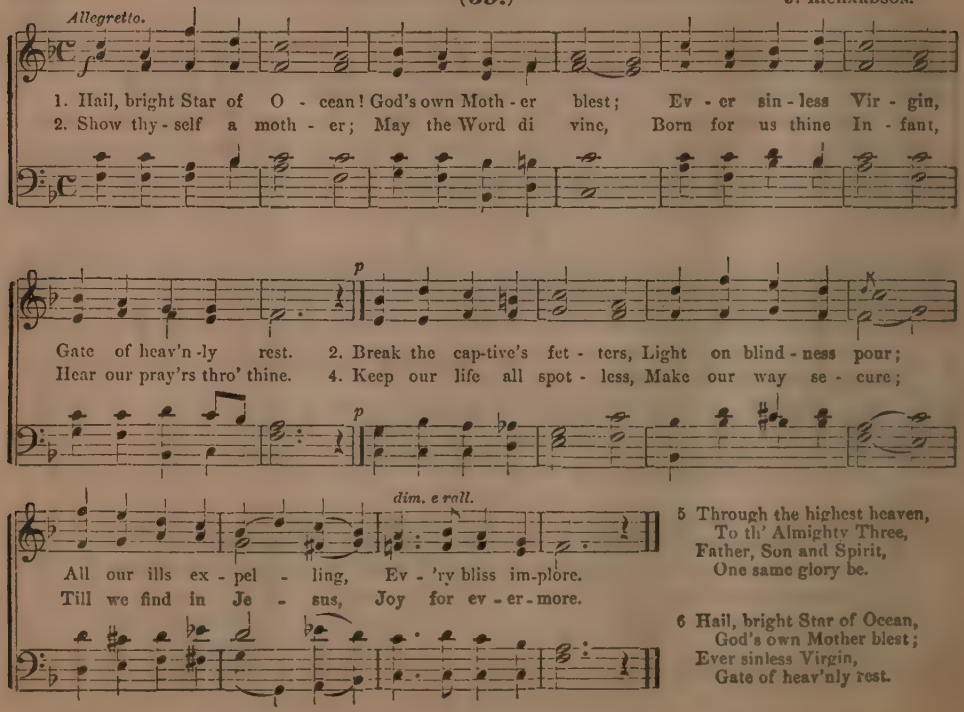
3 Then shall I, if thou, O Mary,
Art my strong support and stay,
Fear nor feel the three-fold danger,
Standing forth in dread array.
Now and ever shield and guard me,
Ave Maria! bright and pure,
Ora pro me, ora pro me.

4 When my eyes are slowly closing,
And I fade from earth away,
And when death, the stern destroyer,
Claims my body as his prey,
Claim my soul, and then, sweet Mary,
Ave Maria! bright and pure,—
Ora pro me, ora pro me.

HAIL, BRIGHT STAR OF OCEAN.

(59.)

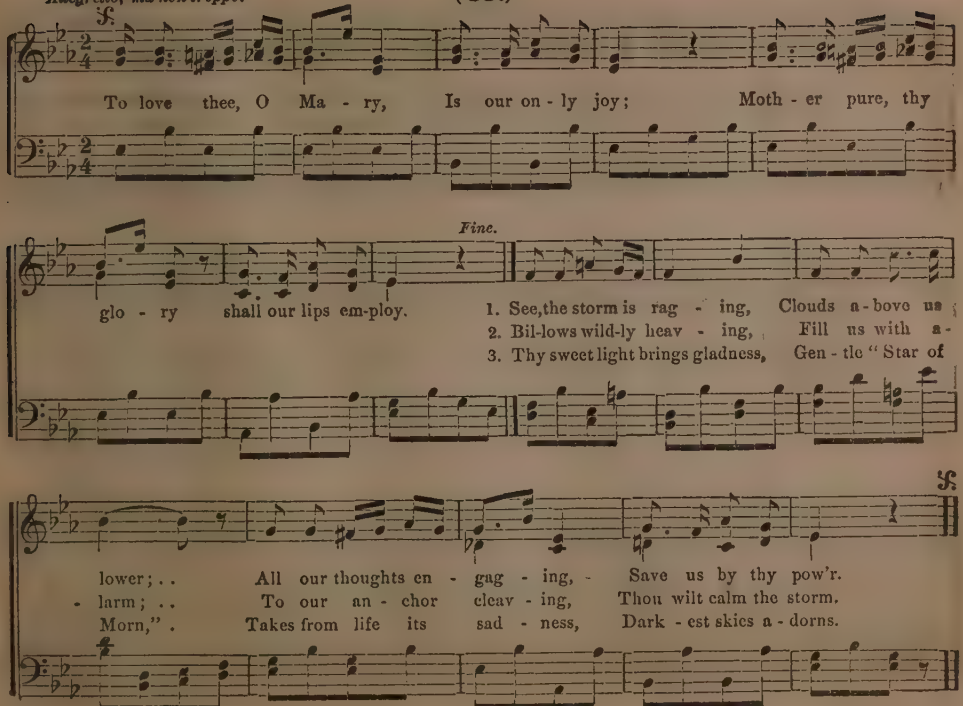
J. RICHARDSON.


Allegretto.
1. Hail, bright Star of O - cean! God's own Moth - er blest; Ev - er sin - less Vir - gin,
2. Show thy - self a moth - er; May the Word di vine, Born for us thine In - fant,
Gate of heav'n -ly rest.
Hear our pray'rs thro' thine.
2. Break the cap-tive's fet - ters, Light on blind - ness pour;
4. Keep our life all spot - less, Make our way se - cure;
dim. e rall.
All our ills ex - pel - ling, Ev - 'ry bliss im-plore.
Till we find in Je - sus, Joy for ev - er - more.

5 Through the highest heaven,
To th' Almighty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit,
One same glory be.

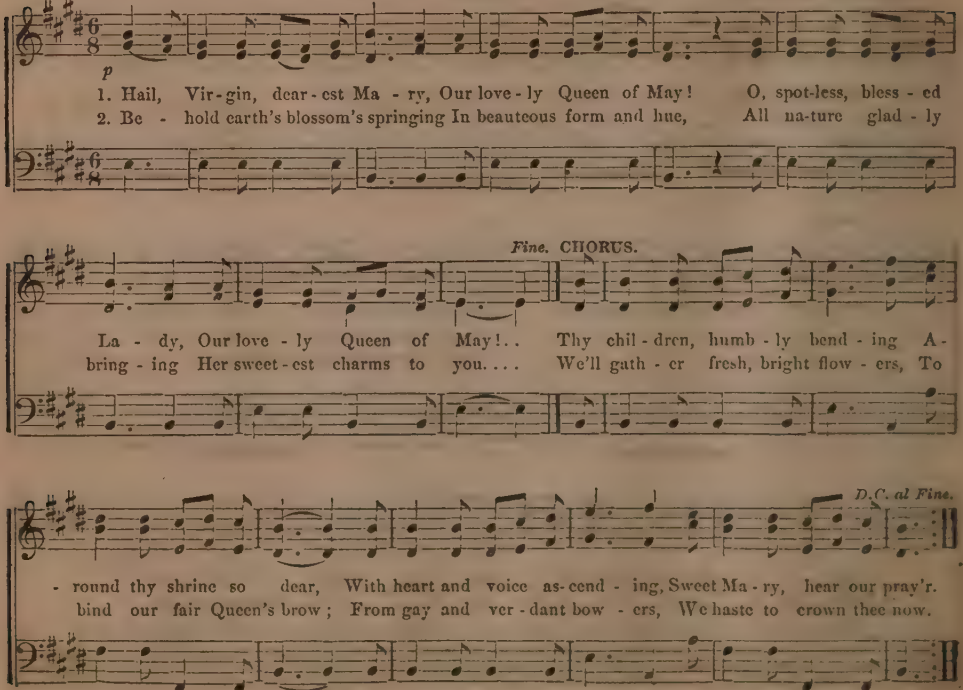
6 Hail, bright Star of Ocean,
God's own Mother blest;
Ever sinless Virgin,
Gate of heav'nly rest.

Allegretto, ma non troppo. (60.)

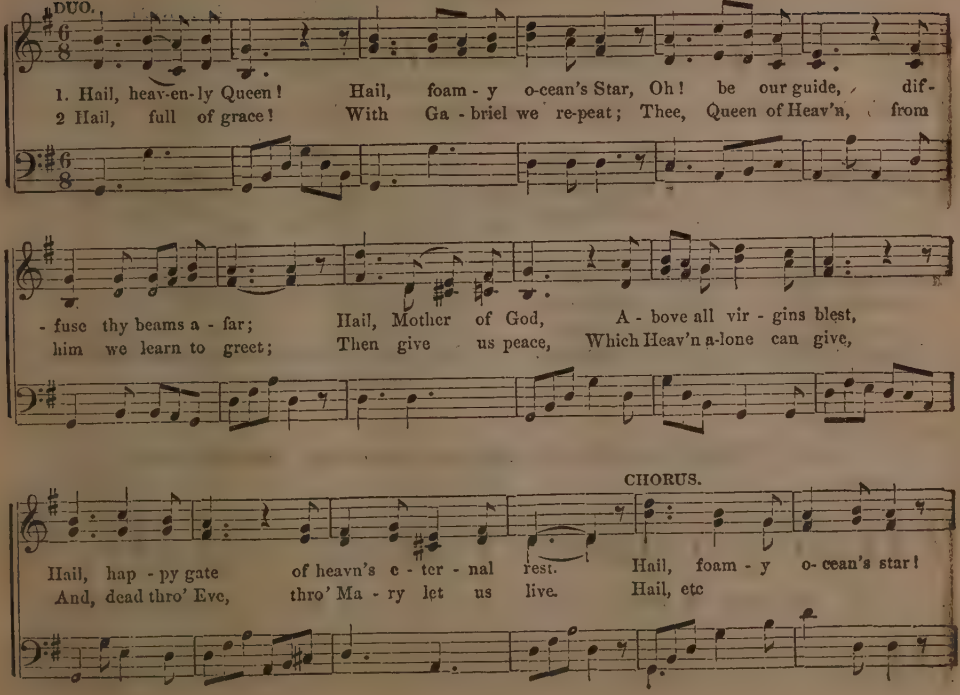

f.
To love thee, O Ma - ry, Is our on - ly joy; Moth - er pure, thy
Fine.
glo - ry shall our lips em-ploy.
1. See, the storm is rag - ing, Clouds a - bove us
2. Bil-lows wild-ly heav - ing, Fill us with a -
3. Thy sweet light brings gladness, Gen - tle "Star of
f.
lower; . . All our thoughts en - gag - ing, - Save us by thy pow'r.
- larm; . . To our an - chor cleav - ing, Thou wilt calm the storm.
Morn," . Takes from life its sad - ness, Dark - est skies a - dorns.

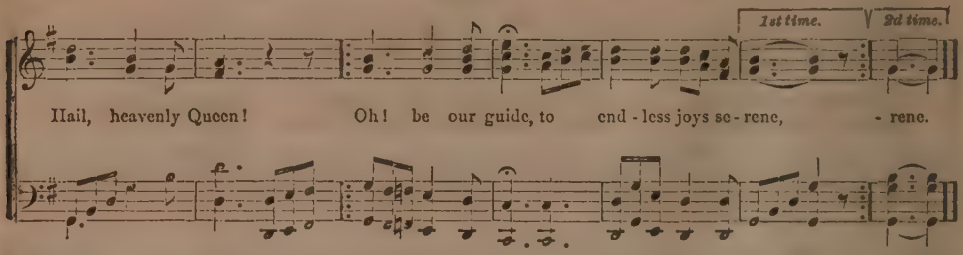
HAIL, VIRGIN, DEAREST MARY.

SOLO, or DUET. (61.) LAMBILOTTE.


p
1. Hail, Vir-gin, dear-est Ma-ry, Our love-ly Queen of May! O, spot-less, bless-ed
2. Be-hold earth's blossom's springing In beauteous form and hue, All na-ture glad-ly
Fine. CHORUS.
La-dy, Our love-ly Queen of May!.. Thy chil-dren, humb-ly bend-ing A-
bring-ing Her sweet-est charms to you.... We'll gath-er fresh, bright flow-ers, To
D.C. al Fine.
-round thy shrine so dear, With heart and voice as-cend-ing, Sweet Ma-ry, hear our pray'r.
bind our fair Queen's brow; From gay and ver-dant bow-ers, We haste to crown thee now.

(62.)


DUO.
1. Hail, heav-en-ly Queen! Hail, foam-y o-cean's Star, Oh! be our guide, dif-
2 Hail, full of grace! With Ga-briel we re-peat; Thee, Queen of Heav'n, from
-fuse thy beams a-far; Hail, Mother of God, A-bove all vir-gins blest,
him we learn to greet; Then give us peace, Which Heav'n a-lone can give,
CHORUS.
Hail, hap-py gate of heavn's e-ter-nal rest. Hail, foam-y o-cean's star!
And, dead thro' Eve, thro' Ma-ry let us live. Hail, etc



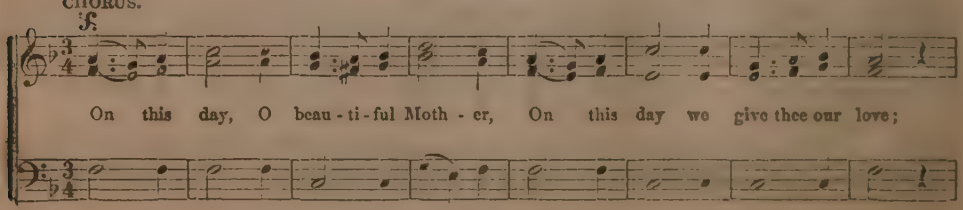
3 Thy children save, O gracious Mother, hear!
From weeping eyes, oh, deign to wipe the tear!
Our humble prayers to God thy Son present,
Whose life and blood for sinful man were spent.
Hail, foamy ocean's star, etc.

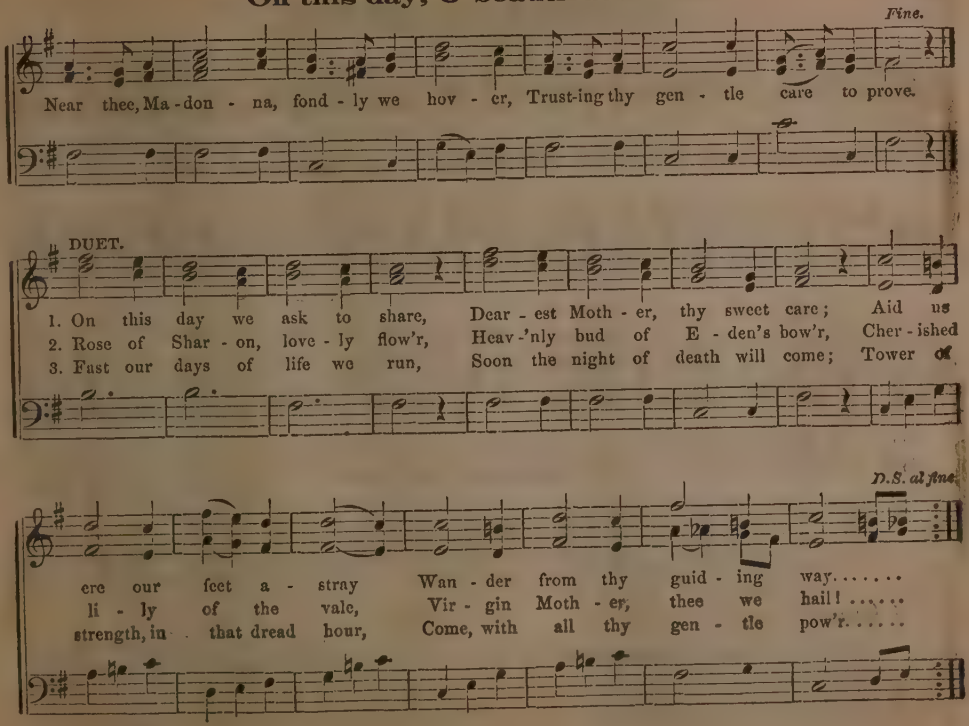
4 Our souls in purity and grace preserve,
And ne'er from truth permit our way to swerve,
That, when our days have rolled their rapid round,
We may with Christ in heavenly bliss be crowned.
Hail, foamy ocean's star, etc.

ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

(63.)

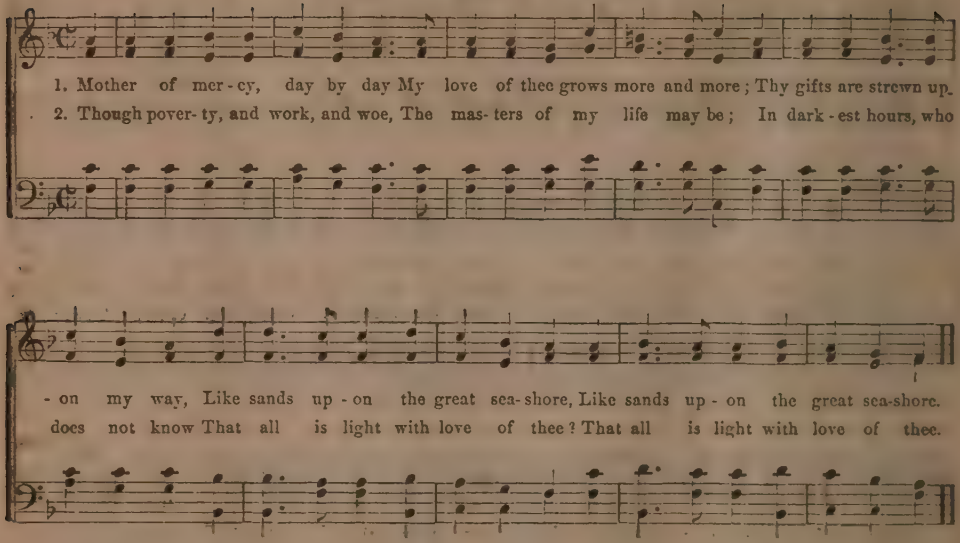
Lambilotte.




Fine.
Near thee, Ma - don - na, fond - ly we hov - er, Trust-ing thy gen - tle care to prove.
DUET.
1. On this day we ask to share, Dear - est Moth - er, thy sweet care; Aid us
2. Rose of Shar - on, love - ly flow'r, Heav-'nly bud of E - den's bow'r, Cher - ished
3. Fast our days of life we run, Soon the night of death will come; Tower of
D.S. al fine.
ere our feet a - stray Wan - der from thy guid - ing way.....
li - ly of the vale, Vir - gin Moth - er, thee we hail!.....
strength, in that dread hour, Come, with all thy gen - tle pow'r.....

MOTHER OF MERCY.

(64.)


1. Mother of mer-cy, day by day My love of thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up-
2. Though pover-ty, and work, and woe, The mas-ters of my life may be; In dark-est hours, who
-on my way, Like sands up-on the great sea-shore, Like sands up-on the great sea-shore.
does not know That all is light with love of thee? That all is light with love of thee.

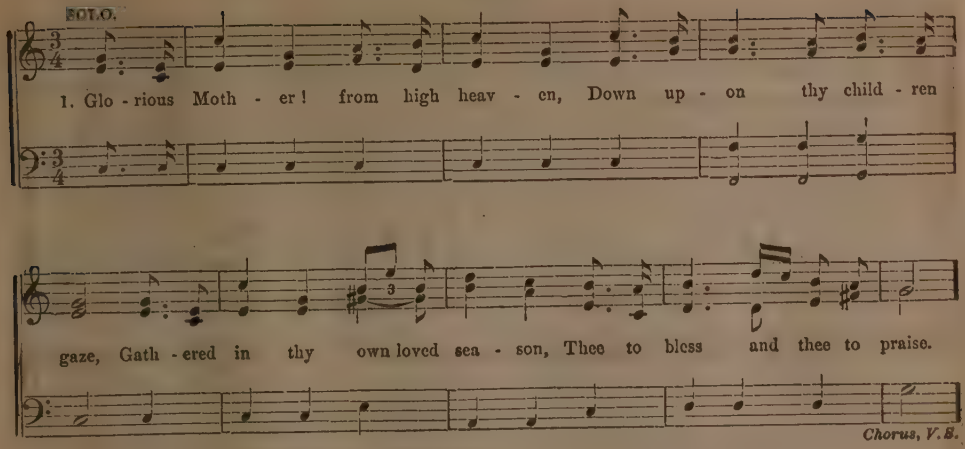
3 Oh, gain me grace to love thee more:
Thy Son will give, if thou wilt plead!
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed,

4 My Lord, when His three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee, from the cross, to me;
And oh, how can I love thy Son,
Sweet mother, if I love not thee?

GLORIOUS MOTHER.

(65.)

CULL.


SOLO.
1. Glo - rious Moth - er! from high heav - en, Down up - on thy child - ren
gaze, Gath - ered in thy own loved sea - son, Thee to bless and thee to praise.
Chorus, V. S.

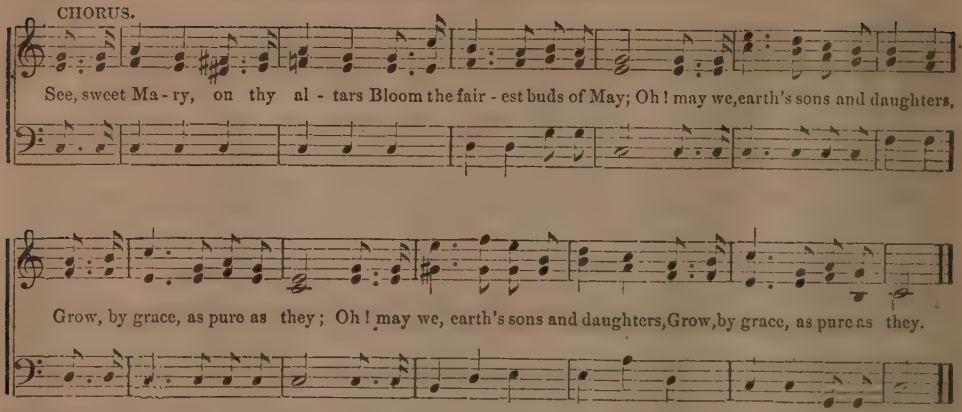
2 Earth is darksome, we are weary,
Satan setteth snares for all,
Pray for us, O tender Mary,
Pray to Jesus, lest we fall.—CHO.

3 Many call upon thee, Mother.
Some in manhood, strong in youth,
Some in age, in tender childhood—
ALL in loving faith and truth.—CHO.

4 Raise thy voice for us to Jesus,
In this blessed month of thine,
Raise thy pure hands to bless us,
As we linger 'round thy shrine.—CHO.

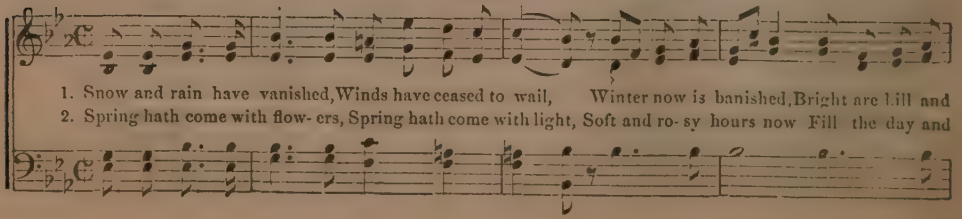
5 Bless, oh, bless us, now and ever,
Thou who once the dark earth trod,
And when dying, waft our spirits,
To the bosom of our God.—CHO.

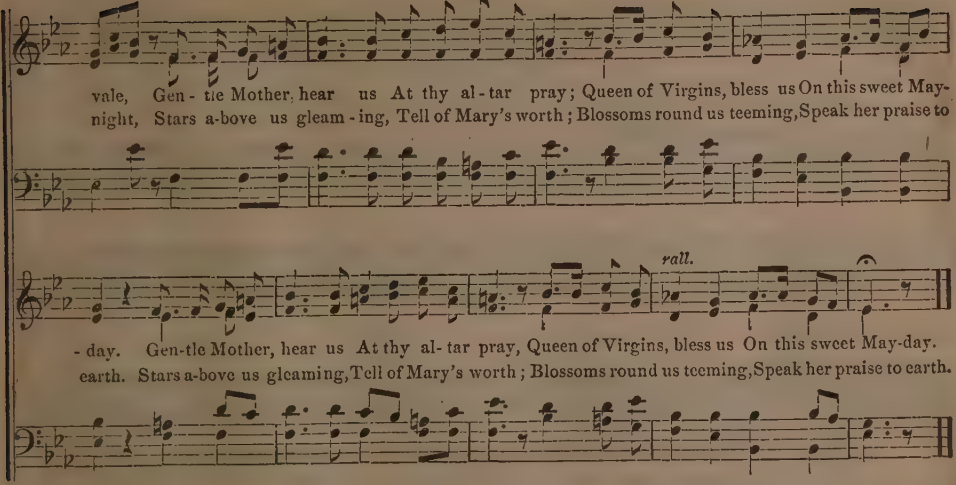
CHORUS.


See, sweet Ma - ry, on thy al - tars Bloom the fair - est buds of May; Oh! may we, earth's sons and daughters,
Grow, by grace, as pure as they; Oh! may we, earth's sons and daughters, Grow, by grace, as pure as they.

SNOW AND RAIN HAVE VANISHED.

(68.)


1. Snow and rain have vanished, Winds have ceased to wail, Winter now is banished, Bright are hill and
2. Spring hath come with flow- ers, Spring hath come with light, Soft and ro- sy hours now Fill the day and

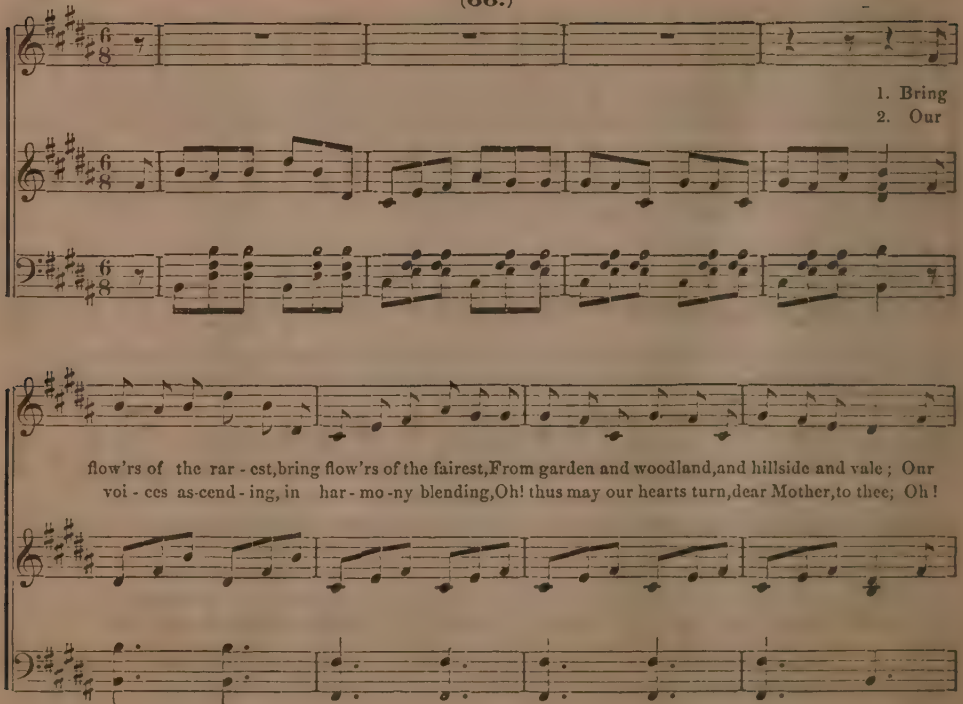

vale, Gen - tle Mother, hear us At thy al - tar pray; Queen of Virgins, bless us On this sweet May-
night, Stars a-bove us gleam - ing, Tell of Mary's worth; Blossoms round us teeming, Speak her praise to
rall.
- day. Gen-tle Mother, hear us At thy al - tar pray, Queen of Virgins, bless us On this sweet May-day.
earth. Stars a-bove us gleaming, Tell of Mary's worth; Blossoms round us teeming, Speak her praise to earth.

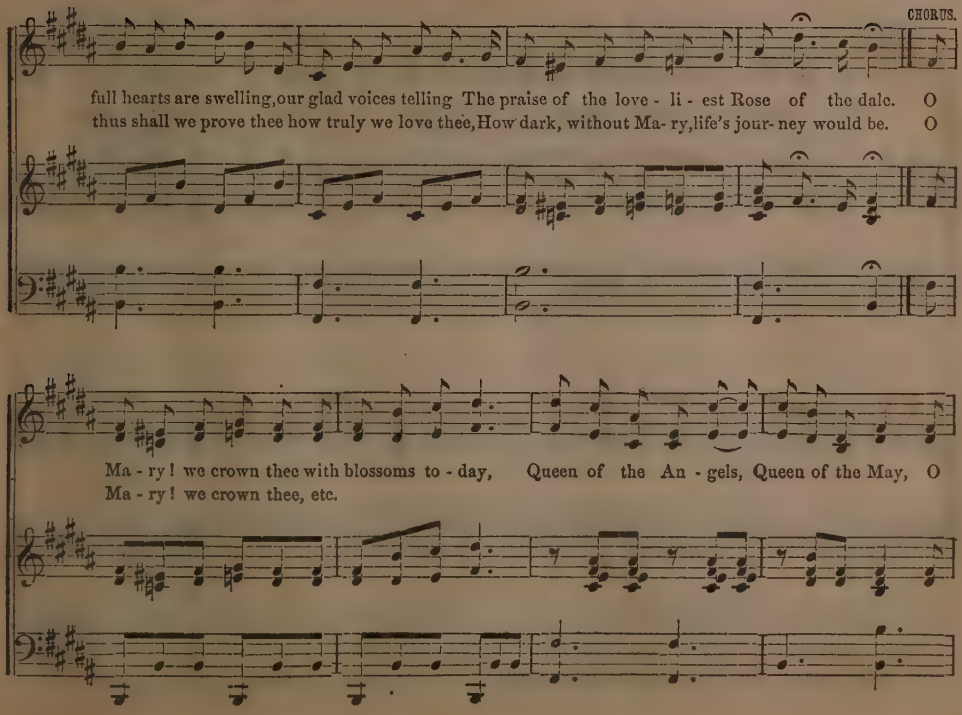
3 Here below deserving,
She was found alone,
God, from sin preserving,
Chose her for His own.
Grace, as to none other,
Grace to her was given;
She became the Mother
Of the King of Heaven.

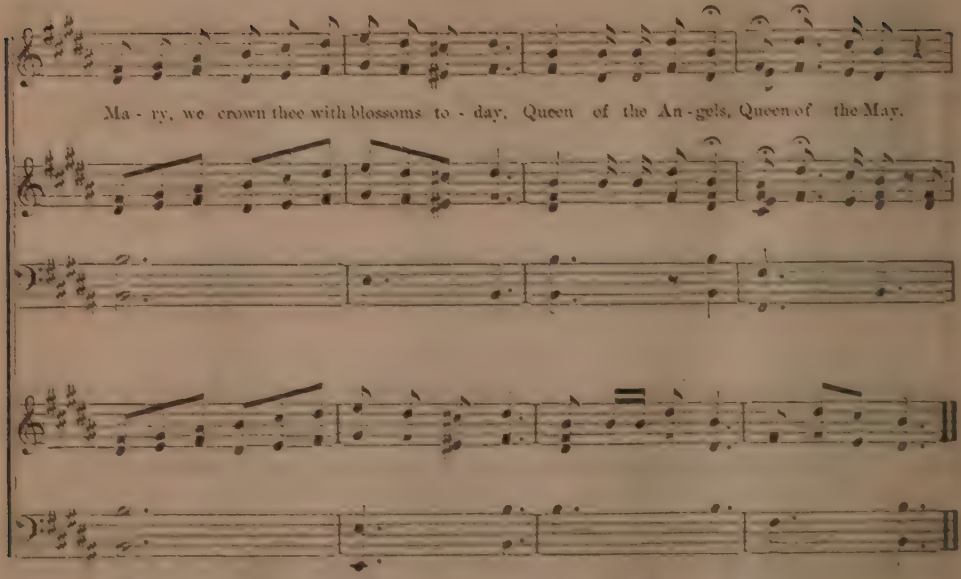
4 God bestowed upon her,
Glories all her own:
Earth's sublimest honor,
Heaven's queenly throne.
Taught by Him, we love her,
In our simple way,
Placing none above her
On this sweet May-day.

BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST.

(66.)


1. Bring
2. Our
flow'rs of the rar - est, bring flow'rs of the fairest, From garden and woodland, and hillside and vale; Our
voi - ces as-cend - ing, in har - mo - ny blending, Oh! thus may our hearts turn, dear Mother, to thee; Oh!

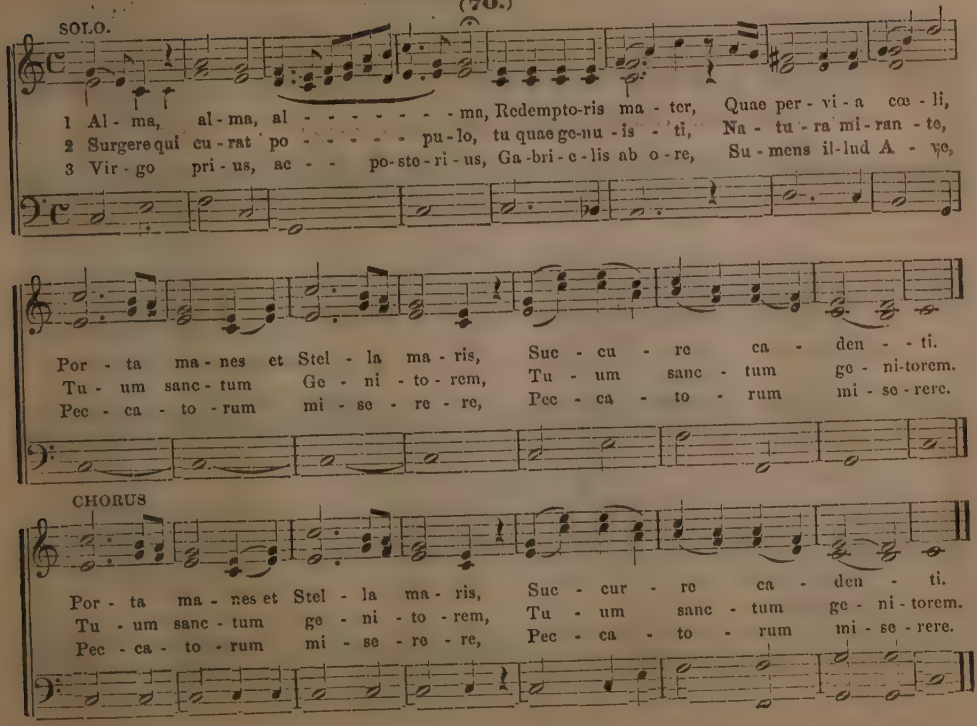

CHORUS.
full hearts are swelling, our glad voices telling The praise of the love - li - est Rose of the dale. O
thus shall we prove thee how truly we love thee, How dark, without Ma- ry, life's jour- ney would be. O
Ma - ry! we crown thee with blossoms to - day, Queen of the An - gels, Queen of the May, O
Ma - ry! we crown thee, etc.



3 O Virgin most tender, our homage we render,
Thy love and protection, sweet Mother, to win;
In danger defend us, in sorrow befriend us,
And shield our fond hearts from contagion of sin.

4 Of Mothers the dearest, oh, wilt thou be nearest,
When life with temptation is darkly replete?
Forsake us, oh, never! our hearts, be they ever
As pure as the lilies we lay at thy feet.

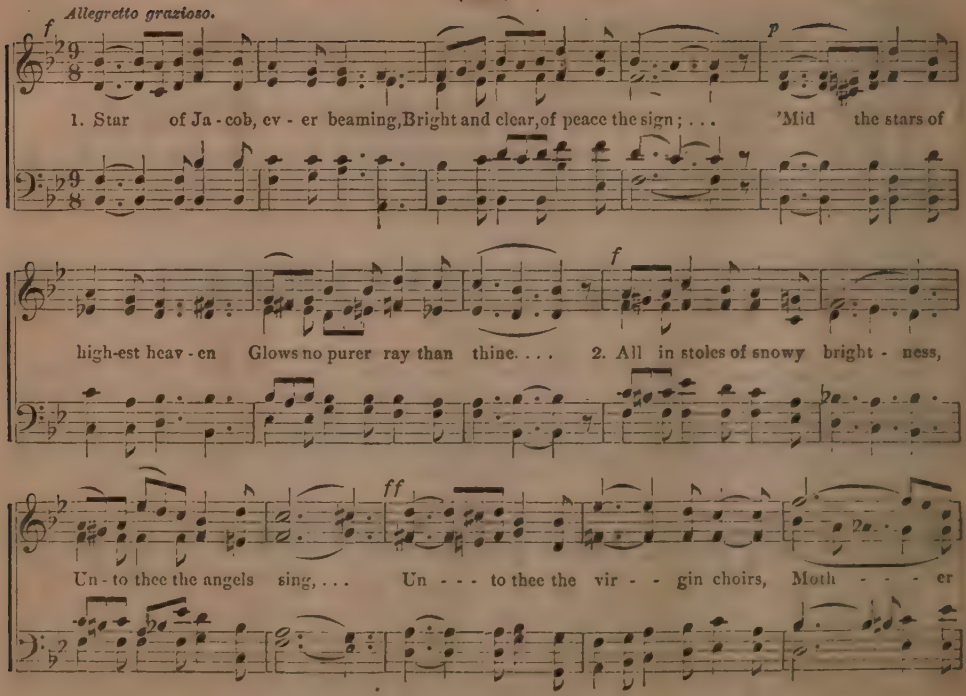
(70.)

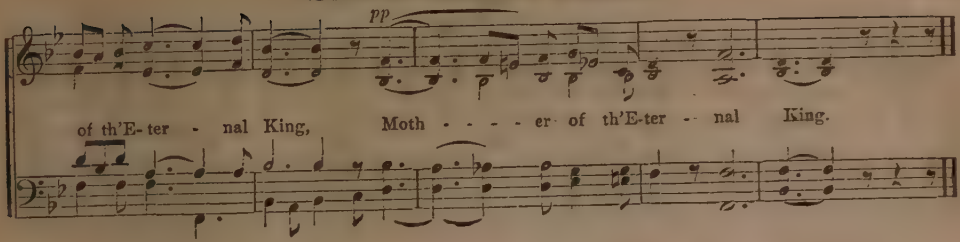

SOLO.
1 Al - ma, al - ma, al - - - - - - - ma, Redempto-ris ma - ter, Quae per - vi - a cœ - li,
2 Surgere qui cu - rat po - - - - - pu - lo, tu quae ge-nu - is - ti, Na - tu - ra mi - ran - te,
3 Vir - go pri - us, ac - - po-ste-ri - us, Ga-bri - e - lis ab o - re, Su - mens il-lud A - ve,
Por - ta ma - nes et Stel - la ma - ris, Suc - cu - re ca - den - - ti.
Tu - um sanc - tum Ge - ni - to - rem, Tu - um sanc - tum ge - ni-torem.
Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re, Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - rere.
CHORUS
Por - ta ma - nes et Stel - la ma - ris, Suc - cur - re ca - den - ti.
Tu - um sanc - tum ge - ni - to - rem, Tu - um sanc - tum ge - ni - torem.
Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re, Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - rere.

STAR OF JACOB.

(67.)

WESTLAKE.


Allegretto grazioso.
f
p
1. Star of Ja - cob, ev - er beaming, Bright and clear, of peace the sign; . . . 'Mid the stars of
f
high-est heav - en Glows no purer ray than thine. . . . 2. All in stoles of snowy bright - ness,
ff
Un - to thee the angels sing, . . . Un - - - to thee the vir - - gin choirs, Moth - - - - er



3 Joyful in thy path they scatter
Roses white and lilies fair;
Yet with thy chaste bosom's whiteness,
Rose nor lily can compare.

4 Oh! that this low earth of ours,
Answering to angelic strain,
With thy praises might re-echo,
Till the heavens replied again.

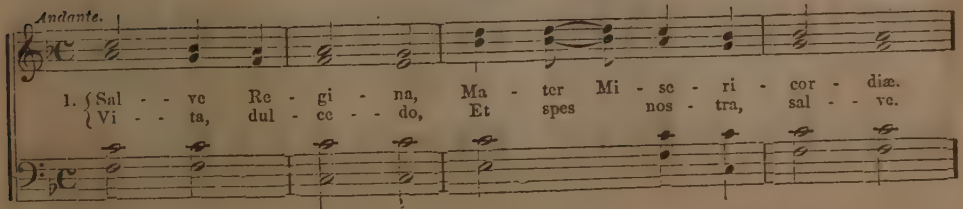
5 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While the eternal ages run.

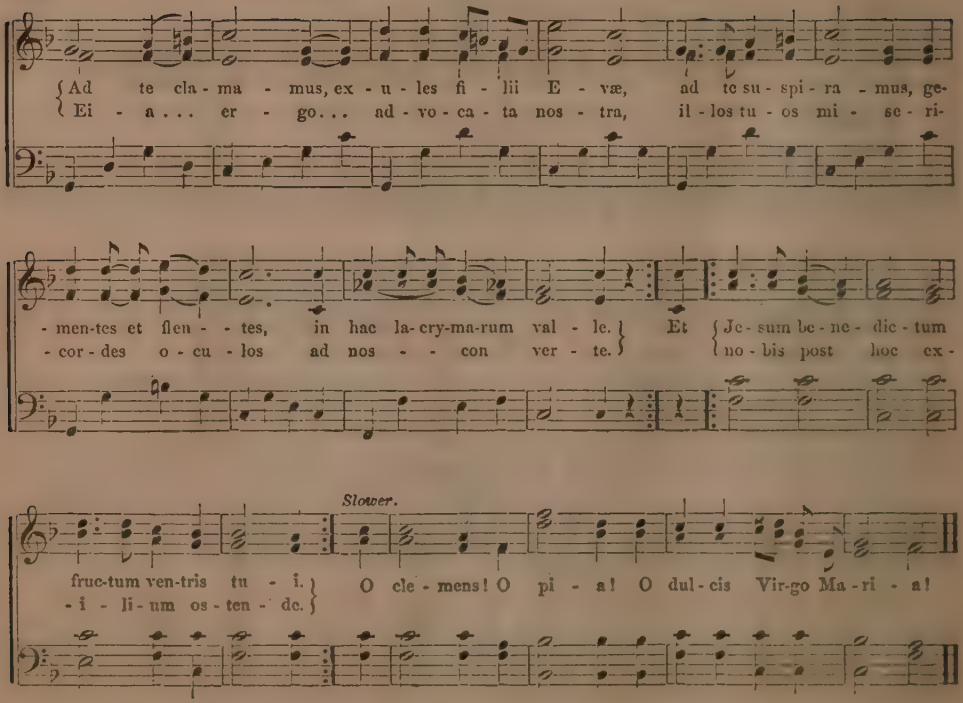
6 Star of Jacob, ever beaming,
Bright and clear, of peace the sign;
'Mid the stars of highest heaven
Glows no purer ray than thine.

SALVE REGINA.

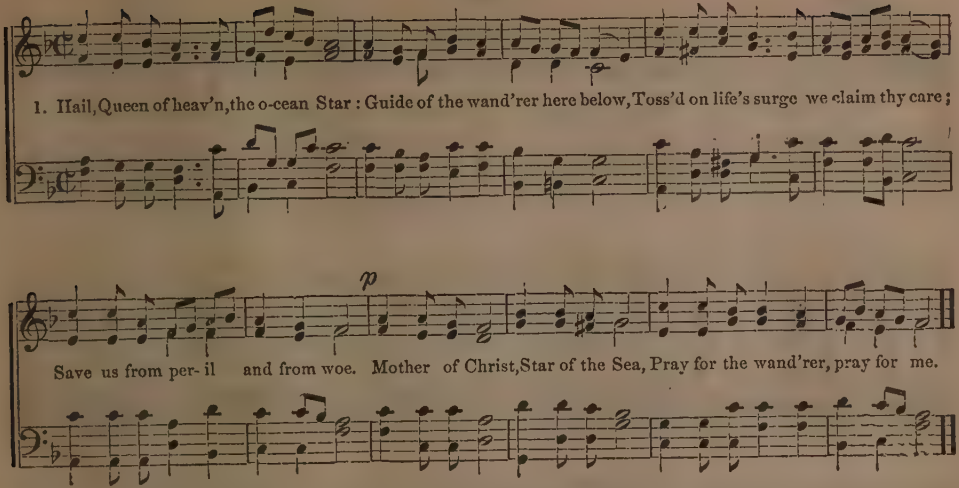
(69.)

Sterr.




Ad te cla - ma - mus, ex - u - les fi - lii E - væ, ad te su - spi - ra - mus, ge-
Ei - a . . . er - go . . . ad - vo - ca - ta nos - tra, il - los tu - os mi - se - ri-
- men-tes et flen - - tes, in hac la-cry-ma-rum val - le.
- cor - des o - cu - los ad nos - - con ver - te.
Et Je - sum be - ne - dic - tum
no - bis post hoc ex -
Slower.
fruc-tum ven-tris tu - i.
- i - li - um os - ten - de.
O cle - mens! O pi - a! O dul-cis Vir-go Ma - ri - a!

(73.)

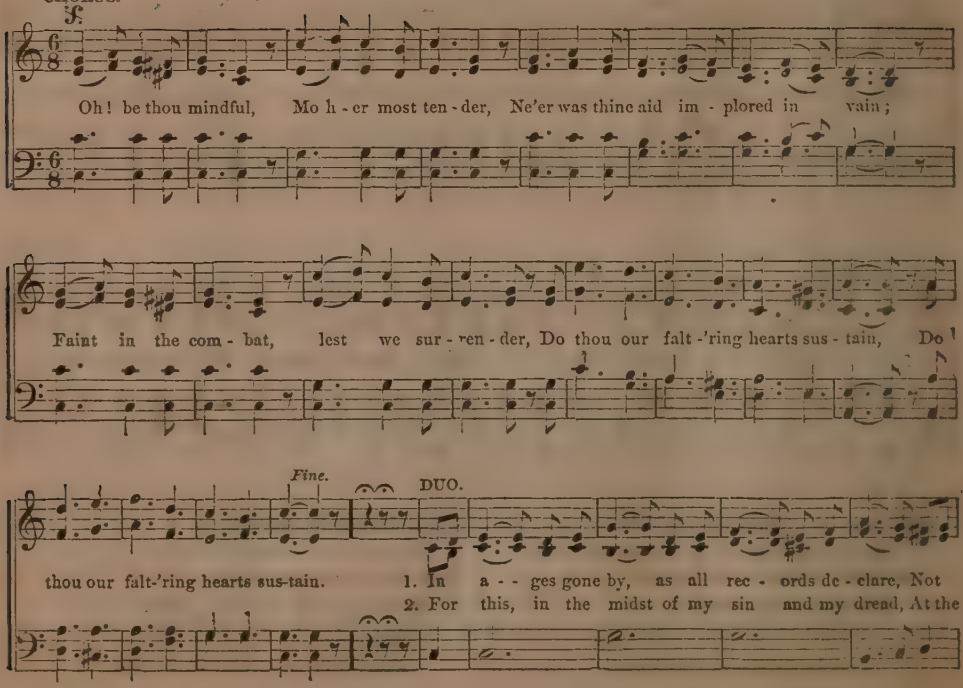

1. Hail, Queen of heav'n, the o-cean Star : Guide of the wand'rer here below, Toss'd on life's surge we claim thy care;
p
Save us from per- il and from woe. Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea, Pray for the wand'rer, pray for me.

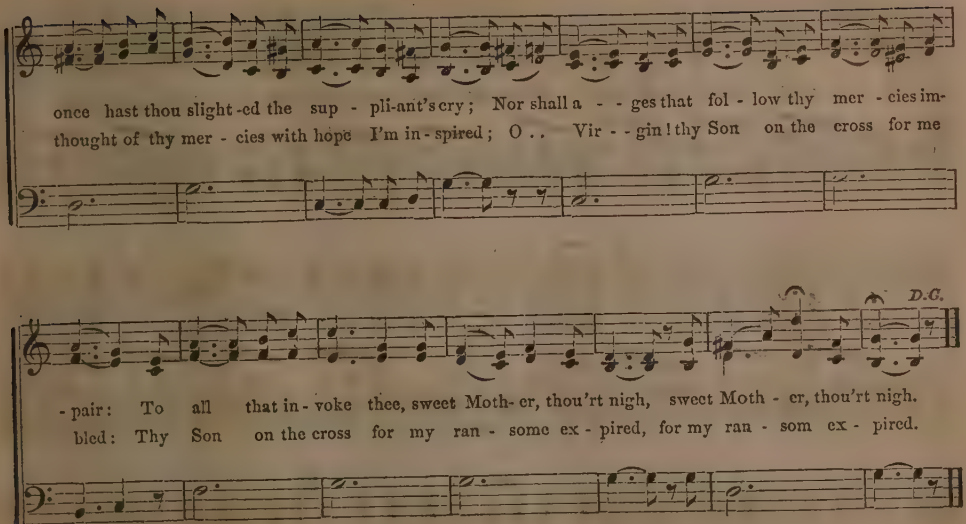
2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

(71.)

CHORUS.


f.
Oh! be thou mindful, Mo h - er most ten - der, Ne'er was thine aid im - plored in vain;
Faint in the com - bat, lest we sur - ren - der, Do thou our falt -'ring hearts sus - tain, Do
Fine.
DUO.
thou our falt-'ring hearts sus-tain.
1. In a - - ges gone by, as all rec - ords de - clare, Not
2. For this, in the midst of my sin and my dread, At the

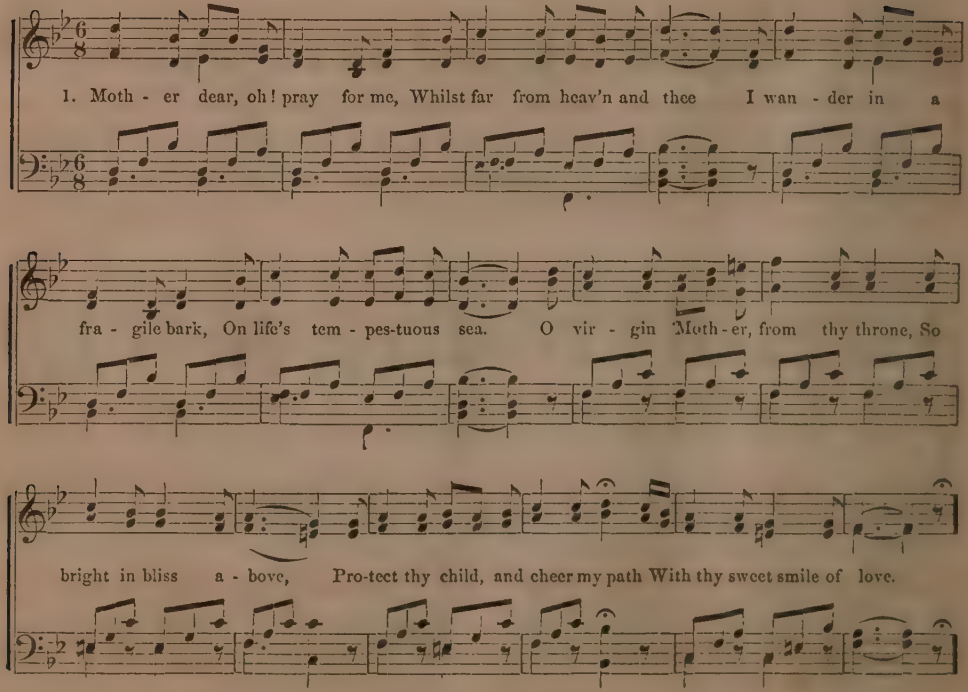

once hast thou slight-ed the sup - pli-ant's cry; Nor shall a - - ges that fol - low thy mer - cies im-
thought of thy mer - cies with hope I'm in-spired; O .. Vir - - gin! thy Son on the cross for me
D.C.
- pair: To all that in - voke thee, sweet Moth- er, thou'rt nigh, sweet Moth - er, thou'rt nigh.
bled: Thy Son on the cross for my ran - some ex - pired, for my ran - som ex - pired.

3 Though countless and grievous the sins I deplore,
Despair at thy name from my bosom shall flee;
In thy love will I hope for my pardon once more,
O Virgin and Mother, I fly unto thee.
Oh! be thou mindful, etc.

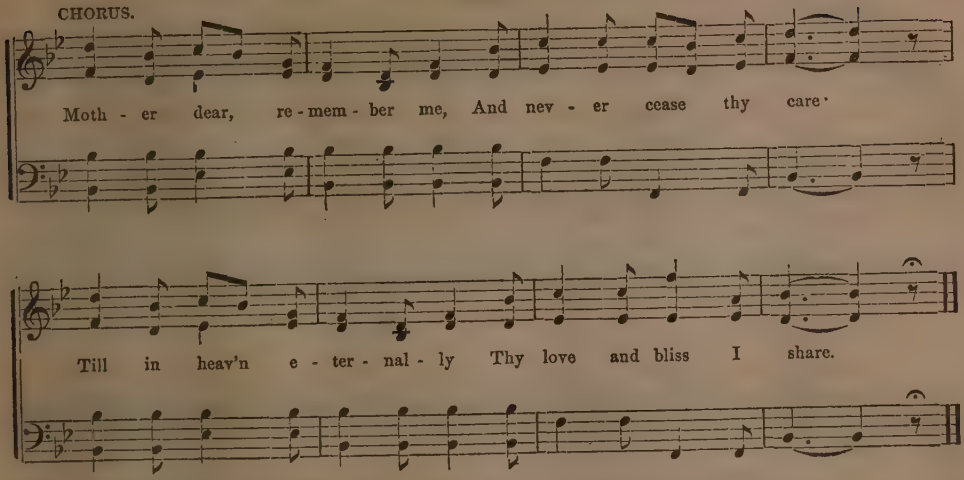
4 To my prayers and my sighs, blessed Mother, give ear,
And be thou, as ever, the penitent's friend;
'Neath the shield of thy favor no danger I'll fear,
But with thee and thy Son hope to reign in the end.
Oh! be thou mindful, etc.

MOTHER DEAR, OH! PRAY FOR ME.

(72.)


1. Moth - er dear, oh! pray for me, Whilst far from heav'n and thee I wan - der in a
fra - gile bark, On life's tem - pes-tuous sea. O vir - gin Moth - er, from thy throne, So
bright in bliss a - bove, Pro-tect thy child, and cheer my path With thy sweet smile of love.

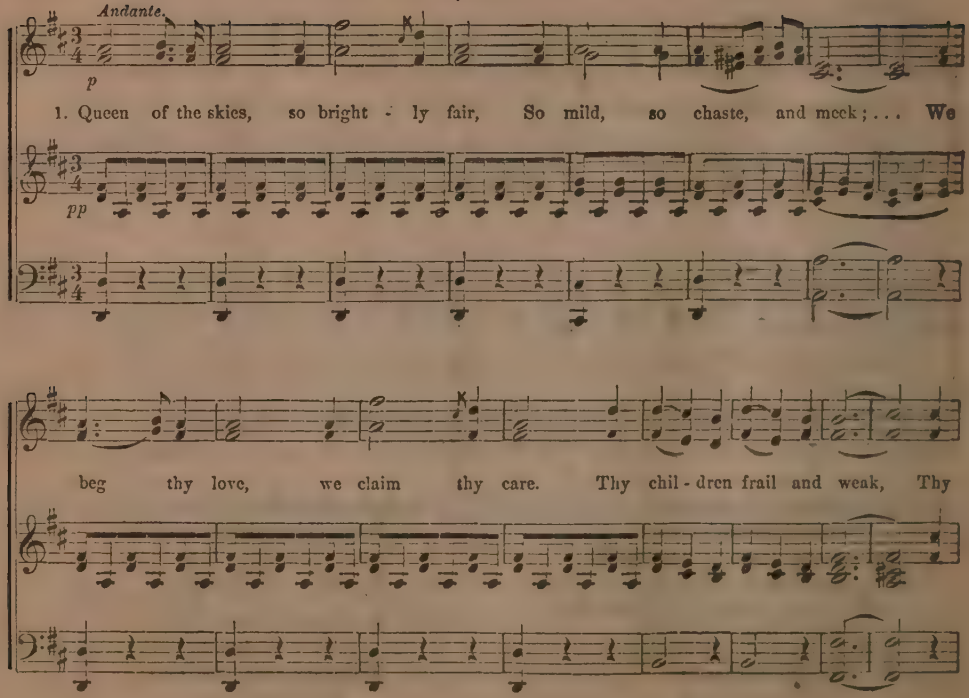
CHORUS.

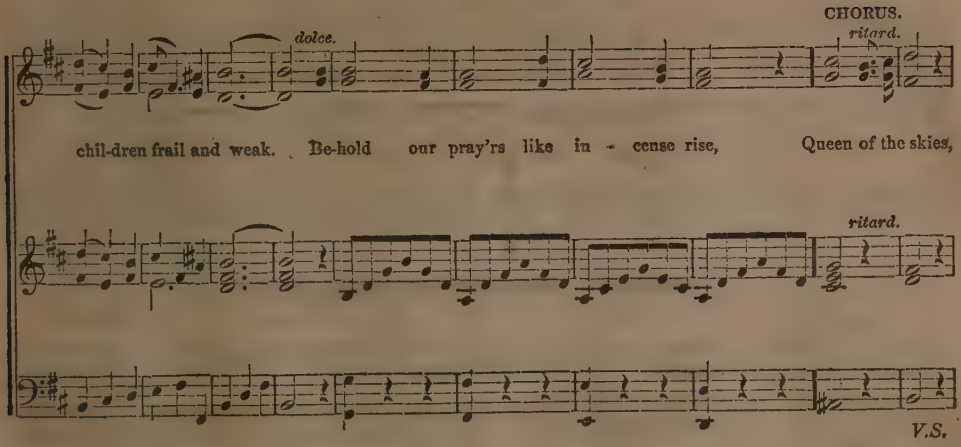


2 Mother dear, oh pray for me,
Should plearsure's syren lay
E'er tempt thy child to wander far
From Virtue's paths away:
When thorns beset life's devious way,
And darkling waters flow,
Then, Mary, aid thy weeping child,
Thyself a Mother show.
Mother dear, etc.

3 Mother dear, oh pray for me,
When all looks bright and fair,
That I may all my danger see,
For surely then 'tis near;
A Mother's pray'r how much we need,
If prosperous be the ray,
That paints with glow the flow'ry mead
Which blossoms in our way.
Mother dear, etc.

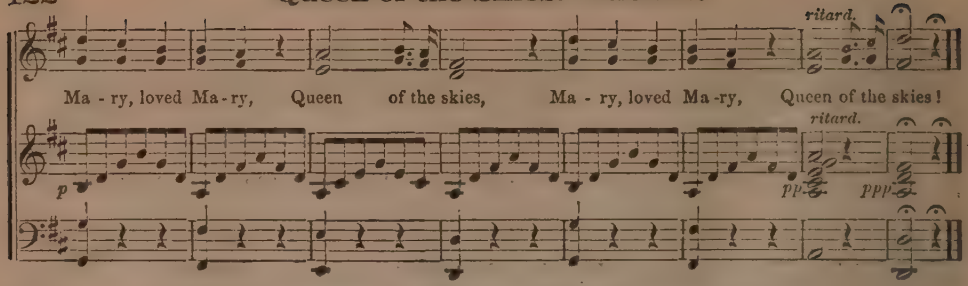
(74.)


Andante.
p
1. Queen of the skies, so bright - ly fair, So mild, so chaste, and meek; . . . We
pp
beg thy love, we claim thy care. Thy chil - dren frail and weak, Thy



2 The shadows of a sinful earth
Are hov'ring o'er our way:
Oh! thou who gav'st a Saviour birth,
Be thou our guide and stay;
Oh! turn on us thy loving eyes,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

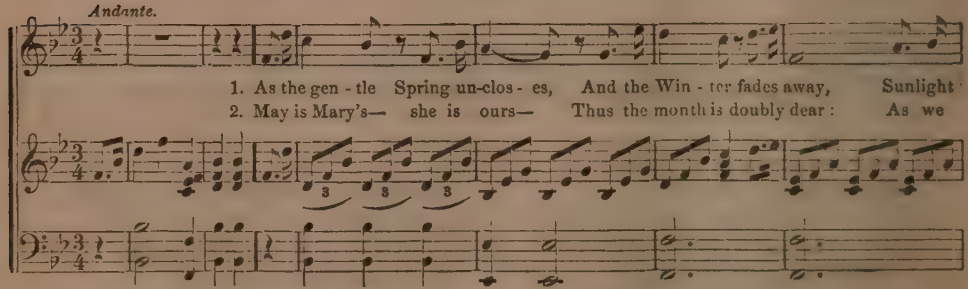
3 The perfumed wreath for thee we've twined,
To thee our voices raise,
And round thy chaste and holy shrine
We hymn our notes of praise.
Oh! hear our prayers, behold our sighs,
Queen of the skies,
Mray, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.



MARY, MOTHER SWEET.

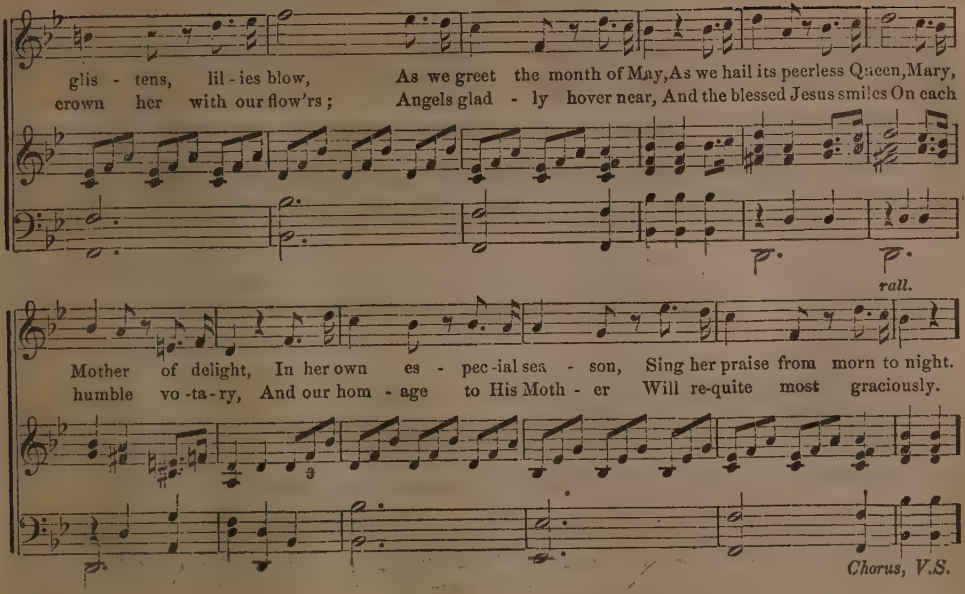
(75.)

CONCONE.


Andante.
1. As the gen - tle Spring un-clos - es, And the Win - ter fades away, Sunlight
2. May is Mary's— she is ours— Thus the month is doubly dear: As we
3 3 3

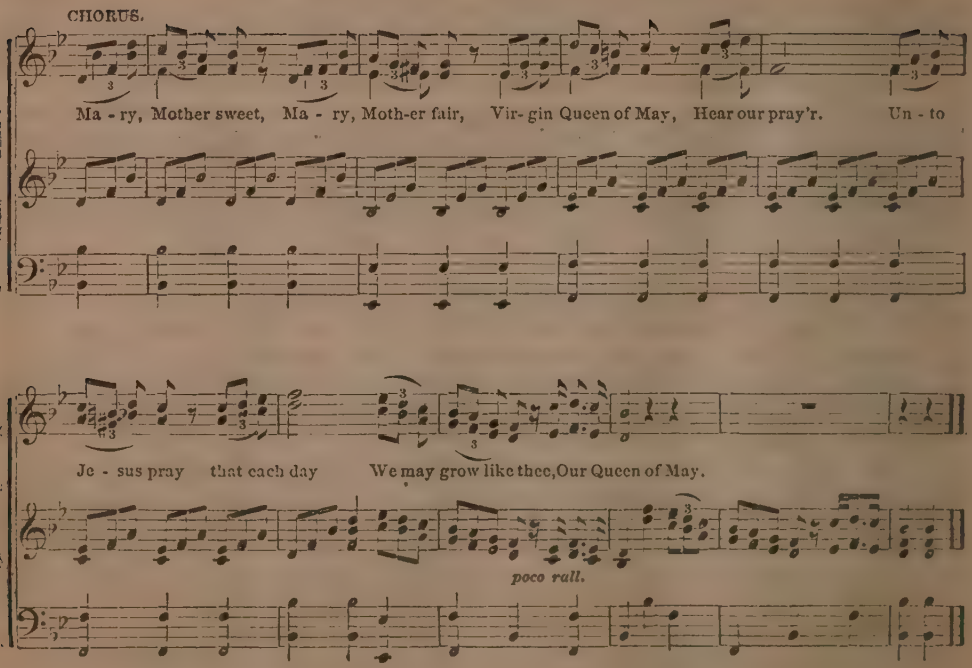
3 Dearest Mother! we remember
How at one request of thine,
Jesus, at the marriage feast,
Changed the water into wine;—CHO.

At our feast, ah! let the flood
Of our tears thy pity move;
Beg, oh! beg thy Son to change it
To the wine of perfect love.—CHO.

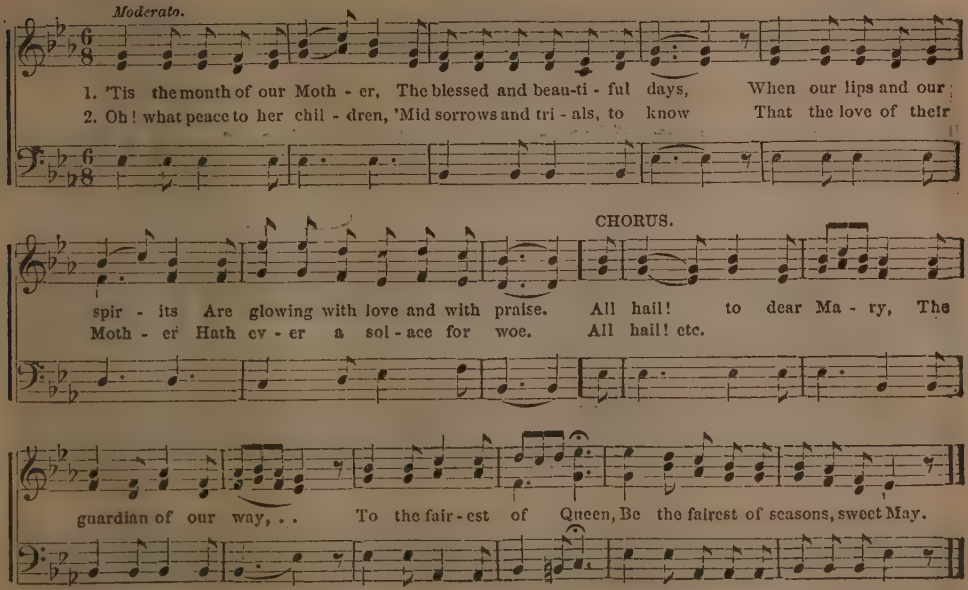

glis - tens, lil - ies blow, As we greet the month of May, As we hail its peerless Queen, Mary,
crown her with our flow'rs; Angels glad - ly hover near, And the blessed Jesus smiles On each
rall.
Mother of delight, In her own es - pec - ial sea - son, Sing her praise from morn to night.
humble vo - ta - ry, And our hom - age to His Moth - er Will re-quite most graciously.
Chorus, V.S.

4 Take us all 'neath thy protection,
Heart, and soul, and senses, take!
Tell dear Jesus we are thine,
And He'll bless us for thy sake;—CHO.

And the treasures of our Mary,
Up in heaven we shall store;
Naught shall steal them, naught corrode them,
They shall last for evermore!—CHO.


CHORUS.
Ma - ry, Mother sweet, Ma - ry, Moth-er fair, Vir- gin Queen of May, Hear our pray'r. Un - to
Je - sus pray that each day We may grow like thee, Our Queen of May.
poco rall.

SOLO. (77.)


Moderato.
1. 'Tis the month of our Moth - er, The blessed and beau-ti - ful days, When our lips and our
2. Oh! what peace to her chil - dren, 'Mid sorrows and tri - als, to know That the love of their
CHORUS.
spir - its Are glowing with love and with praise. All hail! to dear Ma - ry, The
Moth - er Hath ev - er a sol - ace for woe. All hail! etc.
guardian of our way, . . To the fair - est of Queen, Be the fairest of seasons, sweet May.

3 And what joy to the erring,
The sinful and sorrowful soul,
That a trust in her guidance
Will lead to a glorious goal.—CHO.

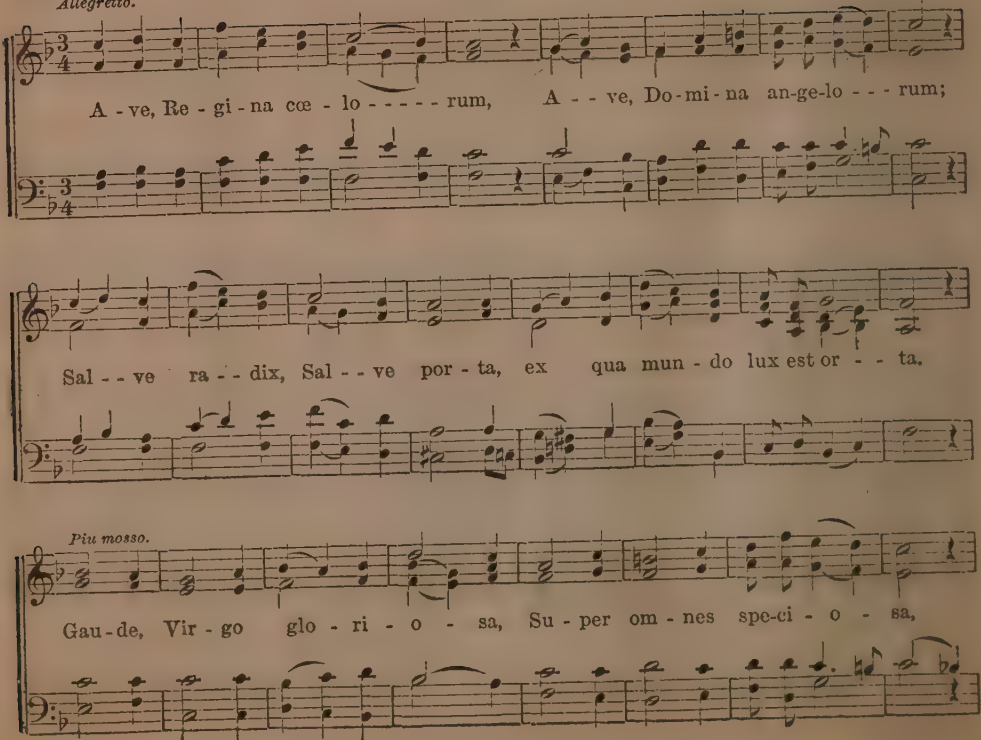
4 Let us sing, then, rejoicing,
That God hath so honored our race
As to clothe with our nature
Sweet Mary, the Mother of Grace.—CHO.

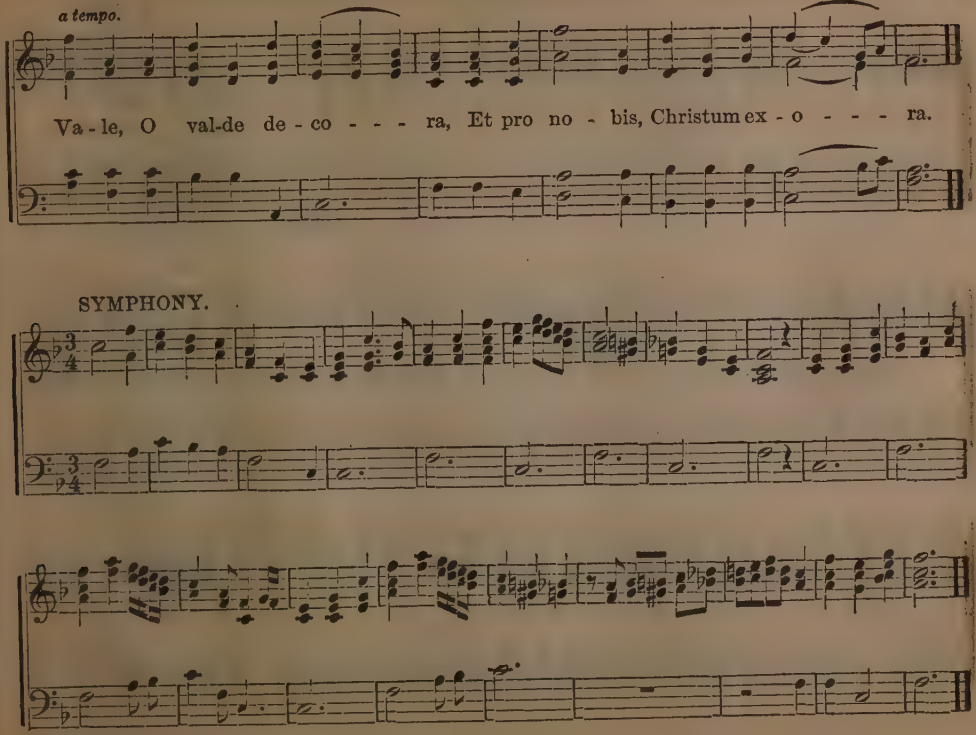
AVE REGINA.

(76.)

WILHELM.

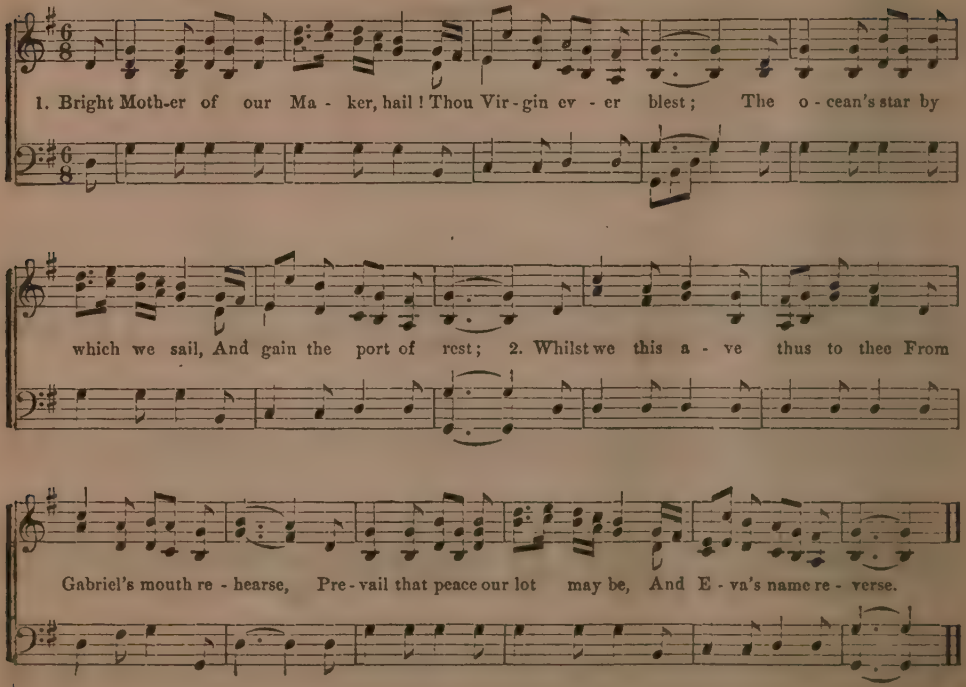
Allegretto.


A - ve, Re - gi - na cœ - lo - - - - - rum, A - - ve, Do - mi - na an - ge - lo - - - rum;
Sal - - ve ra - - dix, Sal - - ve por - ta, ex qua mun - do lux est or - - ta.
Piu mosso.
Gau - de, Vir - go glo - ri - o - sa, Su - per om - nes spe - ci - o - sa,


a tempo.
Va - le, O val-de de - co - - - - ra, Et pro no - bis, Christum ex - o - - - - ra.
SYMPHONY.

BRIGHT MOTHER OF OUR MAKER.

(79.)


1. Bright Moth-er of our Ma - ker, hail! Thou Vir-gin ev - er blest; The o - cean's star by
which we sail, And gain the port of rest; 2. Whilst we this a - ve thus to thee From
Gabriel's mouth re - hearse, Pre - vail that peace our lot may be, And E - va's name re - verse.

3 Release our long-entangled mind,
From all the snares of ill;
With heavenly light instruct the blind,
And all our vows fulfil.

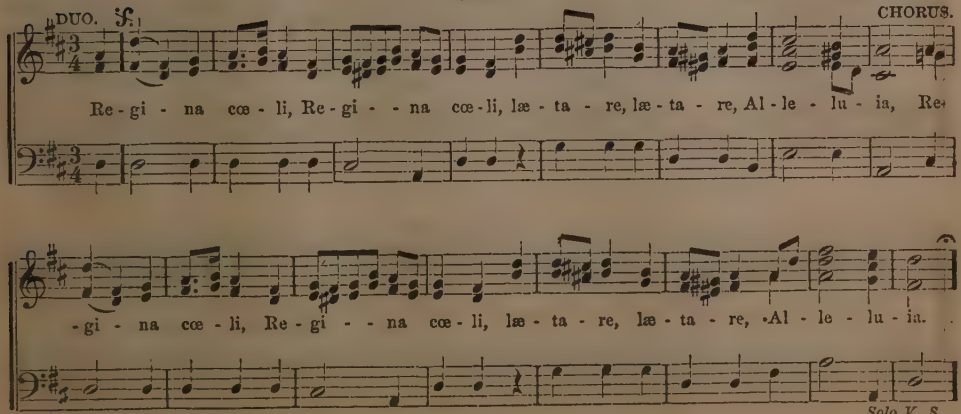
4 Exert for us a Mother's care,
And us thy children own:
Prevail with Him to hear our prayer,
Who chose to be thy Son.

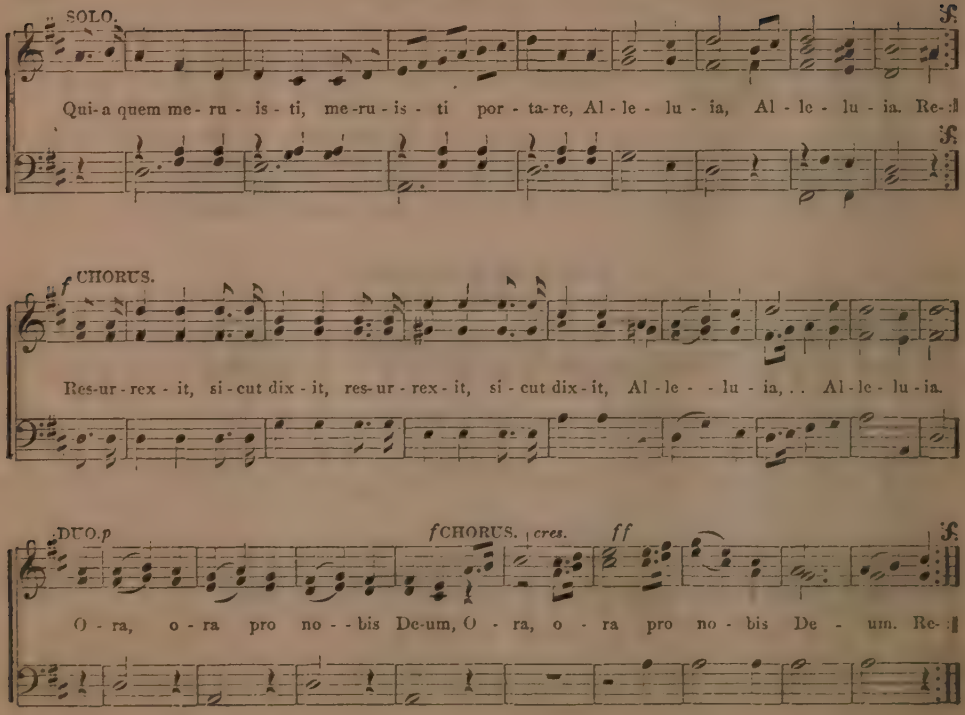
5 O spotless Maid! whose virtues shine
With brightest purity,
Each action of our lives refine,
And make us pure like thee.

6 Bright Mother of our Maker, hail!
Thou Virgin ever blessed,
The ocean's star by which we sail,
And gain the port of rest.

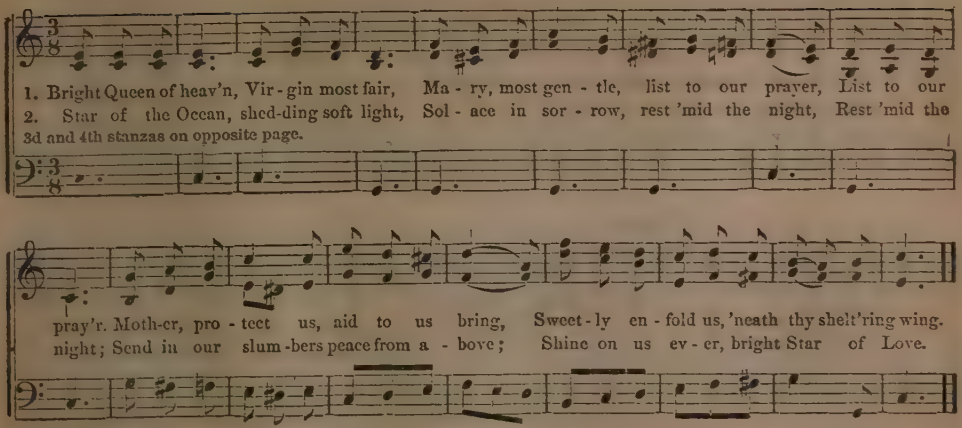
REGINA CŒLI.

(78.)




SOLO.
Qui-a quem me-ru-is-ti, me-ru-is-ti por-ta-re, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. Re-
f CHORUS.
Res-ur-rex-it, si-cut dix-it, res-ur-rex-it, si-cut dix-it, Al-le--lu-ia, .. Al-le-lu-ia.
DUO. p
f CHORUS.
cres.
ff
O-ra, o-ra pro no--bis De-um, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis De-um. Re-

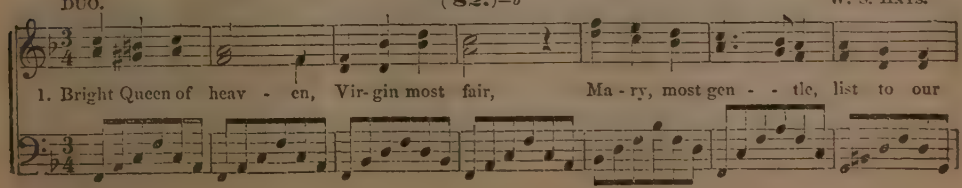
(82.)—a


1. Bright Queen of heav'n, Vir - gin most fair, Ma - ry, most gen - tle, list to our prayer, List to our
2. Star of the Ocean, shed-ding soft light, Sol - ace in sor - row, rest 'mid the night, Rest 'mid the
3d and 4th stanzas on opposite page.
pray'r. Moth-er, pro - tect us, aid to us bring, Sweet - ly en - fold us, 'neath thy shelt'ring wing.
night; Send in our slum-bers peace from a - bove; Shine on us ev - er, bright Star of Love.

BRIGHT QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

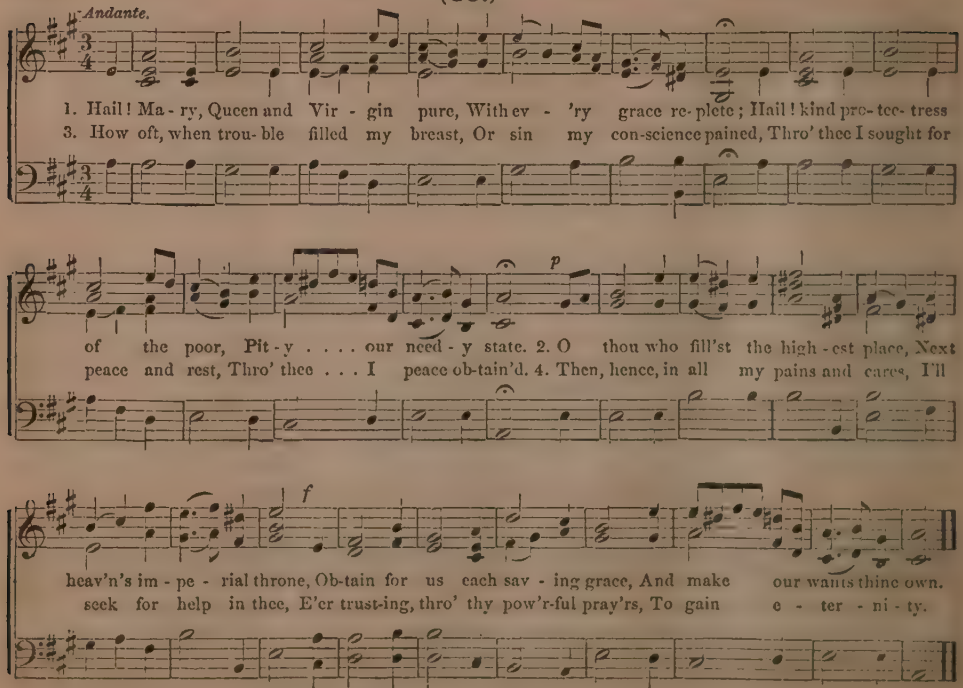
(82.)—b

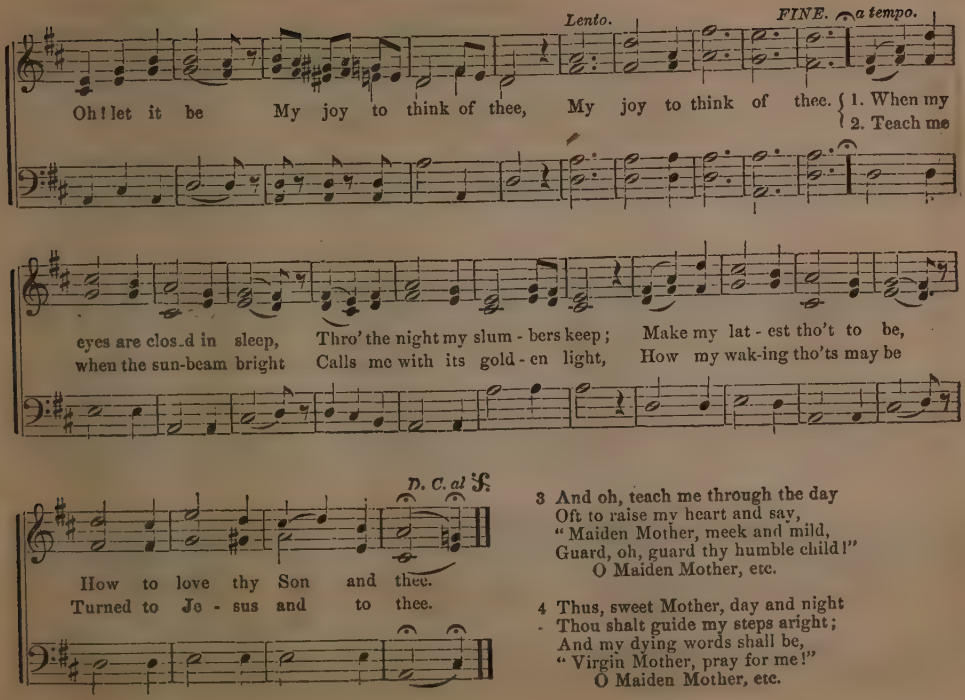
DUO. W. S. HAYS.



HAIL! MARY, QUEEN AND VIRGIN PURE.

(80.)

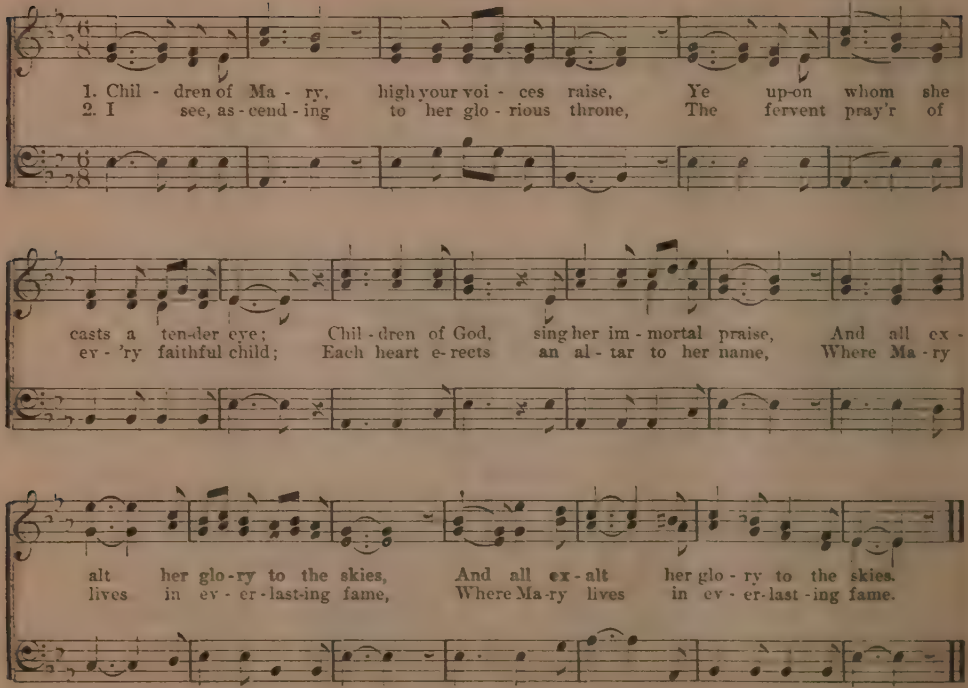

Andante.
1. Hail! Ma - ry, Queen and Vir - gin pure, With ev - 'ry grace re-plete; Hail! kind pro-tec-tress
3. How oft, when trou-ble filled my breast, Or sin my con-science pained, Thro' thee I sought for
of the poor, Pit-y . . . . our need-y state. 2. O thou who fill'st the high-est place, Next
peace and rest, Thro' thee . . . I peace ob-tain'd. 4. Then, hence, in all my pains and cares, I'll
p
heav'n's im-pe-rial throne, Ob-tain for us each sav-ing grace, And make our wants thine own.
seek for help in thee, E'er trust-ing, thro' thy pow'r-ful pray'rs, To gain e-ter-ni-ty.
f


Lento.
FINE.
a tempo.
Oh! let it be My joy to think of thee, My joy to think of thee.
1. When my
2. Teach me
eyes are clos-d in sleep, Thro' the night my slum - bers keep; Make my lat - est tho't to be,
when the sun-beam bright Calls me with its gold - en light, How my wak-ing tho'ts may be
D. C. al ℱ.
How to love thy Son and thee.
Turned to Je - sus and to thee.

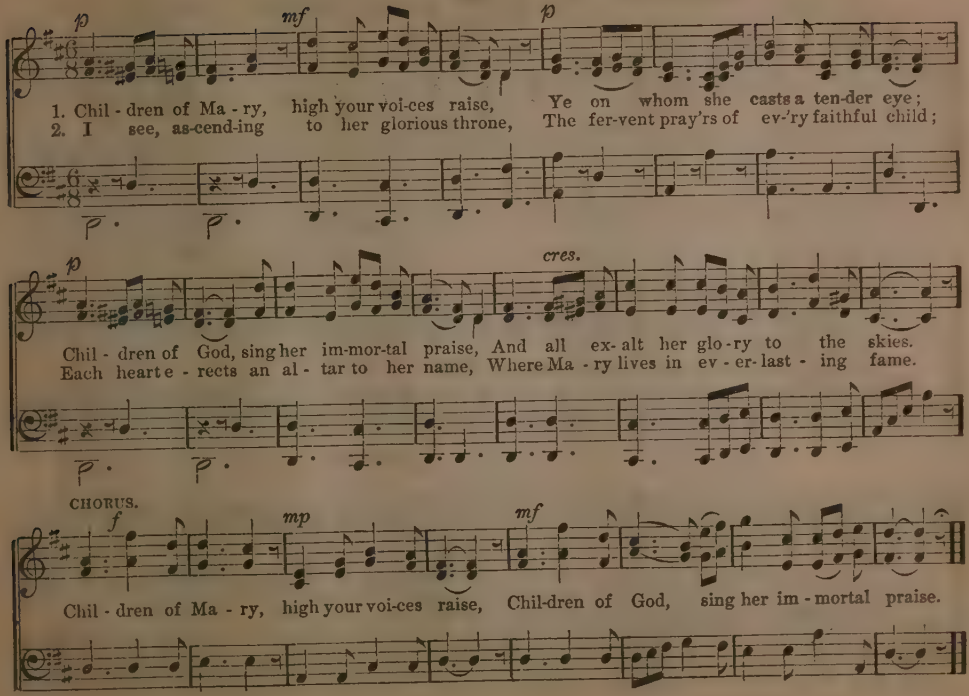
3 And oh, teach me through the day
Oft to raise my heart and say,
"Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh, guard thy humble child!"
O Maiden Mother, etc.

4 Thus, sweet Mother, day and night
Thou shalt guide my steps aright;
And my dying words shall be,
"Virgin Mother, pray for me!"
O Maiden Mother, etc.

(84.)—a. LAMBILLOTTE.

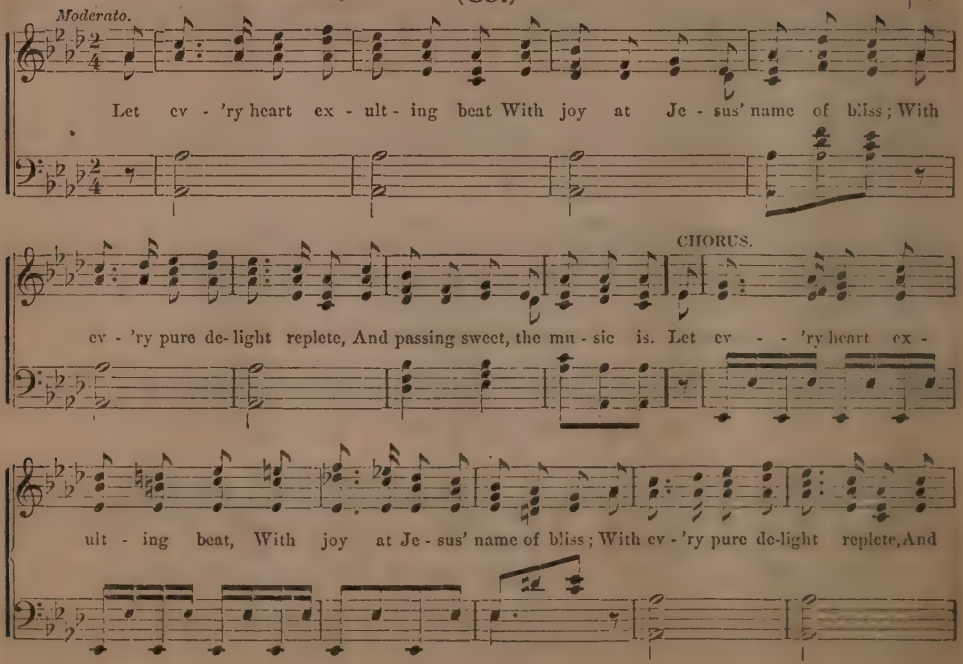

1. Chil - dren of Ma - ry, high your voi - ces raise, Ye up-on whom she
2. I see, as - cend - ing to her glo - rious throne, The fervent pray'r of
casts a ten-der eye; Chil - dren of God, sing her im - mortal praise, And all ex -
ev - 'ry faithful child; Each heart e-rects an al - tar to her name, Where Ma - ry
alt her glo-ry to the skies, And all ex - alt her glo - ry to the skies.
lives in ev - er-last-ing fame, Where Ma-ry lives in ev - er-last - ing fame.

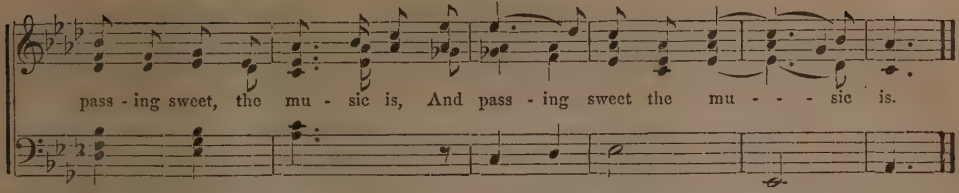
(84.)—*b.*


p
mf
p
1. Chil - dren of Ma - ry, high your voi-ces raise, Ye on whom she casts a ten-der eye;
2. I see, as-cend-ing to her glorious throne, The fer-vent pray'rs of ev-'ry faithful child;
p
cres.
Chil - dren of God, sing her im-mor-tal praise, And all ex- alt her glo - ry to the skies.
Each heart e - rects an al - tar to her name, Where Ma - ry lives in ev - er-last - ing fame.
CHORUS.
f
mp
mf
Chil - dren of Ma - ry, high your voi-ces raise, Chil-dren of God, sing her im - mortal praise.

LET EVERY HEART EXULTING BEAT.

(89.)


Moderato.
Let ev - 'ry heart ex - ult - ing beat With joy at Je - sus' name of bliss; With
CHORUS.
ev - 'ry pure de-light replete, And passing sweet, the mu - sic is. Let ev - - 'ry heart ex -
ult - ing beat, With joy at Je - sus' name of bliss; With ev - 'ry pure de-light replete, And



2 Jesus the comfortless consoles,
Jesus each sinful fever quells,
Jesus the power of hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.
Let every heart, etc.

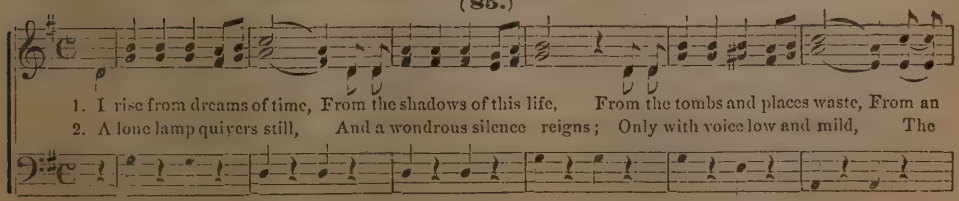
3 Oh! speak His glorious name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess;
Let every heart and voice accord
The Healer of our souls to bless.
Let every heart, etc.

4 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayers:
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
In mercy our trangressions spare.
Let every heart, etc.

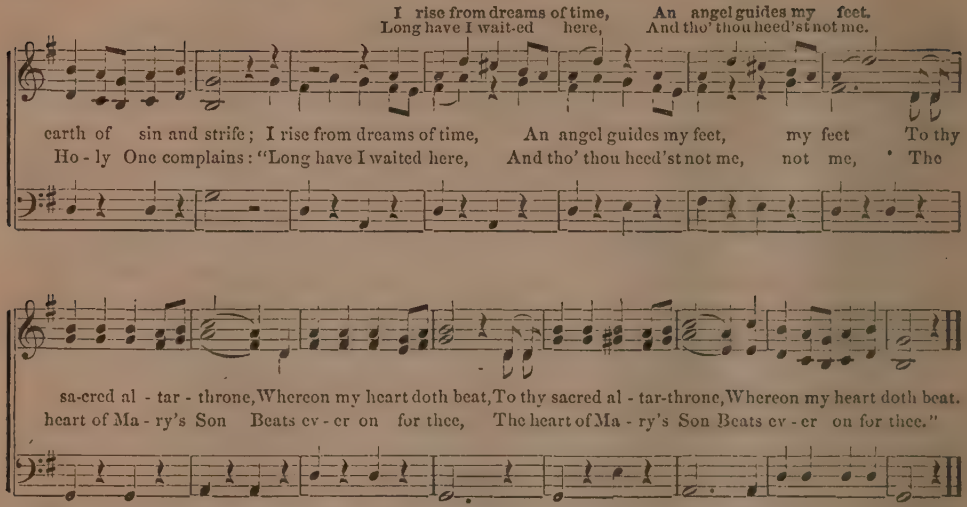
5 All might, all glory be to Thee,
Refulgent with this Name Divine;
All honor, worship, majesty,
Jesus, for evermore be Thine.
Let every heart, etc.

I RISE FROM DREAMS OF TIME.

(85.)


1. I rise from dreams of time, From the shadows of this life, From the tombs and places waste, From an
2. A lone lamp quivers still, And a wondrous silence reigns; Only with voice low and mild, The

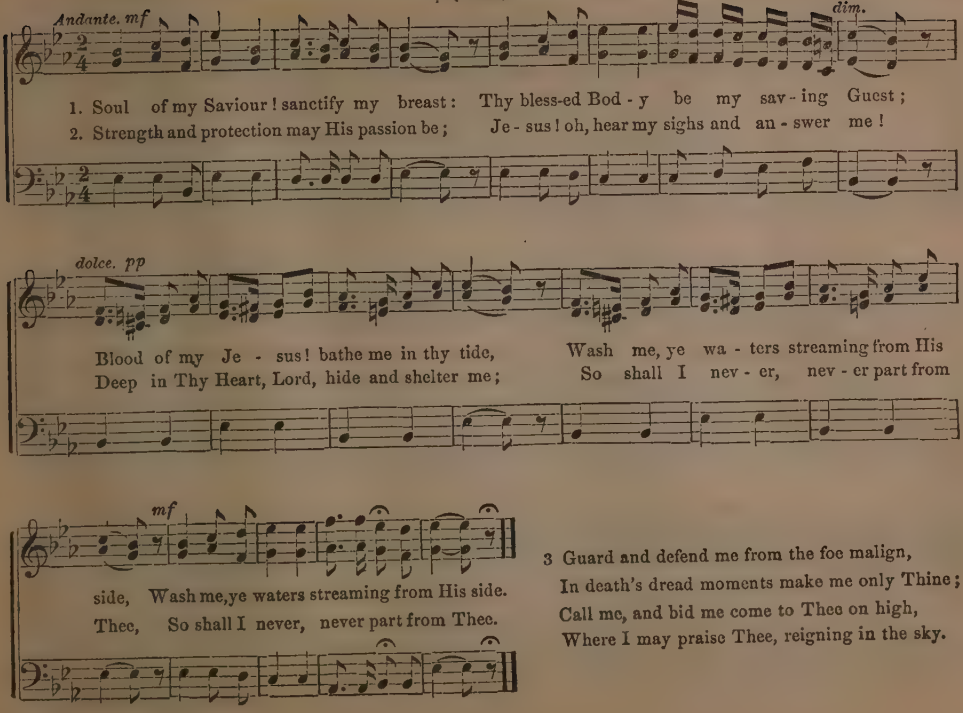
I rise from Dreams of Time. CONCLUDED.


I rise from dreams of time, An angel guides my feet.
Long have I wait-ed here, And tho' thou heed'st not me.
earth of sin and strife; I rise from dreams of time, An angel guides my feet, my feet To thy
Ho - ly One complains: "Long have I waited here, And tho' thou heed'st not me, not me, The
sa-cred al - tar - throne, Whereon my heart doth beat, To thy sacred al - tar-throne, Whereon my heart doth beat.
heart of Ma - ry's Son Beats ev - er on for thee, The heart of Ma - ry's Son Beats ev - er on for thee."

3 In the womb of Maiden meek,
In the Cradle, on the Tree,
Heart of undying love,
It lived, loved, broke for me:
While around me thunders peal,
Yet, as then, behold me now,
By Thy pierced and wounded Hands,
By Thy torn and bleeding Brow.

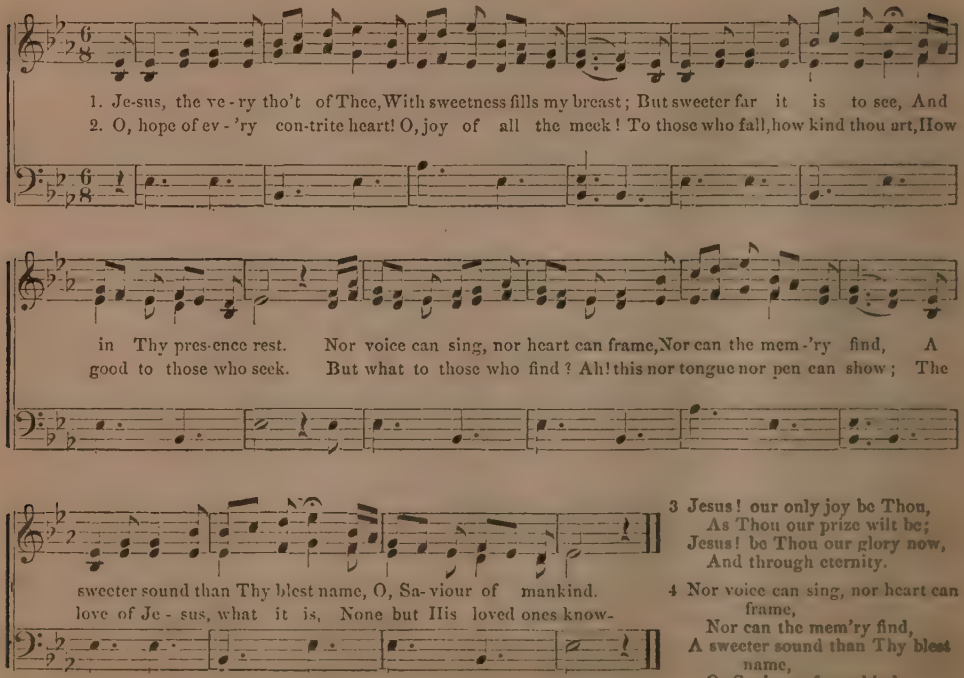
4 O voice of the inward ear!
O voice of complaining love!
O Thou art awful God,
To realms below and above!
Thou waitest and pleadest here,
And canst not from us part,
O veiled and wondrous Son!
O love of the Sacred Heart!

(86.)


Andante. mf
dim.
1. Soul of my Saviour! sanctify my breast: Thy bless-ed Bod - y be my sav - ing Guest;
2. Strength and protection may His passion be; Je - sus! oh, hear my sighs and an - swer me!
dolce. pp
Blood of my Je - sus! bathe me in thy tide, Wash me, ye wa - ters streaming from His
Deep in Thy Heart, Lord, hide and shelter me; So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from
mf
side, Wash me, ye waters streaming from His side.
Thee, So shall I never, never part from Thee.

3 Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
In death's dread moments make me only Thine;
Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,
Where I may praise Thee, reigning in the sky.

(88.)—*a.*


1. Je-sus, the ve-ry tho't of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far it is to see, And
2. O, hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! O, joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how kind thou art, How
in Thy pres-ence rest. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find, A
good to those who seek. But what to those who find? Ah! this nor tongue nor pen can show; The
sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O, Sa-viour of mankind.
love of Je-sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know-

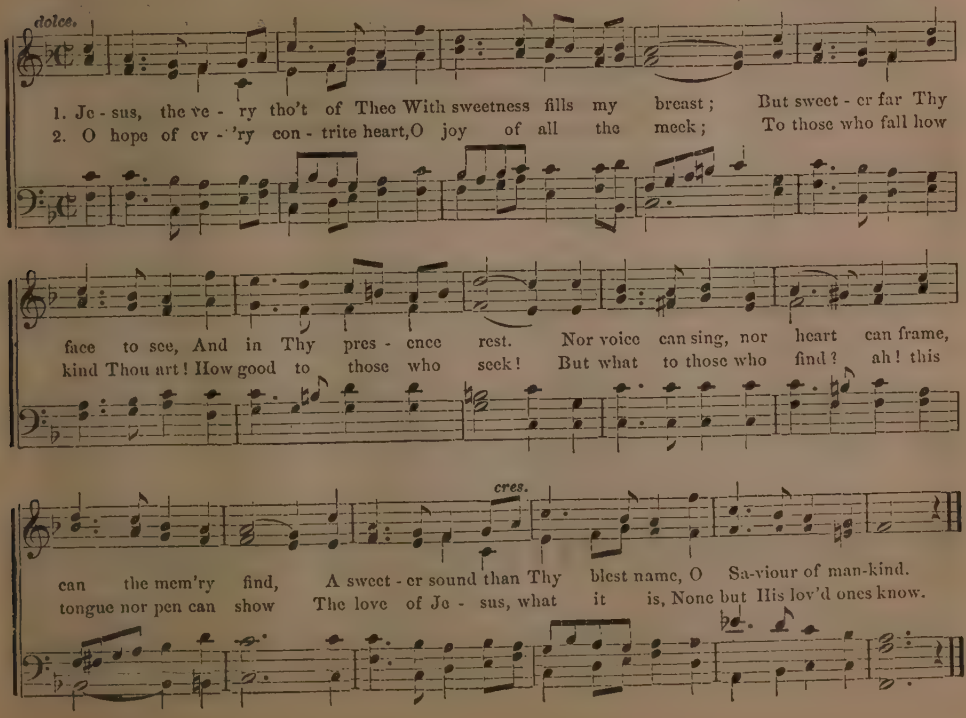
3 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

4 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O, Saviour of mankind.

JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE. No. 2.

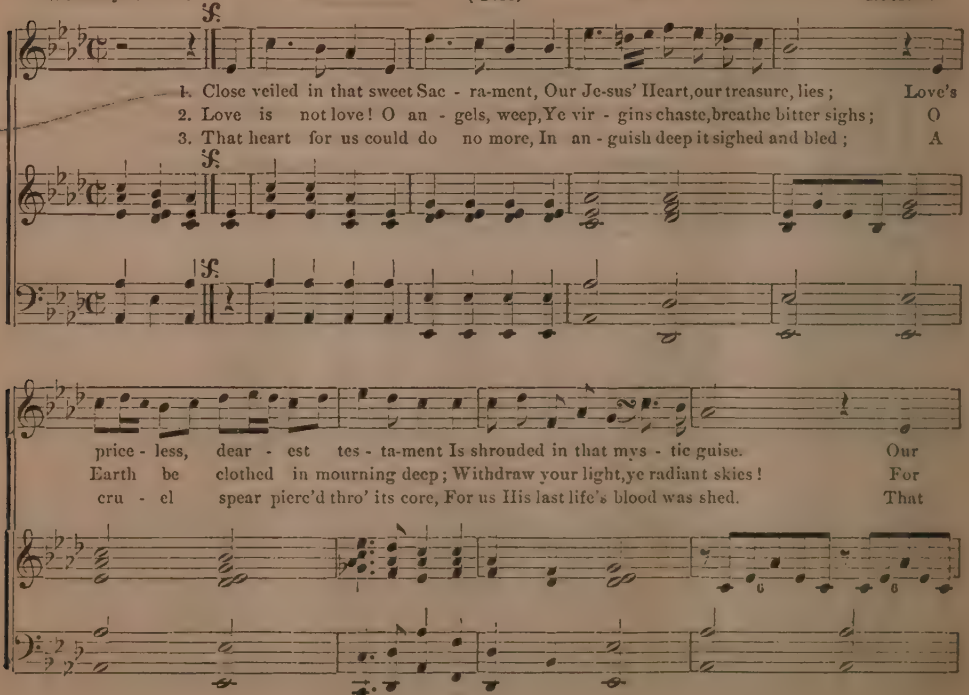
(88.)—b.

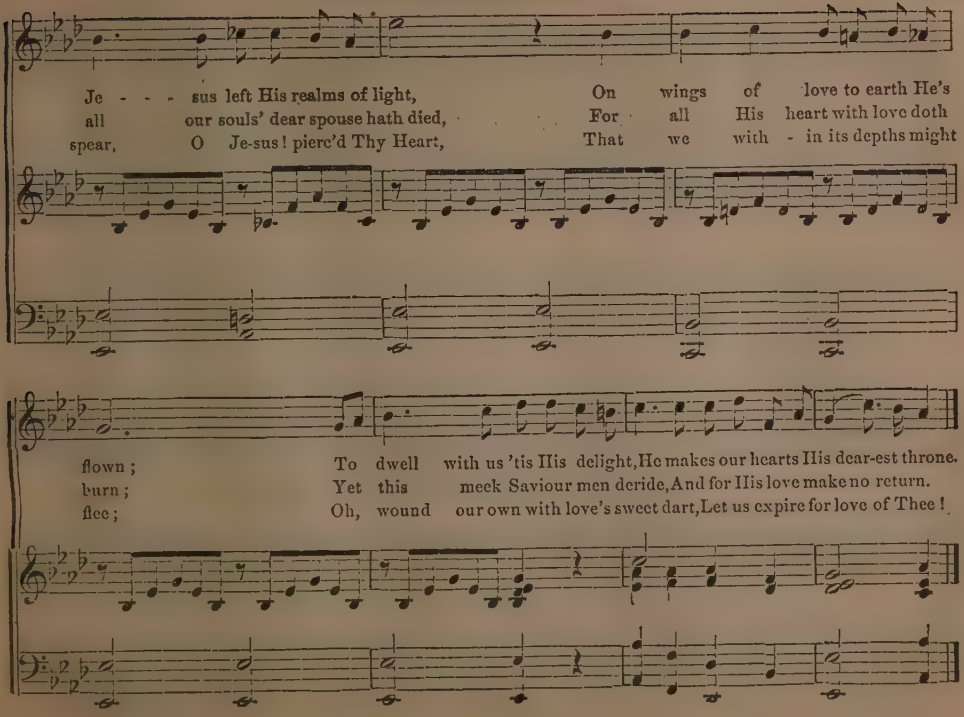
J. H. RICHARDSON.

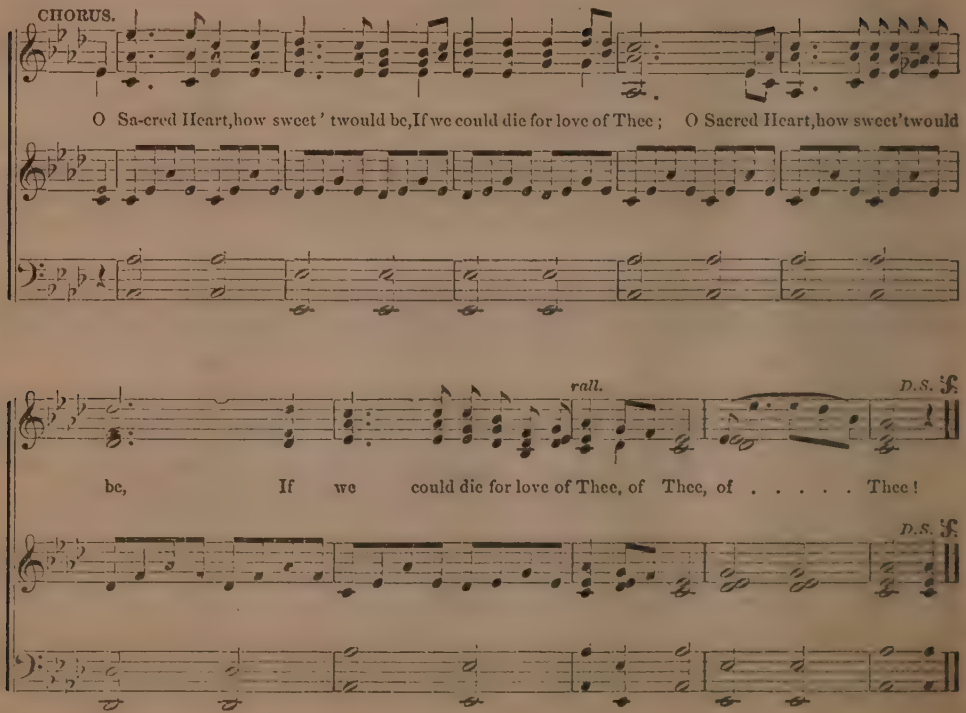

dolce.
1. Je - sus, the ve - ry tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweet - er far Thy
2. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek; To those who fall how
face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
kind Thou art! How good to those who seek! But what to those who find? ah! this
cres.
can the mem'ry find, A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sa-viour of man-kind.
tongue nor pen can show The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His lov'd ones know.

SACRED HEART.

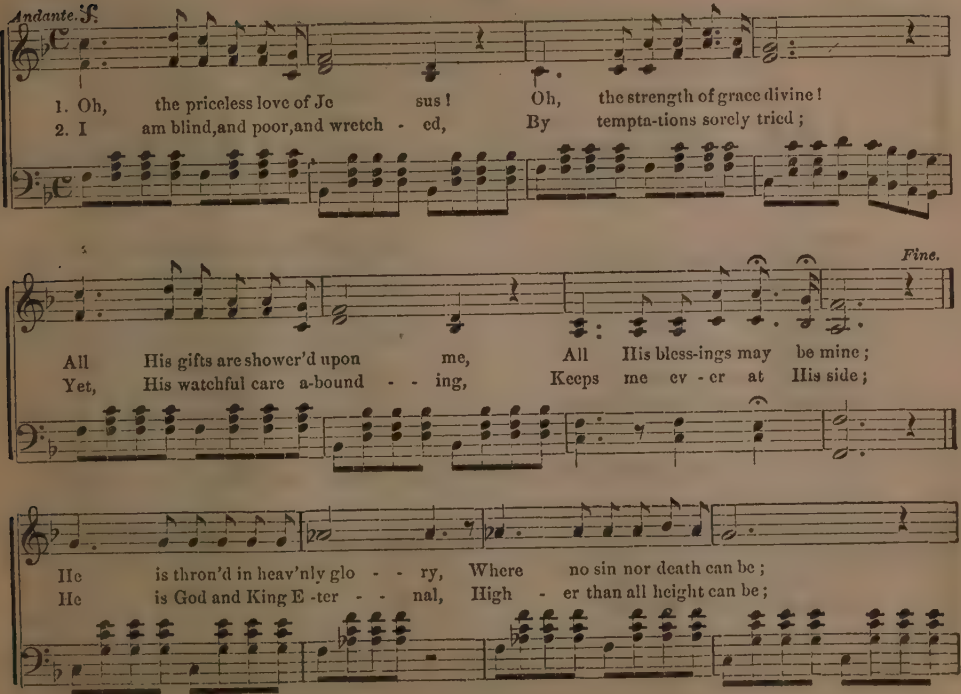
Words by S. N. D. (92.) ROSSINI.

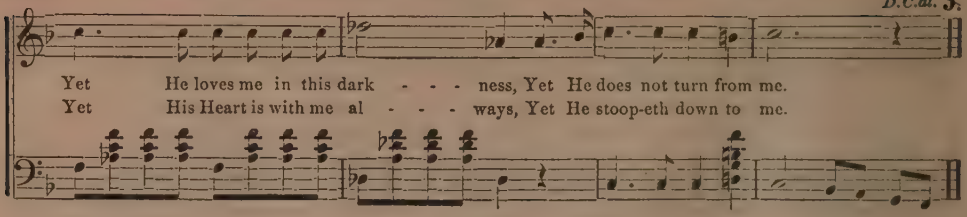

1. Close veiled in that sweet Sac - ra-ment, Our Je-sus' Heart, our treasure, lies ; Love's
2. Love is not love! O an - gels, weep, Ye vir - gins chaste, breathe bitter sighs ; O
3. That heart for us could do no more, In an - guish deep it sighed and bled ; A
price - less, dear - est tes - ta-ment Is shrouded in that mys - tic guise. Our
Earth be clothed in mourning deep ; Withdraw your light, ye radiant skies ! For
cru - el spear pierc'd thro' its core, For us His last life's blood was shed. That


Je - - - sus left His realms of light, On wings of love to earth He's
all our souls' dear spouse hath died, For all His heart with love doth
spear, O Je-sus! pierc'd Thy Heart, That we with - in its depths might
flown; To dwell with us 'tis His delight, He makes our hearts His dear-est throne.
burn; Yet this meek Saviour men deride, And for His love make no return.
flee; Oh, wound our own with love's sweet dart, Let us expire for love of Thee!


CHORUS.
O Sa-cred Heart, how sweet 'twould be, If we could die for love of Thee; O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould
rall.
D.S.
be, If we could die for love of Thee, of Thee, of . . . . . Thee!
D.S.

(90.)


Andante. f.
1. Oh, the priceless love of Je sus! Oh, the strength of grace divine!
2. I am blind, and poor, and wretch - ed, By tempta-tions sorely tried;
Fine.
All His gifts are shower'd upon me, All His bless-ings may be mine;
Yet, His watchful care a-bound - - ing, Keeps me ev - er at His side;
He is thron'd in heav'nly glo - - ry, Where no sin nor death can be;
He is God and King E -ter - - nal, High - er than all height can be;

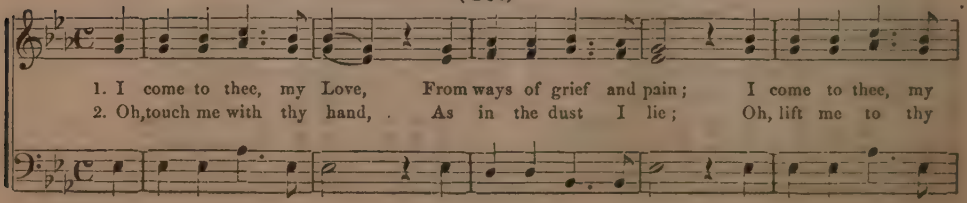


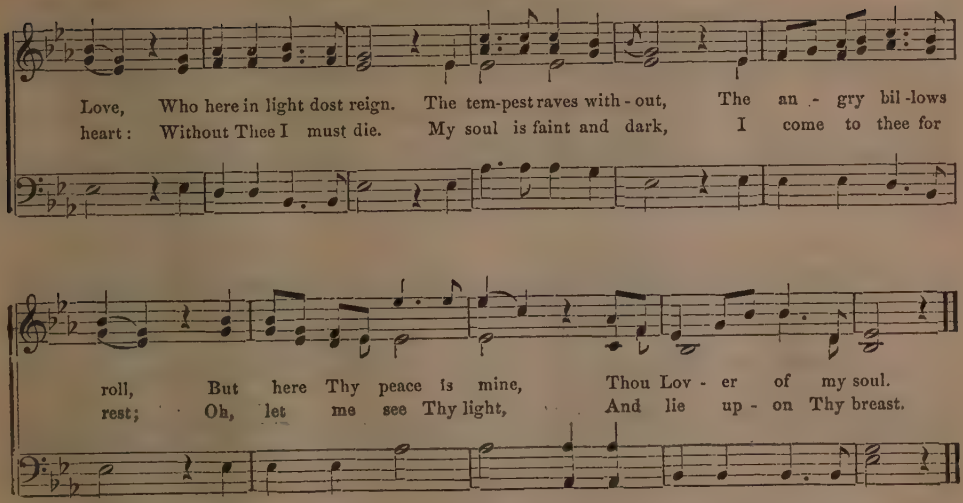
3 Storms of sorrow roll around me,
Darkling clouds above me meet;
But I hasten to my refuge
At my Saviour's wounded Feet.
O how lovingly, my Jesus,
Thou dost with me ever bear;
I can never, never, thank Thee
For Thy goodness and Thy care.

4 When the brooding darkness hides me
Bitter tears of pain I weep;
But, Thou loving One, Thou healest
All my sorrow dark and deep.
Oh, Thy priceless love, my Jesus!
Human love and love divine;
Thou art gentle, Thou art mighty;
All Thy Sacred Heart is mine.

I COME TO THEE, MY LOVE.

(87.)


1. I come to thee, my Love, From ways of grief and pain; I come to thee, my
2. Oh, touch me with thy hand, As in the dust I lie; Oh, lift me to thy


Love, Who here in light dost reign. The tem-pest raves with-out, The an-gry bil-lows
heart: Without Thee I must die. My soul is faint and dark, I come to thee for
roll, But here Thy peace is mine, Thou Lov-er of my soul.
rest; Oh, let me see Thy light, And lie up-on Thy breast.

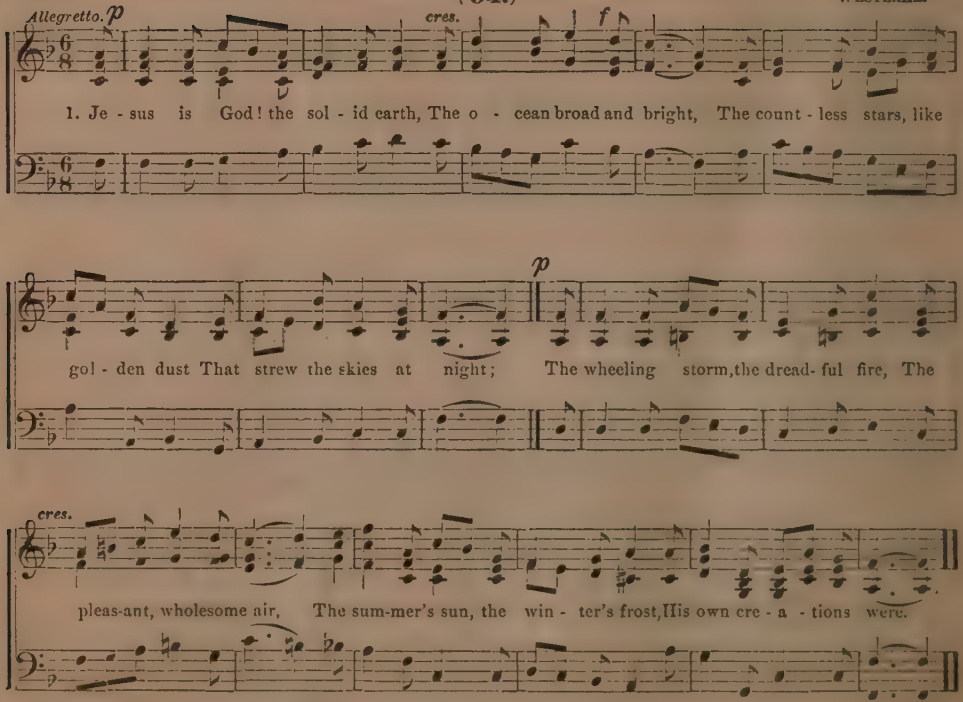
3 I long, when far away,
To be with Thee again,
Where treasures of thy grace
Fall like the silent rain.
O veiled and hidden Love,
O loving, gracious Lord;
From Thee the silver showers
Upon my heart are poured.

4 The storm of pain and grief
Bends me beneath its power;
I have no help but Thee
In sorrow's darkest hour.
O help me then, my Love,
For I am dark and lone;
And joy and light are Thine
Upon this Altar-throne.

JESUS IS GOD.

(94.)

WESTLAKE.


Allegretto. p
cres.
f
1. Je - sus is God! the sol - id earth, The o - cean broad and bright, The count - less stars, like
p
gol - den dust That strew the skies at night; The wheeling storm, the dread- ful fire, The
cres.
pleas-ant, wholesome air, The sum-mer's sun, the win - ter's frost, His own cre - a - tions were.

2 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's Cross true God;
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

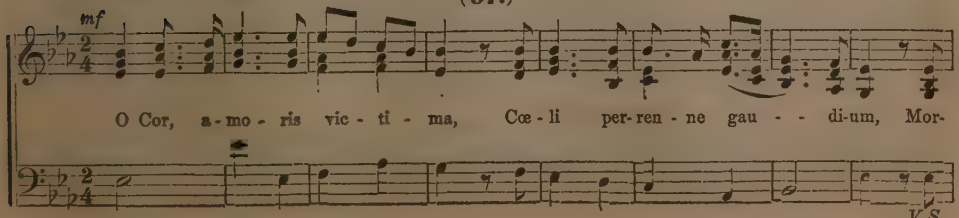
3 Jesus is God! there never was
A time when He was not:
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot!
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss,—
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His!

4 Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil!
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord!

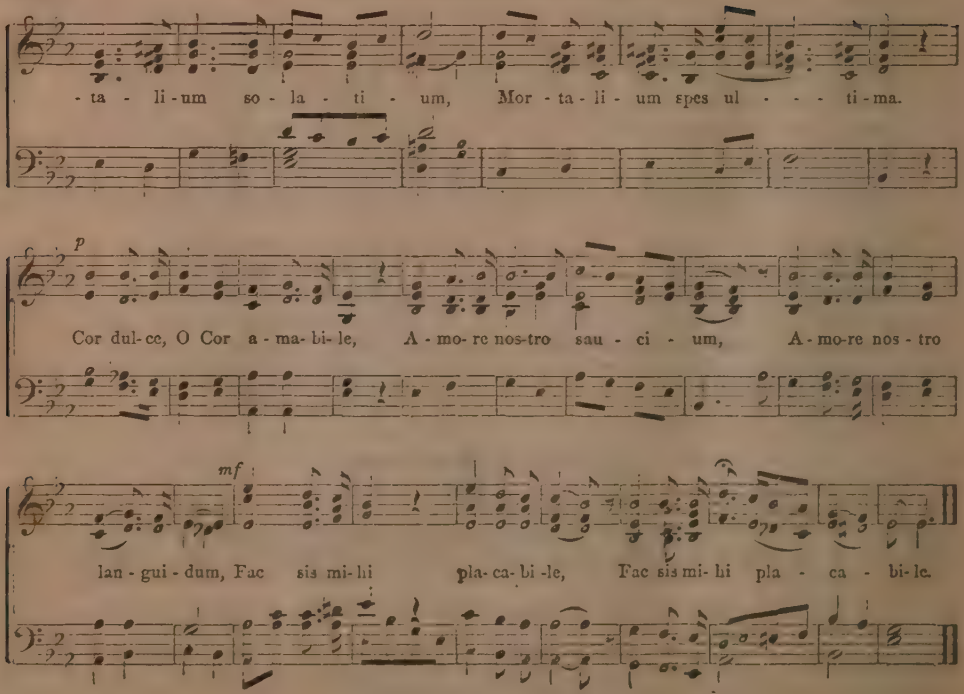
5 Jesus is God! if on the earth
This blessèd faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise;
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

O COR AMORIS!

(97.)

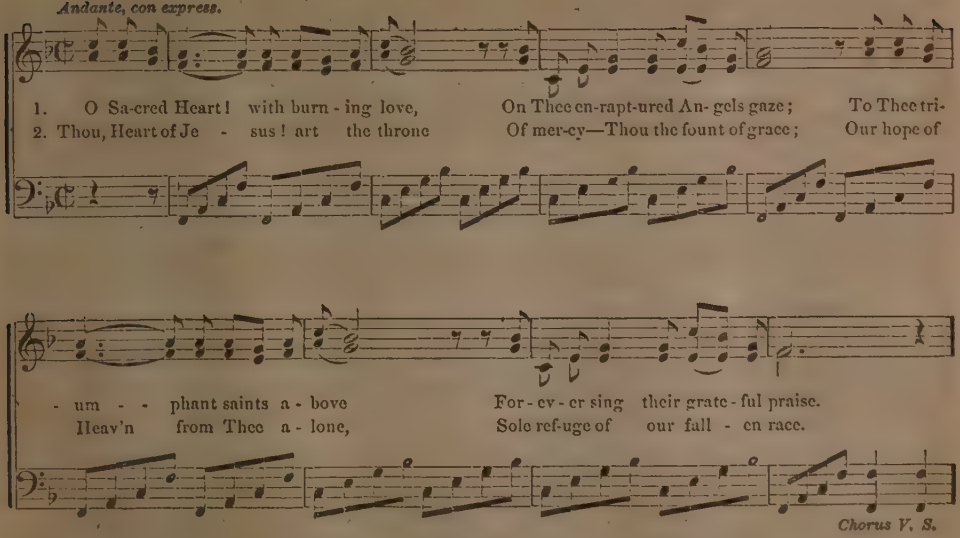


V.S.


-ta - li-um so - la - ti - um, Mor - ta - li - um spes ul - - - - ti-ma.
p
Cor dul-ce, O Cor a-ma-bi-le, A-mo-re nos-tro sau - ci - um, A-mo-re nos - tro
mf
lan-gui-dum, Fac sis mi-hi pla-ca-bi-le, Fac sis mi-hi pla - ca - bi-le.

(91.)

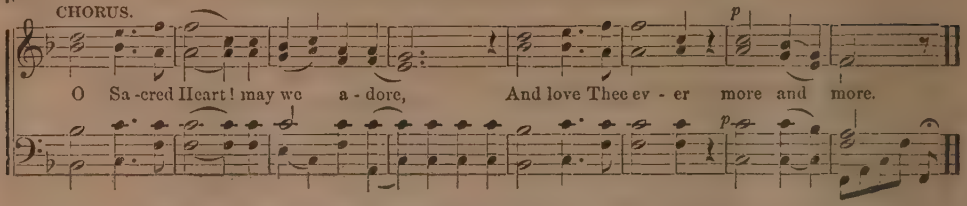
Andante, con express.


1. O Sa-cred Heart! with burn - ing love, On Thee en-rapt-ured An- gels gaze; To Thee tri-
2. Thou, Heart of Je - sus! art the throne Of mer-cy—Thou the fount of grace; Our hope of
- um - - phant saints a - bove For - ev - er sing their grate - ful praise.
Heav'n from Thee a - lone, Sole ref-uge of our fall - en race.
Chorus V. S.

3 O Lamb of God! meek victim, slain
For us, let not the stream that flowed
From Thy pierced Heart have flowed in vain.
Oh! cleanse us with Thy precious blood.
CHO.—O! Sacred Heart! etc.

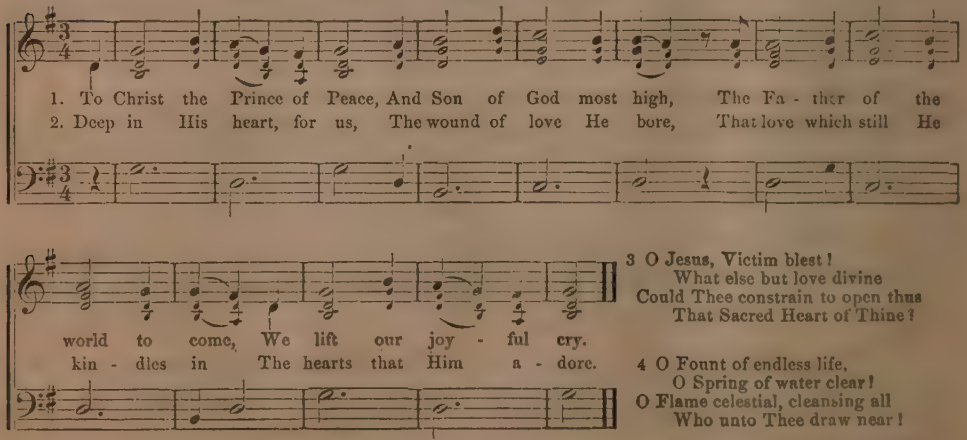
4 God's Mother! Virgin ever blest!
Thy heart and His are always one;
Plead thou our cause; thy sweet request
Is never slighted by thy Son.
CHO.—O Sacred Heart! etc.

O Sacred Heart, with burning Love.



TO CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

(93.)—*a.*

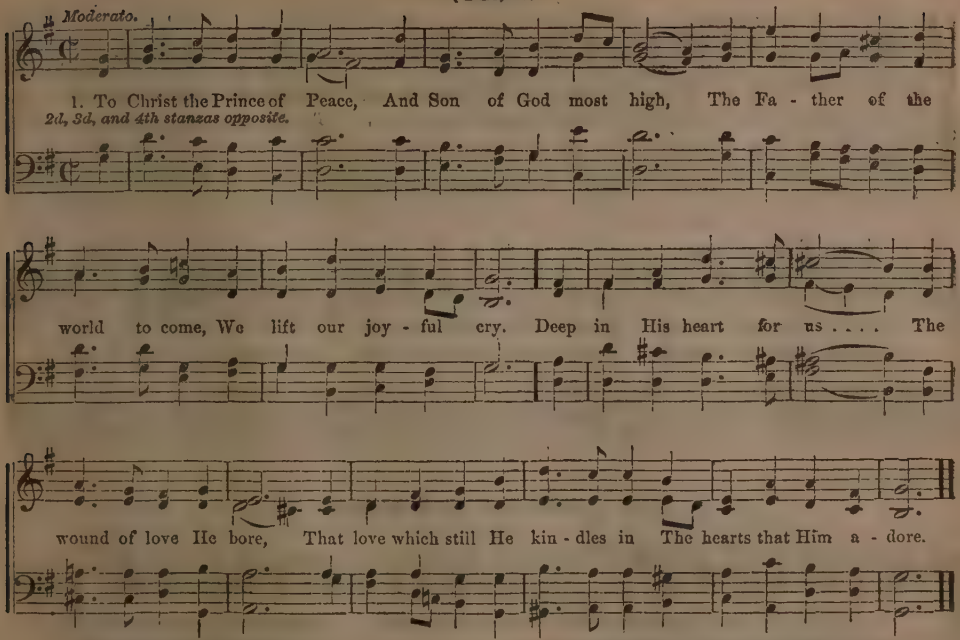

1. To Christ the Prince of Peace, And Son of God most high, The Fa-ther of the
2. Deep in His heart, for us, The wound of love He bore, That love which still He
world to come, We lift our joy-ful cry.
kin-dles in The hearts that Him a-dore.

3 O Jesus, Victim blest!
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That Sacred Heart of Thine?

4 O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of water clear!
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near!

5th stanza opposite.

(93.)—b.

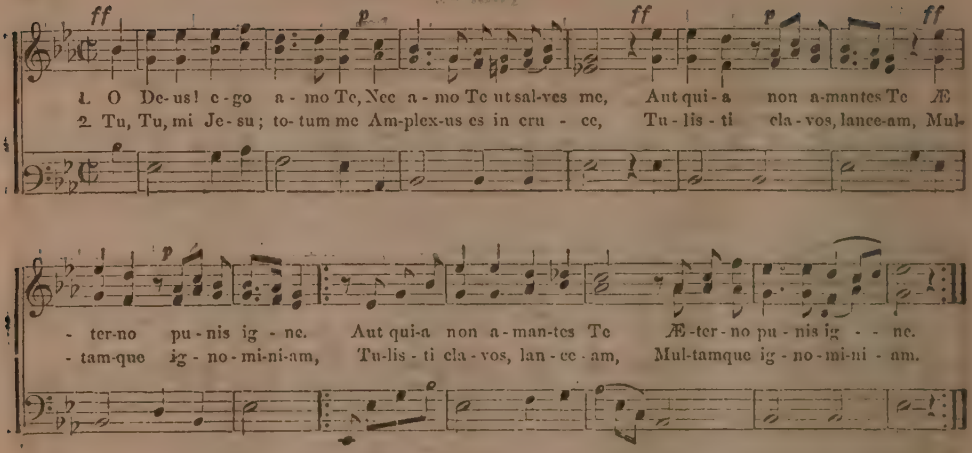

Moderato.
1. To Christ the Prince of Peace, And Son of God most high, The Fa - ther of the
2d, 3d, and 4th stanzas opposite.
world to come, We lift our joy - ful cry. Deep in His heart for us .... The
wound of love He bore, That love which still He kin - dles in The hearts that Him a - dore.

5 Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

(Repeat 5th stanza when sung to tune b.*)*

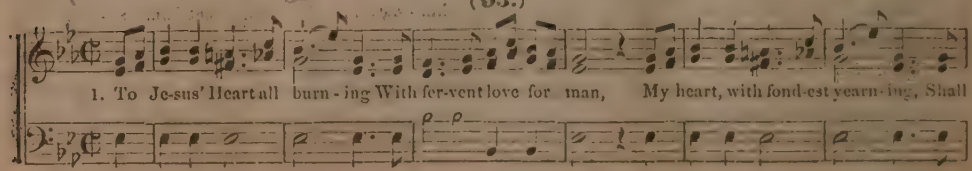
O DEUS! EGO AMO TE.

(96.)

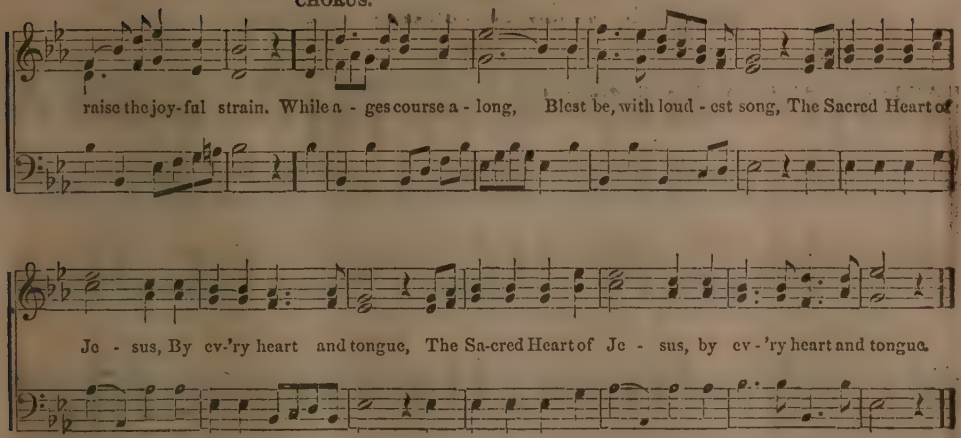

1. O De-us! e-go a-mo Te, Nec a-mo Te ut sal-ves me, Aut qui-a non a-mantes Te Æ
2. Tu, Tu, mi Je-su; to-tum me Am-plex-us es in cru - ce, Tu-lis-ti cla-vos, lance-am, Mul-
- ter-no pu-nis ig - ne. Aut qui-a non a-man-tes Te Æ-ter-no pu-nis ig - - ne.
- tam-que ig-no-mi-ni-am, Tu-lis-ti cla-vos, lan-ce-am, Mul-tamque ig-no-mi-ni - am.

TO JESUS' HEART.

(95.)



CHORUS.


raise the joy-ful strain. While a - ges course a - long, Blest be, with loud - est song, The Sacred Heart of
Je - sus, By ev-'ry heart and tongue, The Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus, by ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

2 O Heart for me on fire
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake.

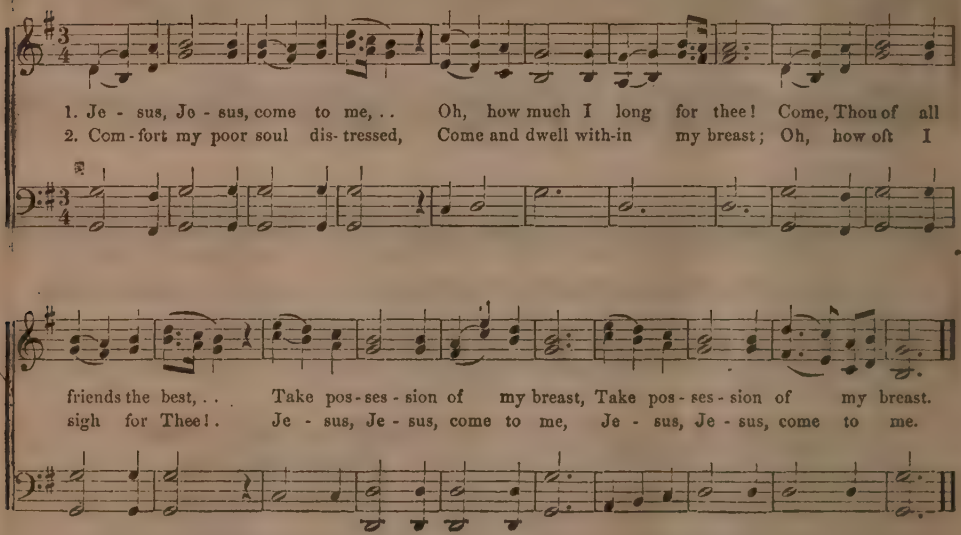
3 Too true! I have forsak'n
Thy flock, by wilful sin,
Yet now let me be tak'n
Back to Thy fold again.

4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.

5 When life away is flying
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, sacred Heart! in dying
I'll say I'm all Thine own.

JESUS, JESUS, COME TO ME.

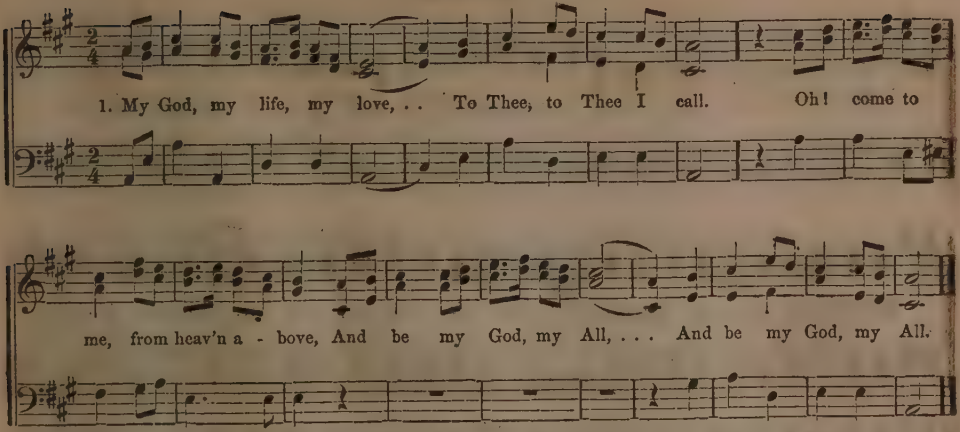
(100.)


1. Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me, . . Oh, how much I long for thee! Come, Thou of all
2. Com - fort my poor soul dis - tressed, Come and dwell with-in my breast; Oh, how oft I
friends the best, . . Take pos - ses - sion of my breast, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast.
sigh for Thee! . Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me, Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me.

3 Empty is all worldy joy,
Ever mixed with some alloy;
Give me my true Sovereign Good,
Jesus, Thy own Flesh and Blood.

4 On the Cross three hours for me
Thou didst hang in agony;
I my heart to Thee resign:
O, what rapture to be Thine.

(98.)



2 My faith beholds Thee, Lord!
Concealed in human food;
My senses fail, but in Thy word
I trust, and find my God.

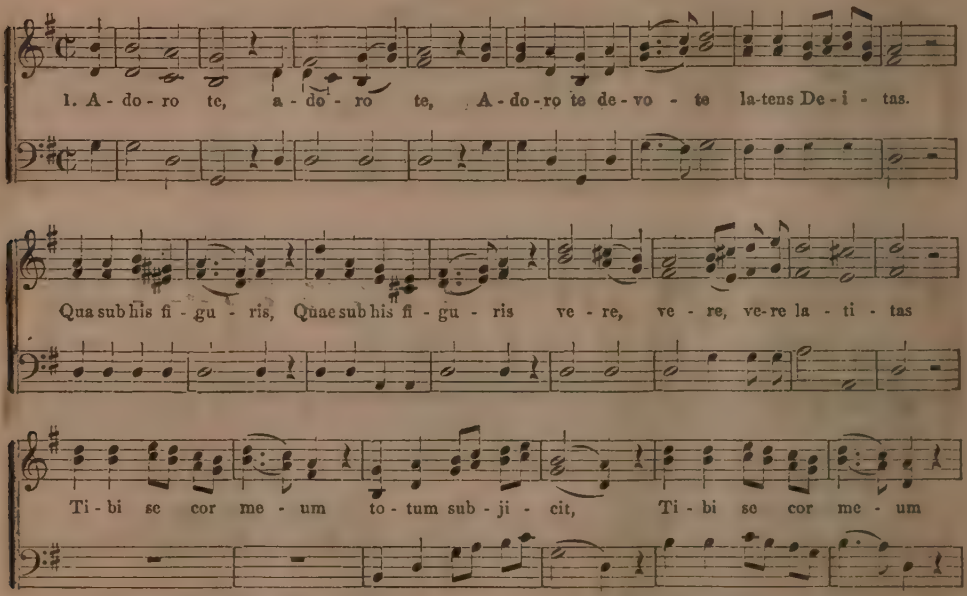
3 Oh, when wilt Thou be mine,
Sweet lover of my soul?
My Jesus dear, my King divine,
Come o'er my heart to rule.

4 Oh! come and fix Thy throne,
Within my very heart,
Oh! make it burn for Thee alone,
And from me ne'er depart.

5 Begone, ye, from my mind,
Vain, childish, earthly toys!
In Jesus only do I find
True pleasures, solid joys.

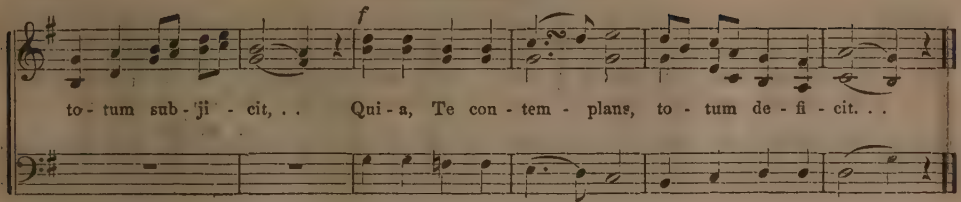
ADORO TE.

(104.)—*a.*


1. A - do - ro te, a - do - ro te, A - do - ro te de - vo - te la-tens De - i - tas.
Qua sub his fi - gu - ris, Quae sub his fi - gu - ris ve - re, ve - re, ve-re la - ti - tas
Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum sub - ji - cit, Ti - bi se cor me - um

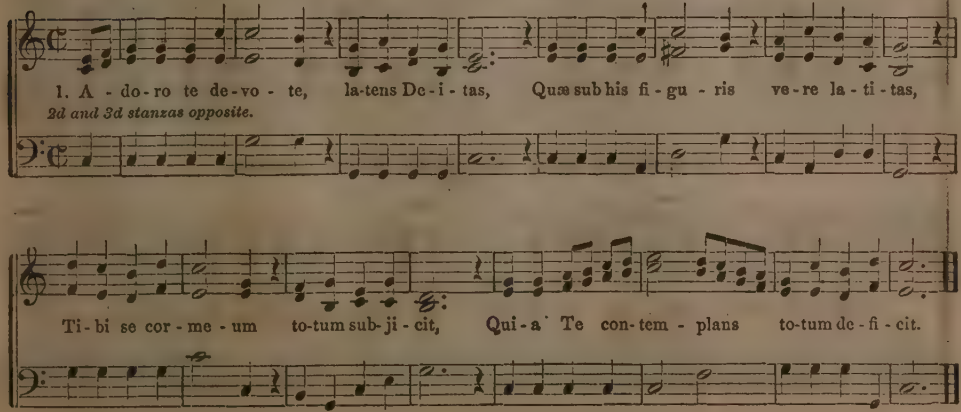
2 O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus vitam præstans homini,
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

3 Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.



ADORO TE.

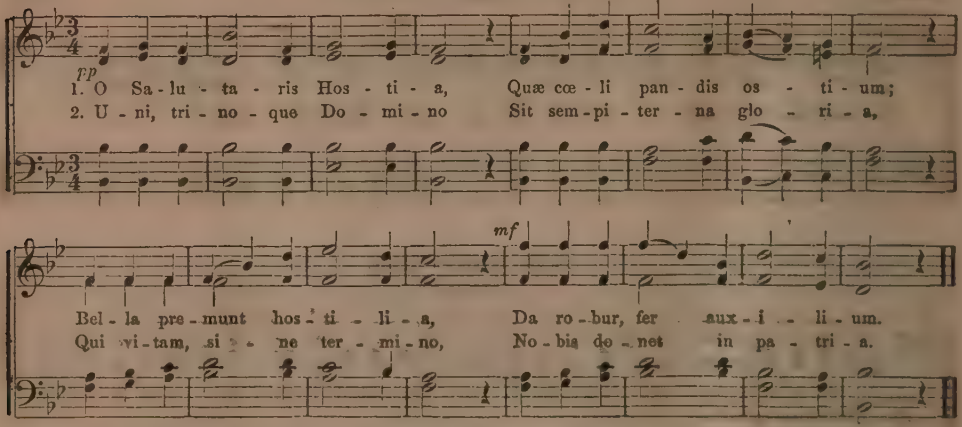
(104.)—*b.*


1. A - do - ro te de - vo - te, la-tens De - i - tas, Quæ sub his fi - gu - ris ve - re la - ti - tas,
2d and 3d stanzas opposite.
Ti - bi se cor - me - um to-tum sub - ji - cit, Qui - a Te con - tem - plans to-tum de - fi - cit.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.

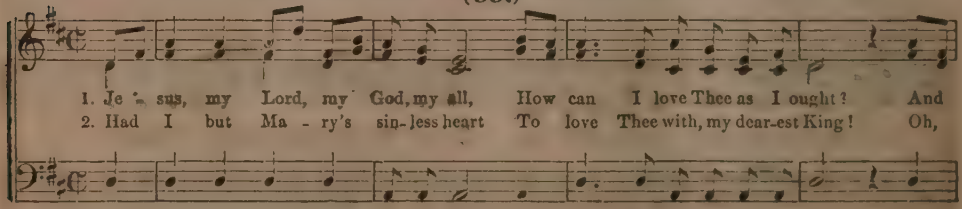
(101.)—a.

WERNER.


pp
1. O Sa-lu-ta-ris Hos-ti-a, Quæ cœ-li pan-dis os-ti-um;
2. U-ni, tri-no-que Do-mi-no Sit sem-pi-ter-na glo-ri-a,
mf
Bel-la pre-munt hos-ti-li-a, Da ro-bur, fer aux-i-li-um.
Qui vi-tam, si ne ter-mi-no, No-bis do-net in pa-tri-a.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD.

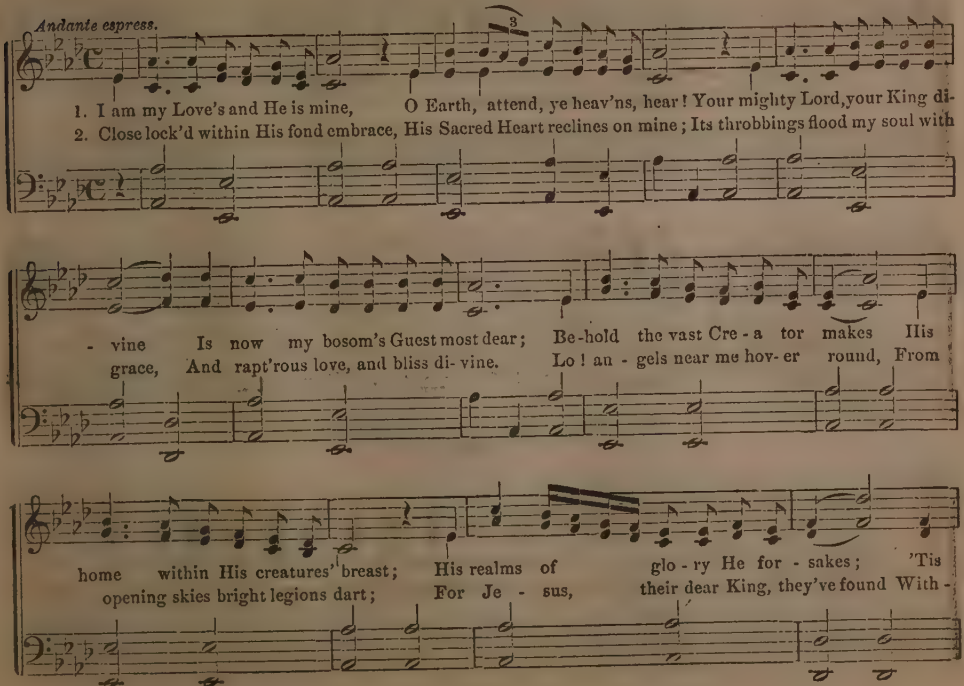
(99.)


1. Je-sus, my Lord, my God, my all, How can I love Thee as I ought? And
2. Had I but Ma-ry's sin-less heart To love Thee with, my dear-est King! Oh,

I AM MY LOVE'S.

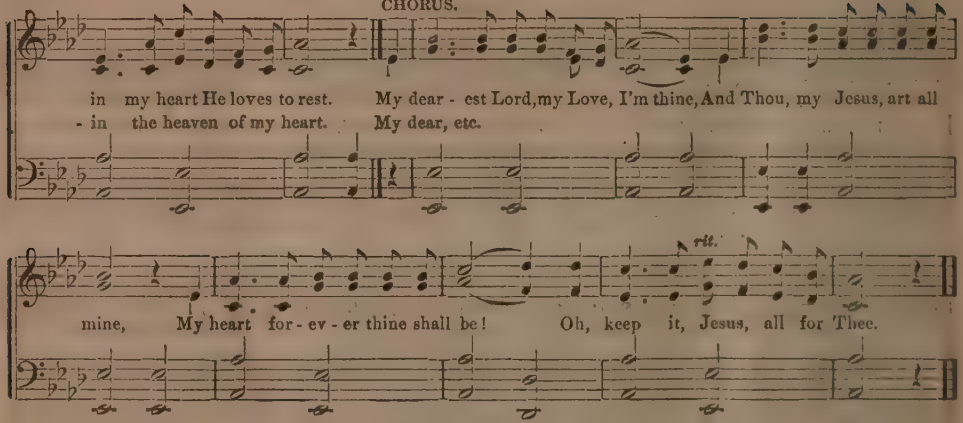
(103.)

S. N. D.


Andante espress.
1. I am my Love's and He is mine, O Earth, attend, ye heav'ns, hear! Your mighty Lord, your King di-
2. Close lock'd within His fond embrace, His Sacred Heart reclines on mine; Its throbbings flood my soul with
- vine Is now my bosom's Guest most dear; Be-hold the vast Cre - a tor makes His
grace, And rapt'rous love, and bliss di- vine. Lo! an - gels near me hov- er round, From
home within His creatures' breast; His realms of glo - ry He for - sakes; 'Tis
opening skies bright legions dart; For Je - sus, their dear King, they've found With -

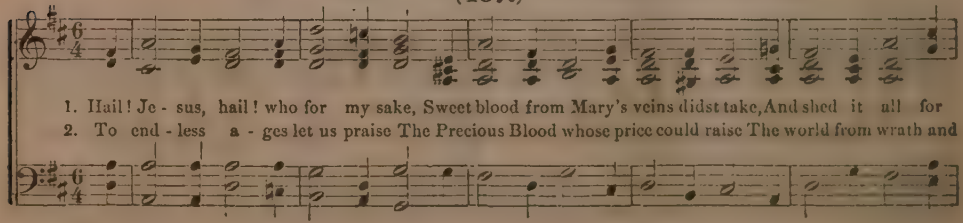
I am my Love's. Concluded.

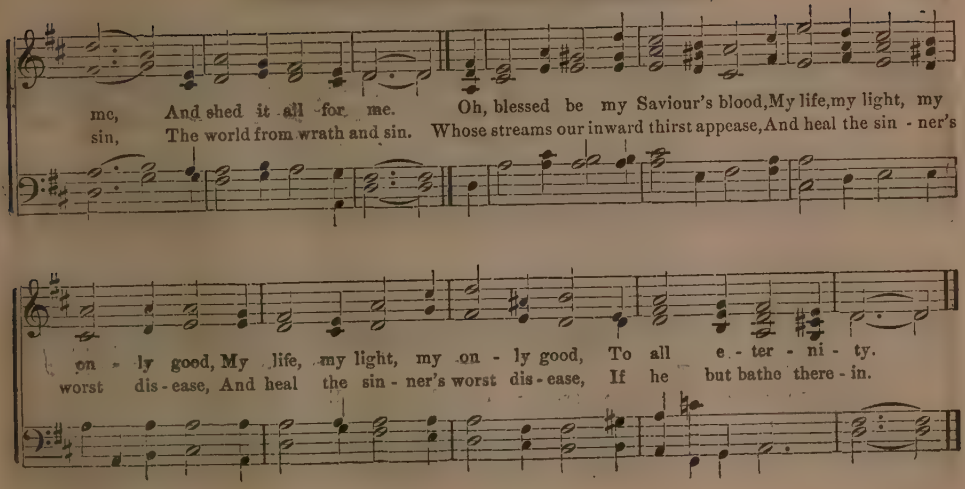
CHORUS.


in my heart He loves to rest. My dear - est Lord, my Love, I'm thine, And Thou, my Jesus, art all
- in the heaven of my heart. My dear, etc.
rit.
mine, My heart for - ev - er thine shall be! Oh, keep it, Jesus, all for Thee.

HAIL! JESUS, HAIL!

(107.)


1. Hail! Je - sus, hail! who for my sake, Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst take, And shed it all for
2. To end - less a - ges let us praise The Precious Blood whose price could raise The world from wrath and

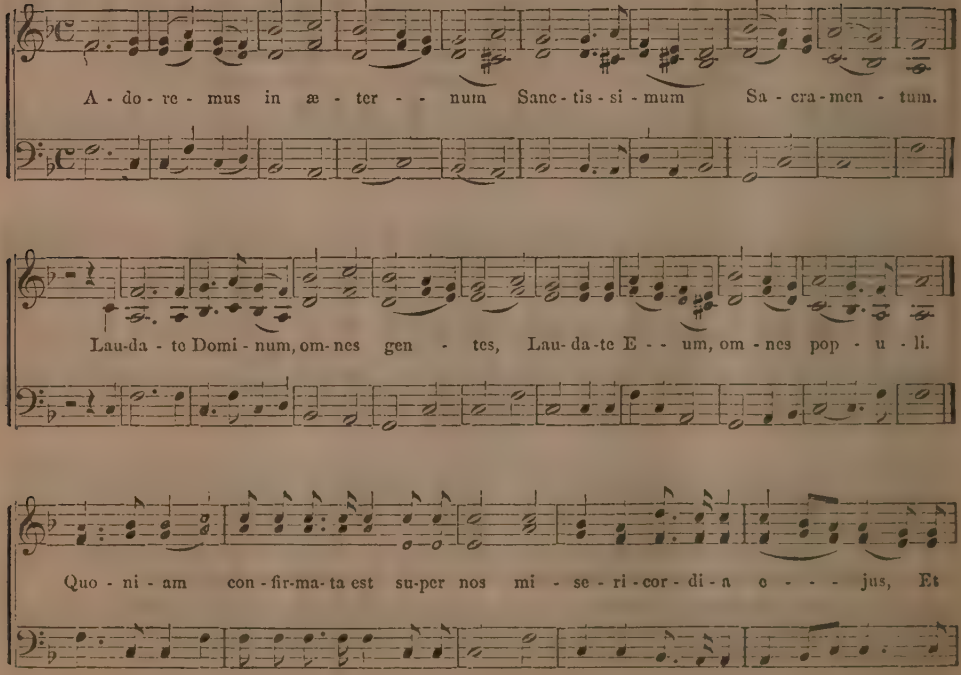

me, And shed it all for me. Oh, blessed be my Saviour's blood, My life, my light, my
sin, The world from wrath and sin. Whose streams our inward thirst appease, And heal the sin - ner's
on - ly good, My life, my light, my on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
worst dis - ease, And heal the sin - ner's worst dis - ease, If he but bathe there - in.

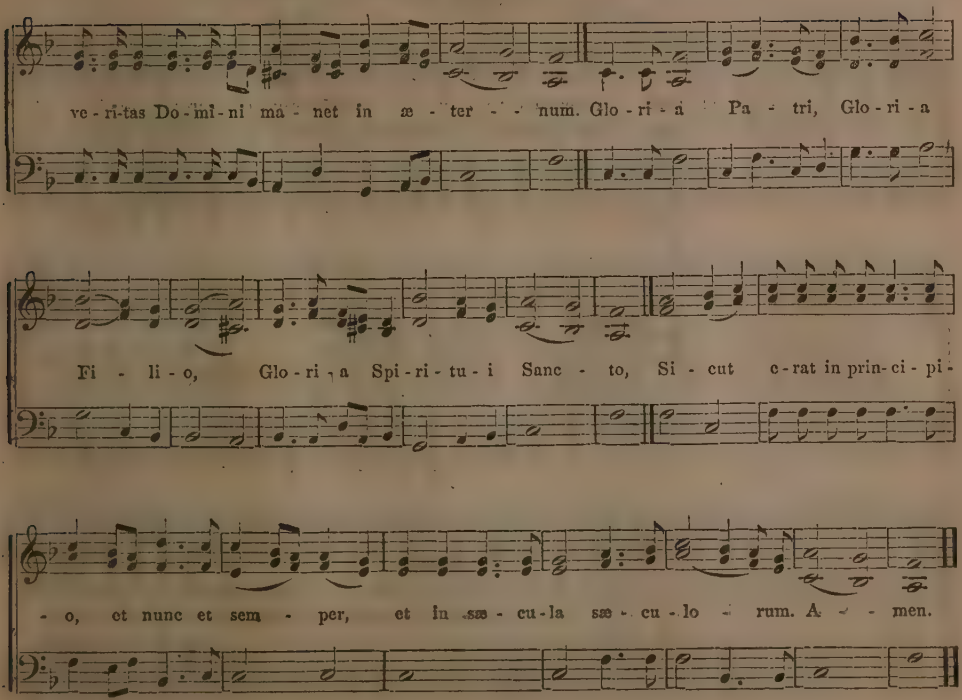
3 O, sweetest Blood that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,—
The heaven which sin had lost,
The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes,
What Jesus shed still intercedes,
For those who wrong Him most.

4 Ah! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints,
When this sweet song we raise,
When this sweet song we raise:
Oh, louder, then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise!

ADOREMUS IN ÆTERNUM.

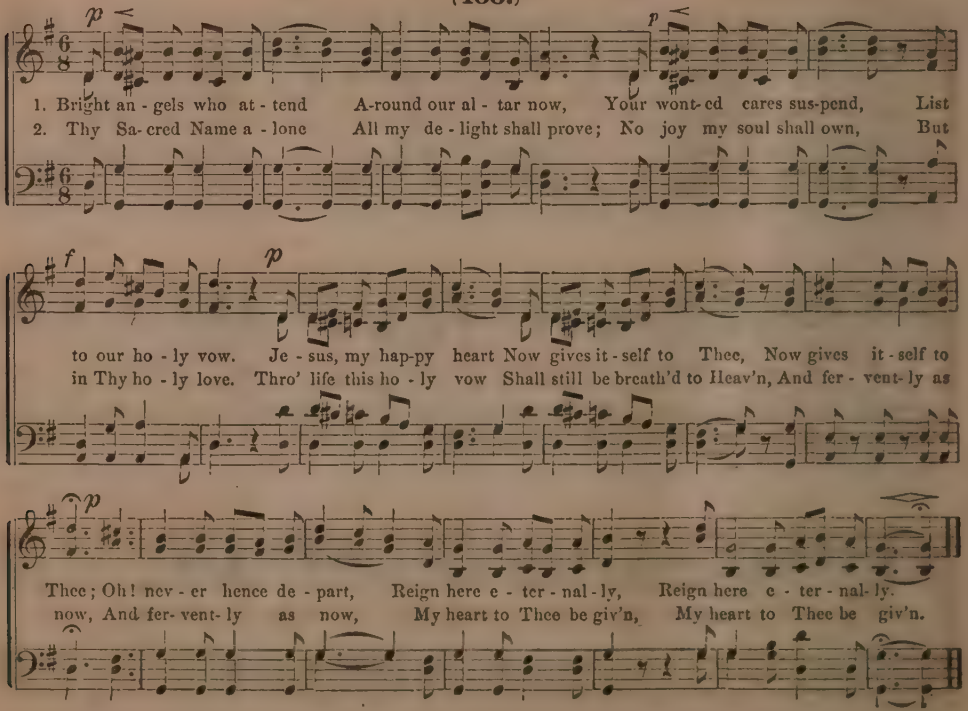
(108.)


A - do - re - mus in æ - ter - - num Sanc - tis - si - mum Sa - cra - men - tum.
Lau-da - te Domi - num, om-nes gen - tes, Lau-da-te E - - um, om - nes pop - u - li.
Quo - ni - am con - fir-ma-ta est su-per nos mi - se - ri - cor - di - a e - - - jus, Et


ve - ri-tas Do - mi - ni ma - net in æ - ter - - num. Glo - ri - a Pa - tri, Glo - ri - a
Fi - li - o, Glo - ri - a Spi - ri - tu - i Sanc - to, Si - cut e - rat in prin - ci - pi -
- o, et nunc et sem - per, et in sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - lo - rum. A - - men.

BRIGHT ANGELS WHO ATTEND.

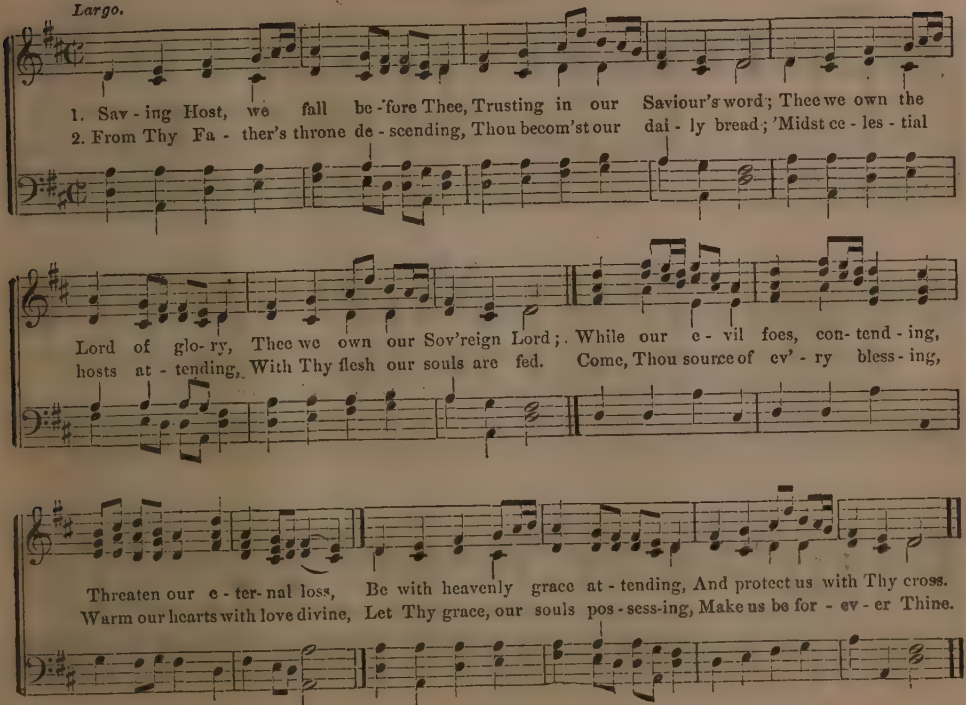
(106.)


1. Bright an - gels who at - tend A-round our al - tar now, Your wont-ed cares sus-pend, List
2. Thy Sa-cred Name a - lone All my de - light shall prove; No joy my soul shall own, But
to our ho - ly vow. Je - sus, my hap-py heart Now gives it - self to Thee, Now gives it - self to
in Thy ho - ly love. Thro' life this ho - ly vow Shall still be breath'd to Heav'n, And fer - vent - ly as
Thee; Oh! nev - er hence de - part, Reign here e - ter - nal - ly, Reign here e - ter - nal - ly.
now, And fer - vent - ly as now, My heart to Thee be giv'n, My heart to Thee be giv'n.

SAVING HOST.

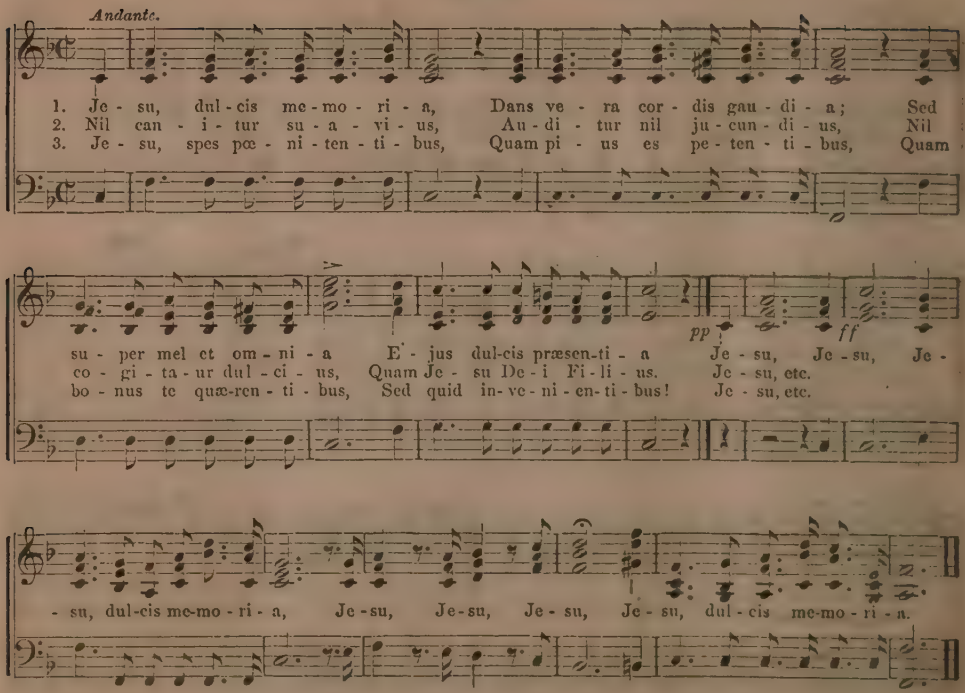
(109.)

Largo.


1. Sav - ing Host, we fall be - fore Thee, Trusting in our Saviour's word; Thee we own the
2. From Thy Fa - ther's throne de - scending, Thou becom'st our dai - ly bread; 'Midst ce - les - tial
Lord of glo - ry, Thee we own our Sov'reign Lord; While our e - vil foes, con - tend - ing,
hosts at - tending, With Thy flesh our souls are fed. Come, Thou source of ev' - ry bless - ing,
Threaten our e - ter - nal loss, Be with heavenly grace at - tending, And protect us with Thy cross.
Warm our hearts with love divine, Let Thy grace, our souls pos - sess - ing, Make us be for - ev - er Thine.

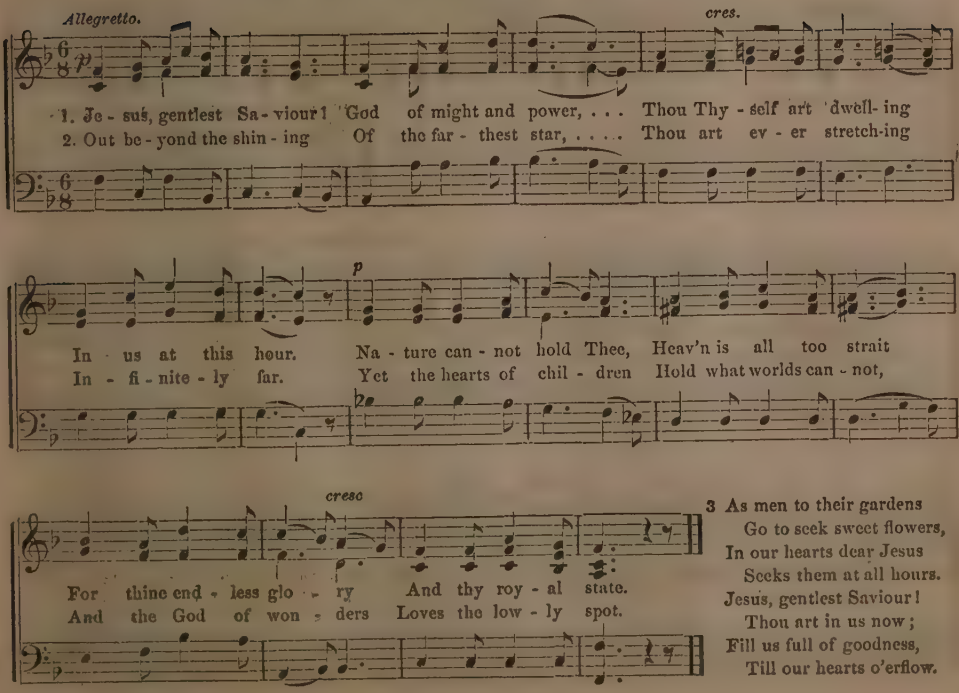
JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA.

(110.)


Andante.
1. Je - su, dul - cis me - mo - ri - a, Dans ve - ra cor - dis gau - di - a; Sed
2. Nil can - i - tur su - a - vi - us, Au - di - tur nil ju - cun - di - us, Nil
3. Je - su, spes pœ - ni - ten - ti - bus, Quam pi - us es pe - ten - ti - bus, Quam
su - per mel et om - ni - a E' - jus dul-cis præsen-ti - a Je - su, Je - su, Je -
co - gi - ta - ur dul - ci - us, Quam Je - su De - i Fi - li - us. Je - su, etc.
bo - nus te quæ-ren - ti - bus, Sed quid in-ve-ni-en-ti - bus! Je - su, etc.
pp
ff
- su, dul-cis me-mo - ri - a, Je - su, Je - su, Je - su, Je - su, dul - cis me-mo - ri - a.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR.

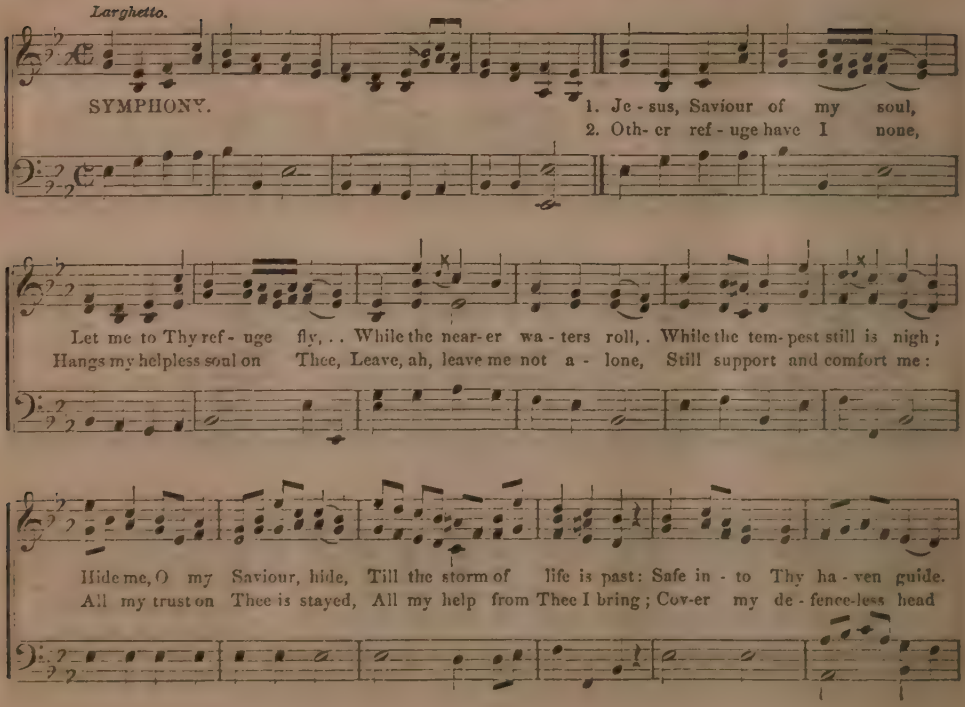
(112.)

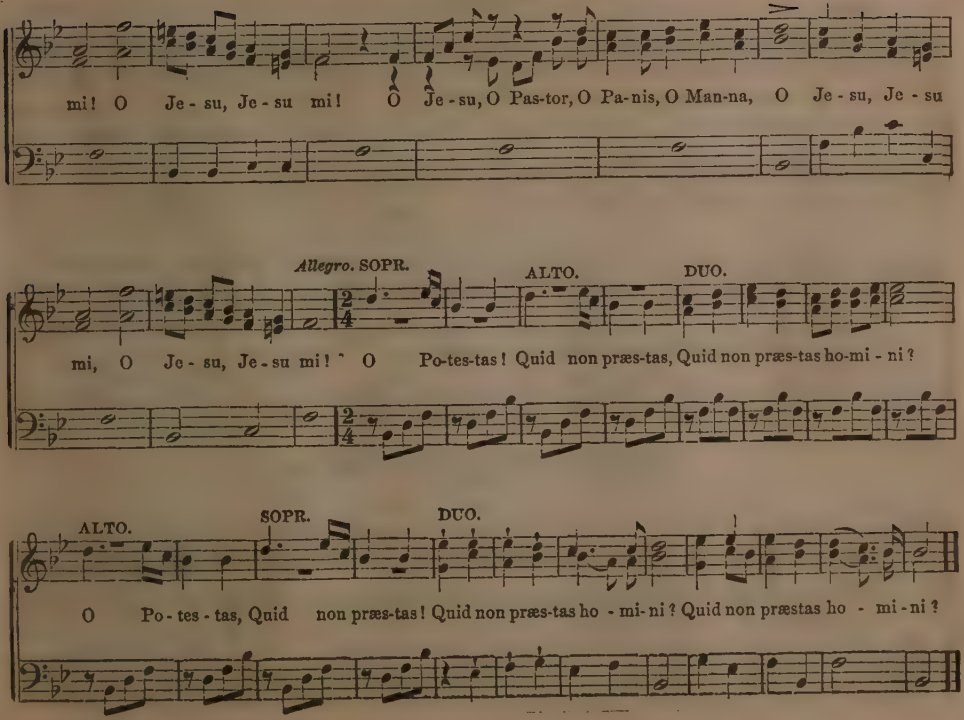

Allegretto.
p
cres.
1. Je - sus, gentlest Sa - viour! God of might and power, . . . Thou Thy - self art dwell- ing
2. Out be - yond the shin - ing Of the far - thest star, ... Thou art ev - er stretch-ing
In us at this hour. Na - ture can - not hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait
In - fi - nite - ly far. Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,
cresc
For thine end - less glo - ry And thy roy - al state.
And the God of won - ders Loves the low - ly spot.

3 As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.
Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

JESUS, SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL

(114.)

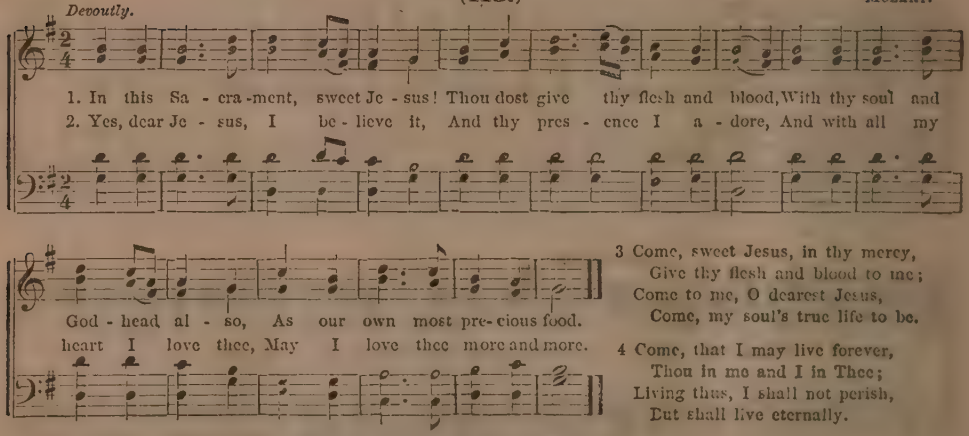

Larghetto.
SYMPHONY.
1. Je - sus, Saviour of my soul,
2. Oth- er ref - uge have I none,
Let me to Thy ref - uge fly, . . While the near-er wa - ters roll, . While the tem-pest still is nigh;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee, Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past: Safe in - to Thy ha - ven guide.
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de - fence-less head


mi! O Je - su, Je - su mi! O Je - su, O Pas-tor, O Pa-nis, O Man-na, O Je - su, Je - su
Allegro. SOPR.
ALTO.
DUO.
mi, O Je - su, Je - su mi! O Po-tes-tas! Quid non præs-tas, Quid non præs-tas ho-mi - ni?
ALTO.
SOPR.
DUO.
O Po - tes - tas, Quid non præs-tas! Quid non præs-tas ho - mi-ni? Quid non præstas ho - mi-ni?

IN THIS SACRAMENT, SWEET JESUS.

(113.)

MOZART.

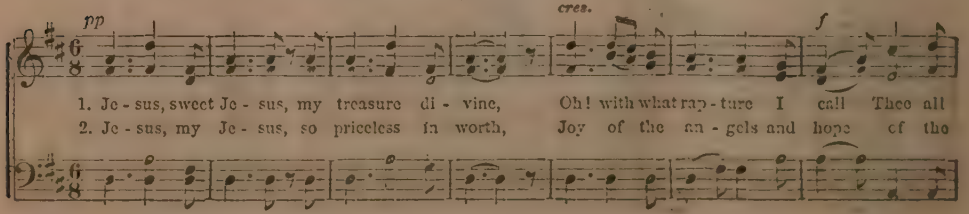

Devoutly.
1. In this Sa - cra-ment, sweet Je - sus! Thou dost give thy flesh and blood, With thy soul and
2. Yes, dear Je - sus, I be - lieve it, And thy pres - ence I a - dore, And with all my
God - head al - so, As our own most pre-cious food.
heart I love thee, May I love thee more and more.

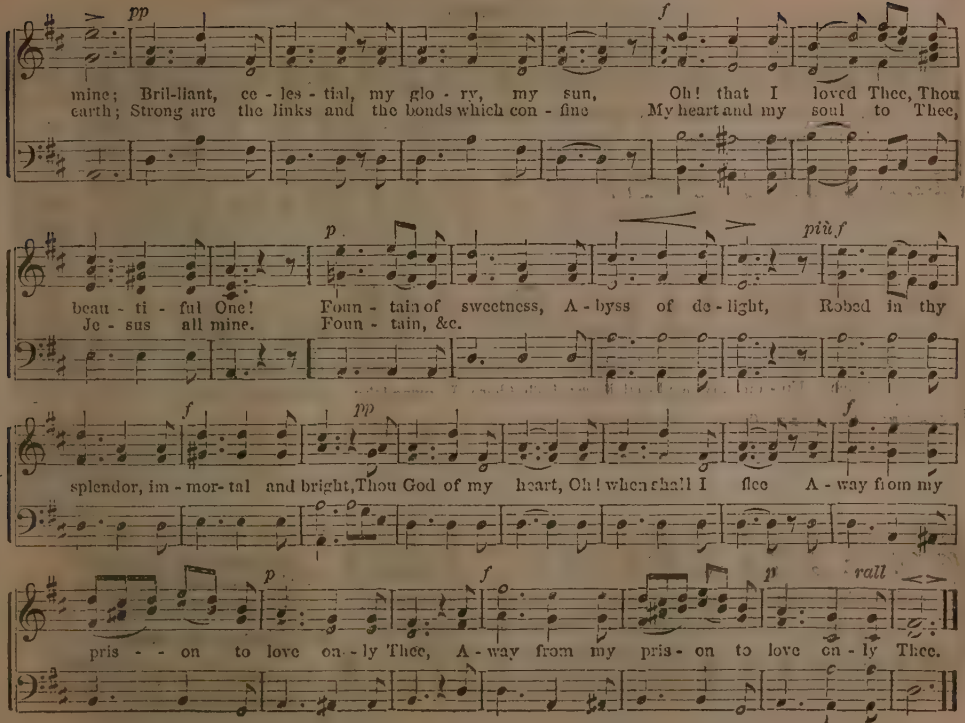
3 Come, sweet Jesus, in thy mercy,
Give thy flesh and blood to me;
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,
Come, my soul's true life to be.

4 Come, that I may live forever,
Thou in me and I in Thee;
Living thus, I shall not perish,
But shall live eternally.

JESUS, SWEET JESUS.

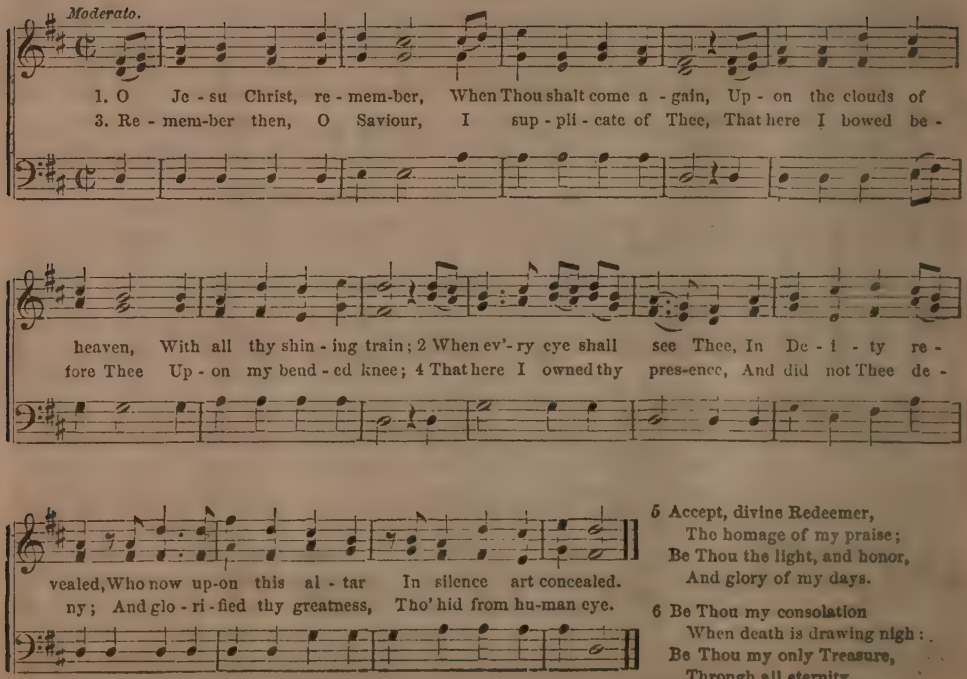
(118.)


pp
cres.
f
1. Je - sus, sweet Je - sus, my treasure di - vine, Oh! with what rap - ture I call Thee all
2. Je - sus, my Je - sus, so priceless in worth, Joy of the an - gels and hope of the


pp
f
mine; Bril-liant, ce - les - tial, my glo - ry, my sun, Oh! that I loved Thee, Thou
earth; Strong are the links and the bonds which con - fine My heart and my soul to Thee,
p
più f
beau - ti - ful One! Foun - tain of sweetness, A - byss of de - light, Robed in thy
Je - sus all mine. Foun - tain, &c.
f
pp
f
splendor, im - mor - tal and bright, Thou God of my heart, Oh! when shall I flee A - way from my
p
f
p
rall
pris - - on to love on - ly Thee, A - way from my pris - on to love on - ly Thee.

O JESU CHRIST, REMEMBER.

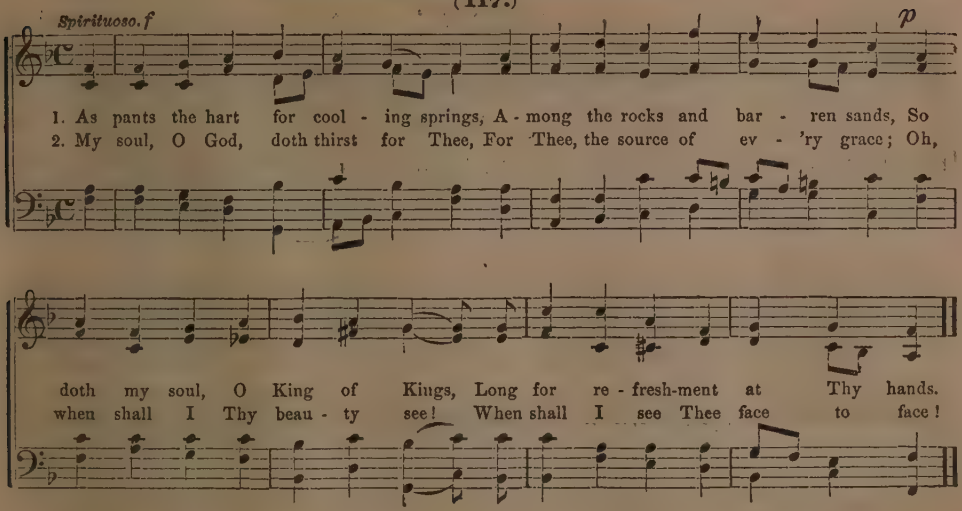
(116.)


Moderato.
1. O Je - su Christ, re - mem-ber, When Thou shalt come a - gain, Up - on the clouds of
3. Re - mem-ber then, O Saviour, I sup - pli - cate of Thee, That here I bowed be -
heaven, With all thy shin - ing train; 2 When ev'- ry eye shall see Thee, In De - i - ty re -
fore Thee Up - on my bend - ed knee; 4 That here I owned thy pres-ence, And did not Thee de -
vealed, Who now up-on this al - tar In silence art concealed.
ny; And glo - ri - fied thy greatness, Tho' hid from hu-man eye.

5 Accept, divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise;
Be Thou the light, and honor,
And glory of my days.

6 Be Thou my consolation
When death is drawing nigh:
Be Thou my only Treasure,
Through all eternity.

(117.)


Spirituoso. f
p
1. As pants the hart for cool - ing springs, A - mong the rocks and bar - ren sands, So
2. My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee, For Thee, the source of ev - 'ry grace; Oh,
doth my soul, O King of Kings, Long for re - fresh-ment at Thy hands.
when shall I Thy beau - ty see! When shall I see Thee face to face!

3 My tears have flowed by day and night,
When I have felt Thy chastening rod;
But wicked men enjoyed the sight,
And, mocking, asked, Where's now thy God?

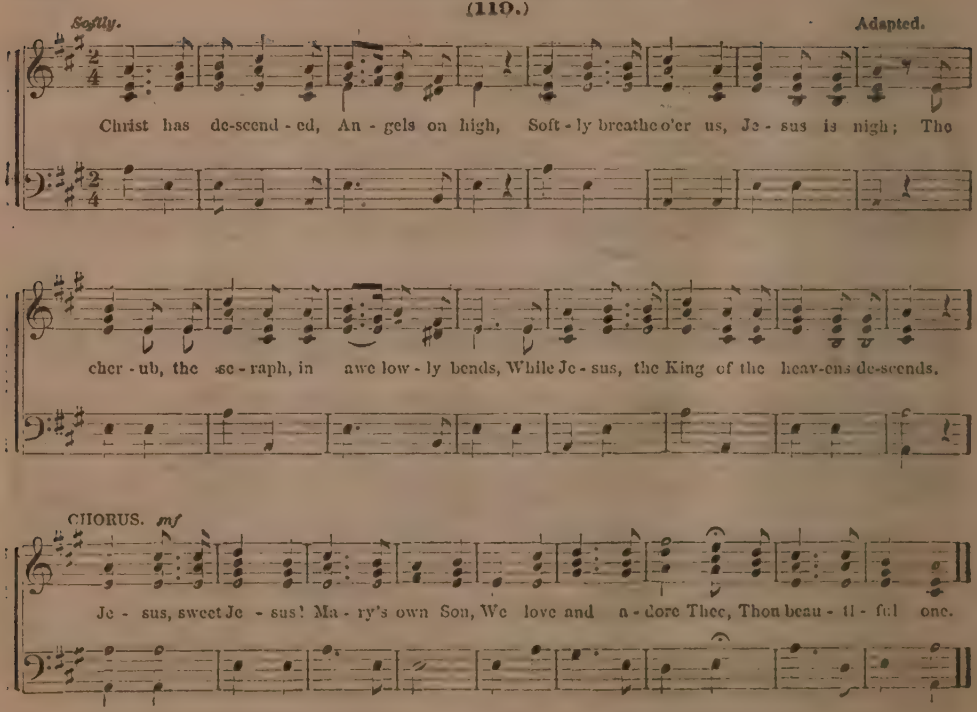
4 *Where* art Thou, Lord, my life, my all?
Thou art above, around, within
Whate'er betides, on Thee I'll call,
To save me, and to pardon sin.

5 Joy! then, and endless jubilee!
Divine reward of faith and love;
I hear the strains of harmony
From the Triumphant Church above.

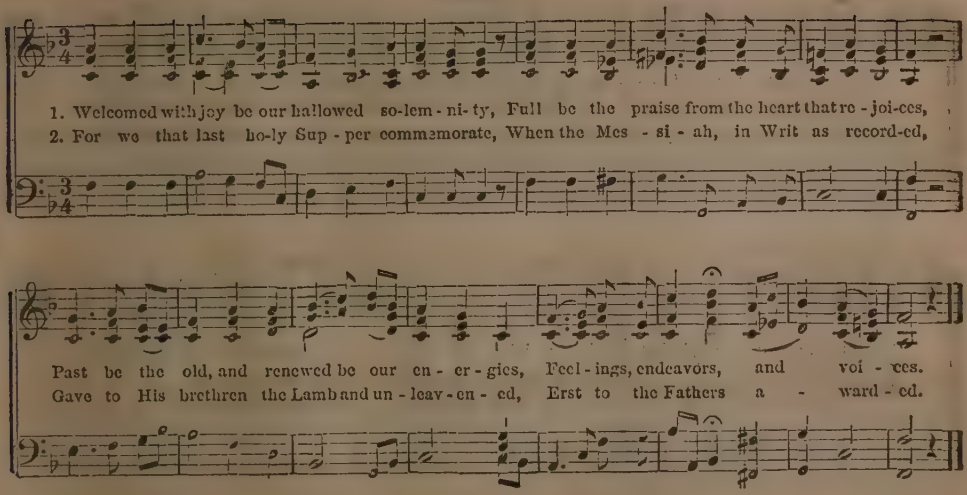
6 Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed?
God is thy drink, and He thy food;—
Bequeathed to thee—His last bequest—
His Body and His precious Blood.

AT THE ELEVATION.

(119.)


Softly.
Adapted.
Christ has de-scend-ed, An-gels on high, Soft-ly breathe o'er us, Je-sus is nigh; The
cher-ub, the se-raph, in awe low-ly bends, While Je-sus, the King of the heav-ens de-scends.
CHORUS. mf
Je-sus, sweet Je-sus! Ma-ry's own Son, We love and a-dore Thee, Thou beau-ti-ful one.

(120.)


1. Welcomed with joy be our hallowed so-lem-ni-ty, Full be the praise from the heart that re-joi-ces,
2. For we that last ho-ly Sup-per commemorate, When the Mes-si-ah, in Writ as record-ed,
Past be the old, and renewed be our en-er-gies, Feel-ings, endeavors, and voi-ces.
Gave to His brethren the Lamb and un-leav-en-ed, Erst to the Fathers a-ward-ed.

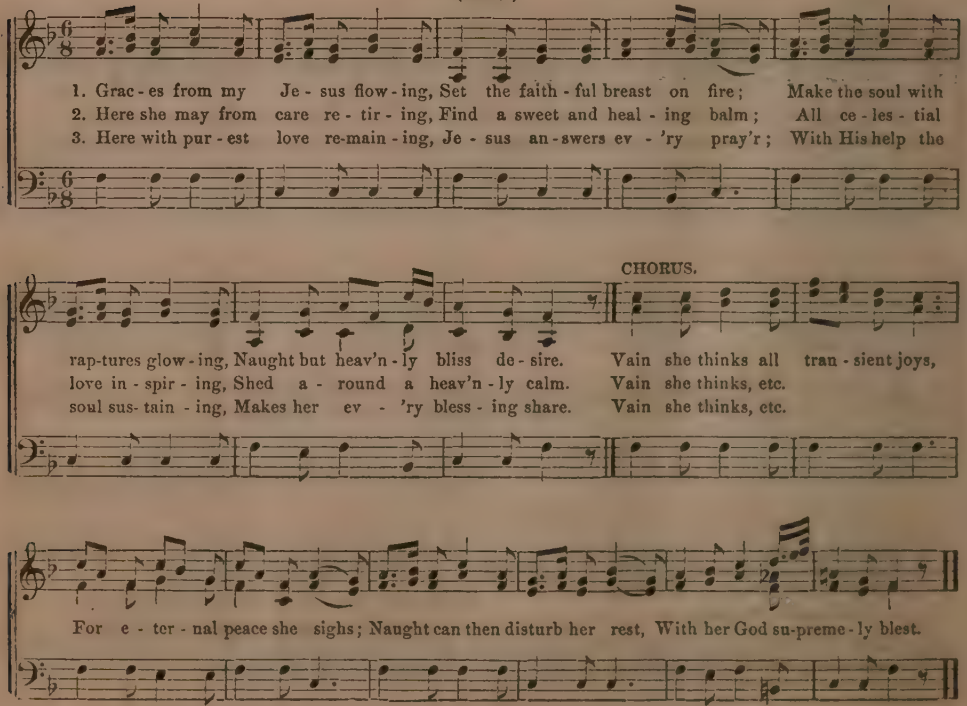
3 After the Feast and the Lamb emblematical,
Gave He Himself, whom the rite was foreshowing,
Thus their Lord's Body, to each and to every,
On His Apostles bestowing.

4 Gave He the Body, support to their feebleness;
Gave He the Cup, too, their sorrow relieving;
Saying: "Drink all of the Blood of My Covenant,
That which I give you receiving."

5 Thus He established the life-giving Sacrifice;
Thus to the Priesthood its office assigned,
That they partake, and to others administer,
Meetly what He had designed.

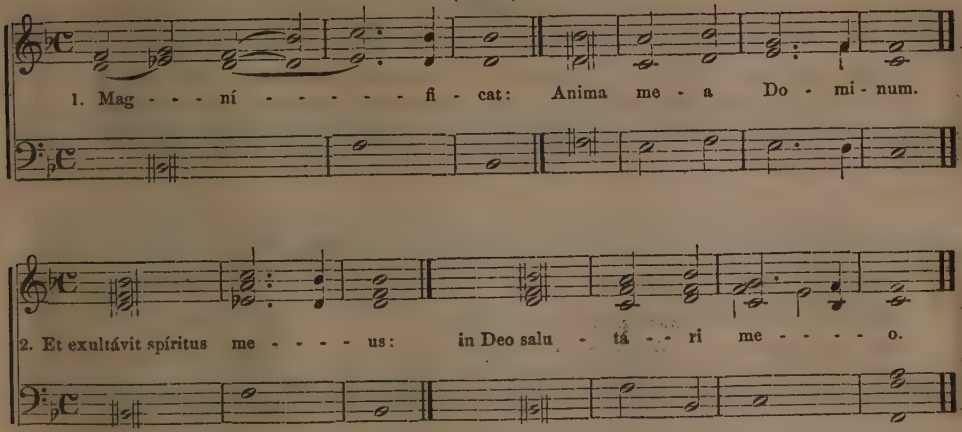
GRACES FROM MY JESUS FLOWING.

(131.)


1. Grac - es from my Je - sus flow - ing, Set the faith - ful breast on fire; Make the soul with
2. Here she may from care re - tir - ing, Find a sweet and heal - ing balm; All ce - les - tial
3. Here with pur - est love re-main - ing, Je - sus an - swers ev - 'ry pray'r; With His help the
CHORUS.
rap-tures glow - ing, Naught but heav'n - ly bliss de - sire. Vain she thinks all tran - sient joys,
love in - spir - ing, Shed a - round a heav'n - ly calm. Vain she thinks, etc.
soul sus- tain - ing, Makes her ev - 'ry bless - ing share. Vain she thinks, etc.
For e - ter - nal peace she sighs; Naught can then disturb her rest, With her God su-preme - ly blest.

MAGNIFICAT.

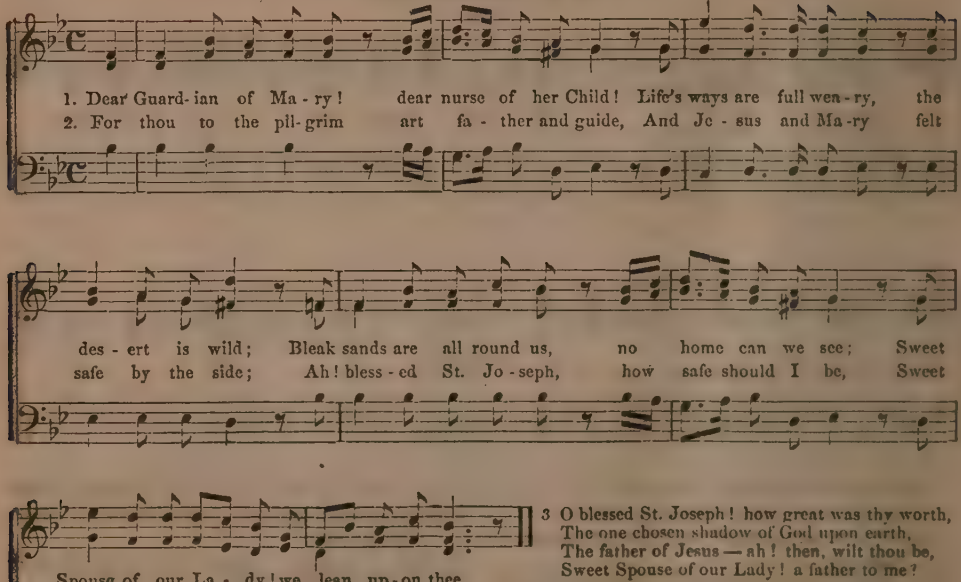
(122.)



3. Quia respéxit humilitátem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes generatiónes.
4. Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen ejus.
5. Et misericórdia ejus a progénie in progénies: timéntibus eum.
6. Fecit poténtiam in bráchio suo: dispérsit supérbos menti cordis sui.
7. Depósuit poténtes de sede; et exaltávit húmiles.
8. Esuriéntes implévit bonis: et dívites dimísit inánes.
9. Suscépit Israel púerum suum: recordátus misericór-diæ suæ.
10. Sicut locútus est ad patres nostros: Abraham, et sémini ejus in sæcula.
11. Glória Patri et Fílio et Spirítui Sancto:
12. Sicut erat in princípio et nunc et semper et in sæcula sæculórum. Amen.

DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY.

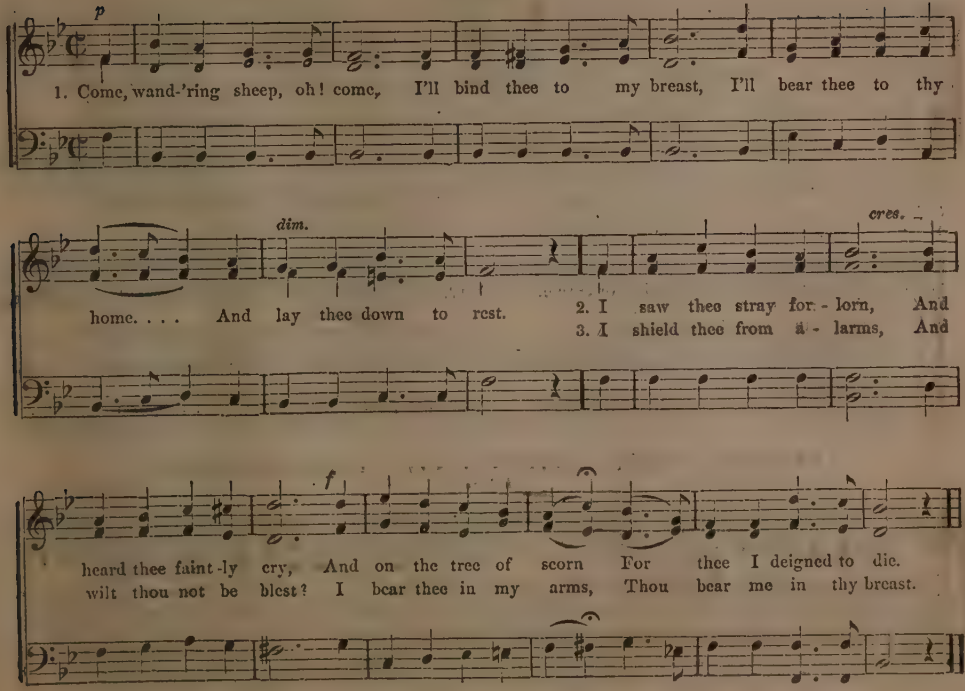
(123.)


1. Dear Guard-ian of Ma-ry! dear nurse of her Child! Life's ways are full wea-ry, the
2. For thou to the pil-grim art fa-ther and guide, And Je-sus and Ma-ry felt
des-ert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see; Sweet
safe by the side; Ah! bless-ed St. Jo-seph, how safe should I be, Sweet
Spouse of our La-dy! we lean up-on thee.
Spouse of our La-dy! if thou wert with me.

3 O blessed St. Joseph! how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The father of Jesus — ah! then, wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?

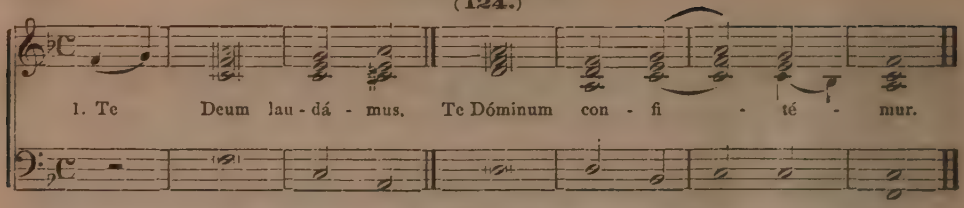
4 God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There's no saint in heaven, St. Joseph, like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! oh, deign to love me.

(125.)


p
1. Come, wand-'ring sheep, oh! come, I'll bind thee to my breast, I'll bear thee to thy
dim.
cres.
home. . . . And lay thee down to rest.
2. I saw thee stray for - lorn, And
3. I shield thee from a - larms, And
f
heard thee faint-ly cry, And on the tree of scorn For thee I deigned to die.
wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in my arms, Thou bear me in thy breast.

TE DEUM.

(124.)

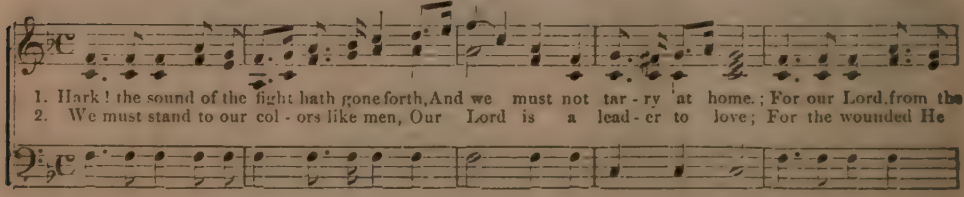


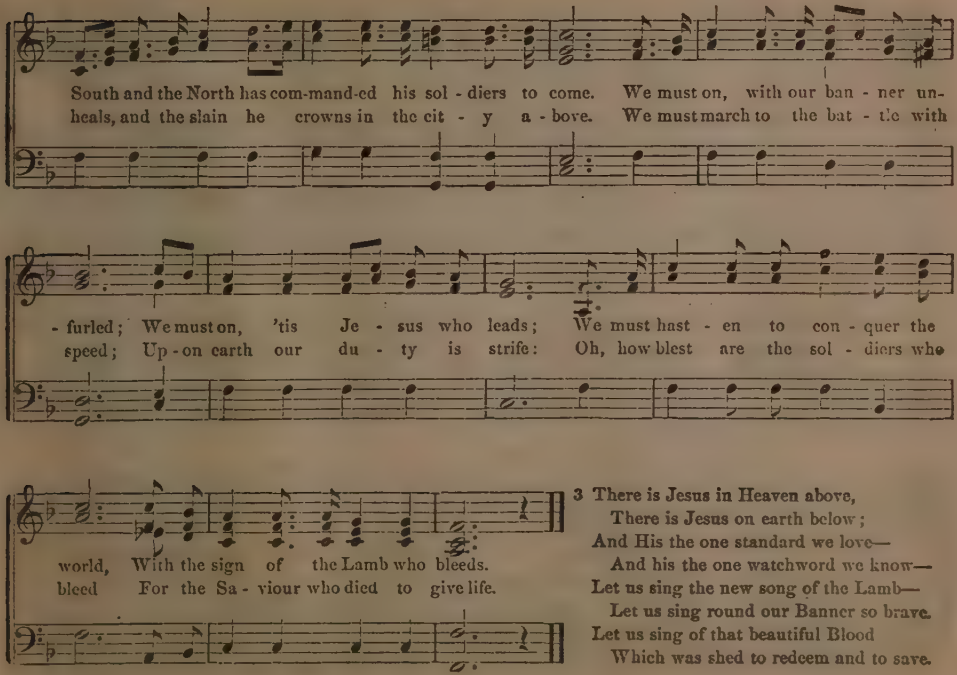
2. Te ætérnum Patrem: omnis terra venerátur.
3. Tibi omnes ángeli: tibi cœli et univérsæ potestátes.
4. Tibi chérubim et séraphim; incessábili voce proclámant.
5. Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus: Dóminus Deus Sábaoth.
6. Pleni sunt cœli et terra: majestátis glóriæ tuæ.
7. Te glorió-sus: Apostolórum chorus.
8. Te prophetárum: laudábilis númerus.
9. Te Mártyrum candidátus: laudat exércitus.
10. Te per orbem terrárum: sancta confitétur Ecclésia.
11. Patrem: imménsæ majestátis.
12. Venerándum tuum verum: et únicum Fílium.
13. Sanctum quoque: Paráclitum Spíritum.
14. Tu Rex: glóriæ Christe.
15. Tu Patris: sempitérnus es Fílius.
16. Tu ad liberándum susceptúrus hóminem: non horruísti Vírginis úterum.
17. Tu devícto mortis acúleo: aperuísti credéntibus regna cœlórum.
18. Tu ad déxteram Dei sedes: in glória Patris.
19. Judex créderis: esse ventúrus.
20. Te ergo quæsumus, tuis fámulis súbveni: quos pretióso sánguine redemísti
21. Ætérna fac cum Sanctis tuis: in glória numerári.

HARK! THE SOUND OF THE FIGHT.

(128.)

EVERSMANN.

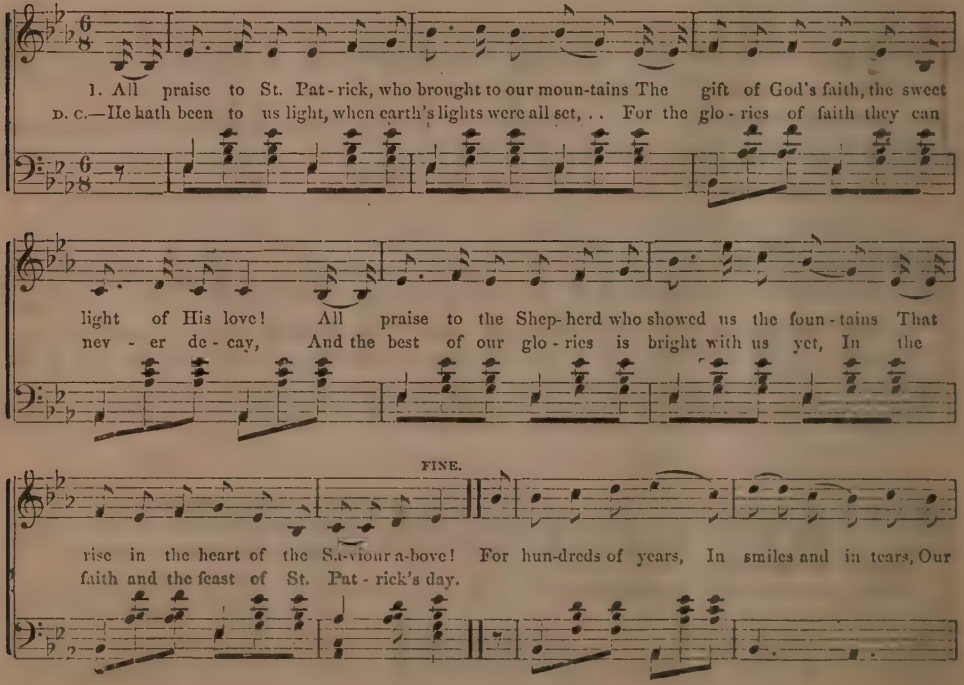

1. Hark! the sound of the fight hath gone forth, And we must not tar - ry at home.; For our Lord from the
2. We must stand to our col - ors like men, Our Lord is a lead - er to love; For the wounded He

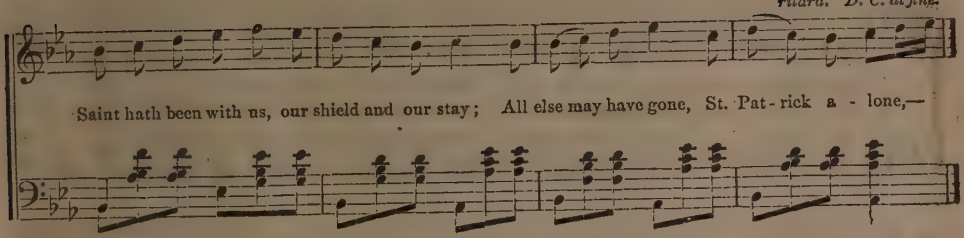

South and the North has com-mand-ed his sol - diers to come. We must on, with our ban - ner un-
heals, and the slain he crowns in the cit - y a - bove. We must march to the bat - tle with
- furled; We must on, 'tis Je - sus who leads; We must hast - en to con - quer the
speed; Up - on earth our du - ty is strife: Oh, how blest are the sol - diers who
world, With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds.
bleed For the Sa - viour who died to give life.

3 There is Jesus in Heaven above,
There is Jesus on earth below;
And His the one standard we love—
And his the one watchword we know—
Let us sing the new song of the Lamb—
Let us sing round our Banner so brave.
Let us sing of that beautiful Blood
Which was shed to redeem and to save.

ST. PATRICK.

(126.)


1. All praise to St. Pat-rick, who brought to our moun-tains The gift of God's faith, the sweet
D. C.—He hath been to us light, when earth's lights were all set, . . For the glo-ries of faith they can
light of His love! All praise to the Shep-herd who showed us the foun-tains That
nev-er de-cay, And the best of our glo-ries is bright with us yet, In the
FINE.
rise in the heart of the Sa-viour a-bove! For hun-dreds of years, In smiles and in tears, Our
faith and the feast of St. Pat-rick's day.

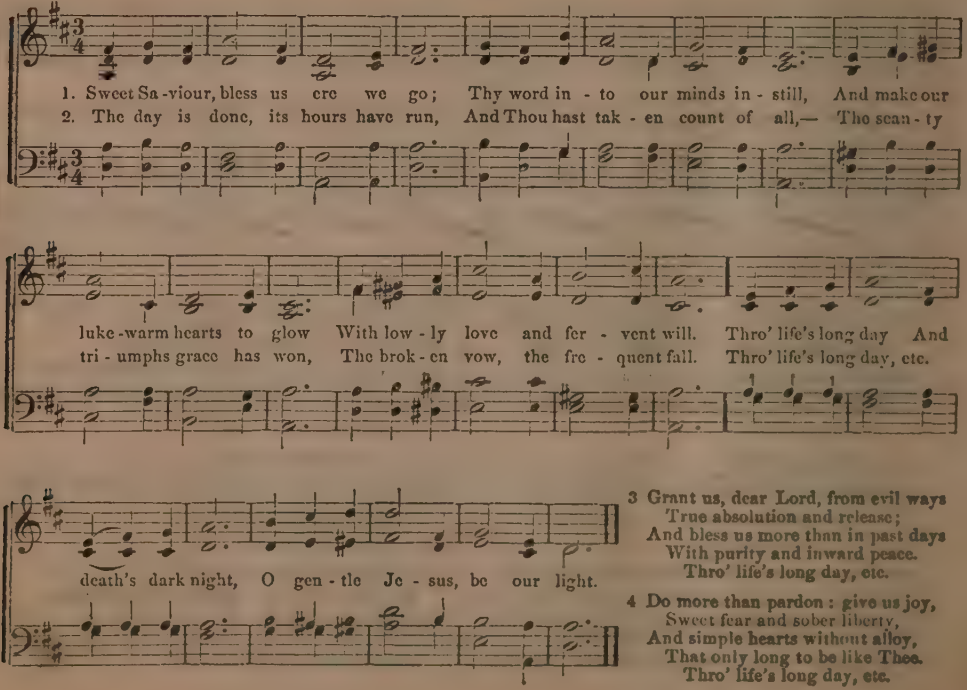


2 There is not a Saint in the bright courts of Heaven,
More faithful than he to the land of his choice,
Oh, well may the nation to whom he was given,
In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice.
In glory above,
True to his love,
He keeps the false faith from his children away,
The dark false faith—
Far worse than death—
Oh, he drives it far off from the green sunny shore,
Like the reptiles which fled from his curse in dismay,
And Erin, when Error's proud triumph is o'er,
Will still be found keeping St. Patrick's day.

3 Then what shall we do for the heaven-sent father?
What shall the proof of our loyalty be?
By all that is dear to our hearts, we would rather
Be martyred, sweet Saint, than bring shame upon thee.
But oh, he will take
The promise we make,
So to live that our lives, by God's help, may display
The light that he bore
To Erin's shore.
Yes! Father of Ireland! no child wilt thou own
Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way;
For they are true Irish, ah, yes, they alone,
Whose hearts are all true on St. Patrick's day.

SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US.

(127.)

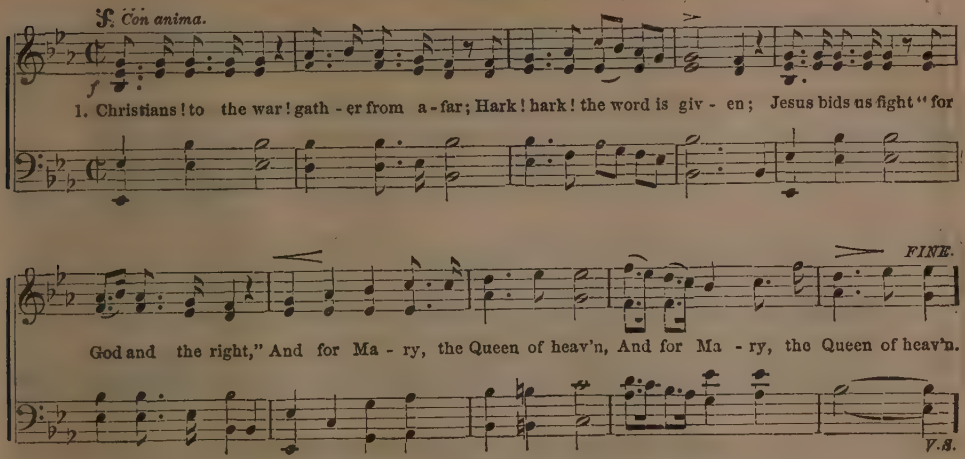

1. Sweet Sa - viour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still, And make our
2. The day is done, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,— The scan - ty
luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day And
tri - umphs grace has won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall. Thro' life's long day, etc.
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day, etc.

4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Thro' life's long day, etc.

CHRISTIANS! TO THE WAR.

(132.)

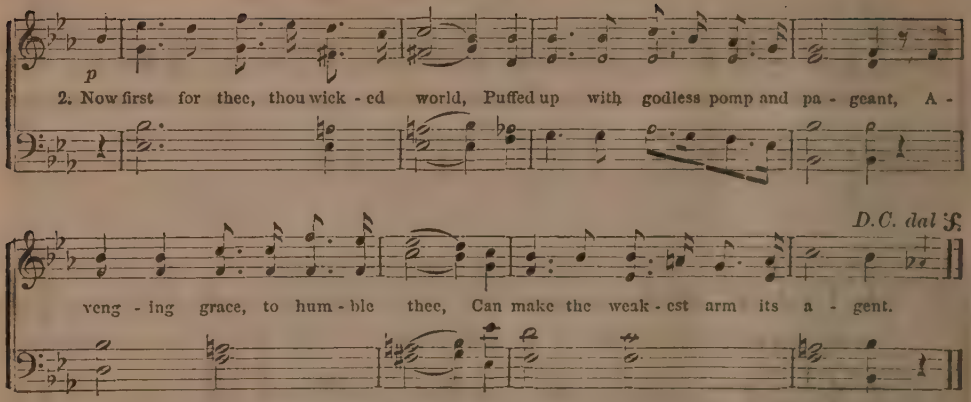

S. Con anima.
f
1. Christians! to the war! gath - er from a - far; Hark! hark! the word is giv - en; Jesus bids us fight "for
FINE.
God and the right," And for Ma - ry, the Queen of heav'n, And for Ma - ry, the Queen of heav'n.
V.S.

3 And thou, dark fiend, six thousand years
The Bride of Christ in vain tormenting,
Shall find our hate and scorn of thee
Deep as thine own, and unrelenting.

4 Ah, self! so oft forgiven, thou
Canst play no part but that of traitor;
We spare thy life, but thou must bear
The felon's brand, the captive's fetter.

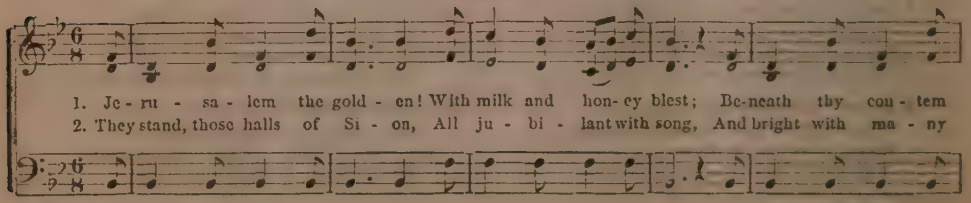
5 But worse than devil, flesh, or world,
Human respect like poison creeping,
Chills and unnerves the host of Christ,
When weary war-worn hearts are sleeping.

6 Christians! to the war! gather from afar
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight "for God and the right,"
And for Mary, the Queen of heaven.

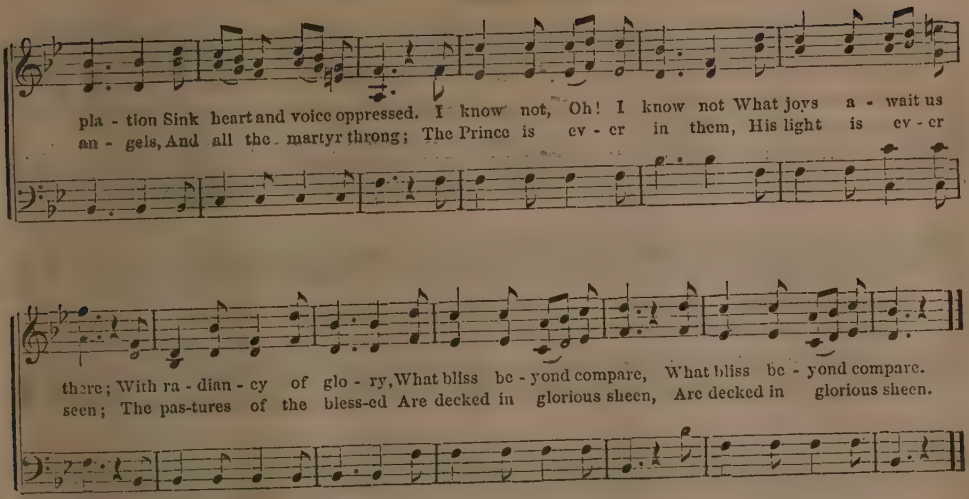

p
2. Now first for thee, thou wick - ed world, Puffed up with godless pomp and pa - geant, A -
D.C. dal 𝄋
veng - ing grace, to hum - ble thee, Can make the weak - est arm its a - gent.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

(129.)


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be-neath thy con - tem
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with ma - ny

Jerusalem the Golden. CONCLUDED.

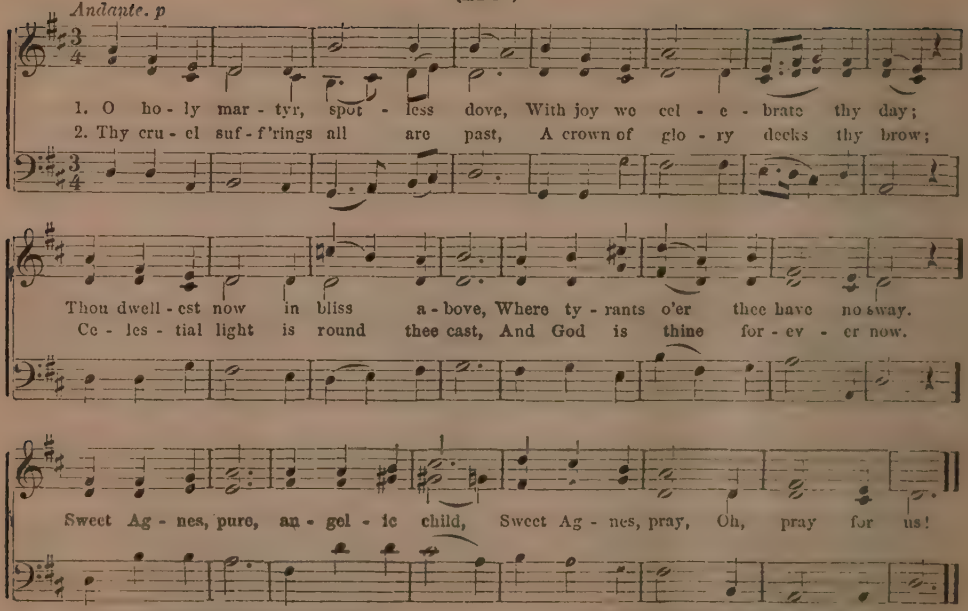

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed. I know not, Oh! I know not What joys a - wait us
an - gels, And all the martyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, His light is ev - er
there; With ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond compare, What bliss be - yond compare.
seen; The pas-tures of the bless-ed Are decked in glorious sheen, Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the Throne of David,
And bliss without alloy,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of festal joy;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are dress'd in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

ST. AGNES.

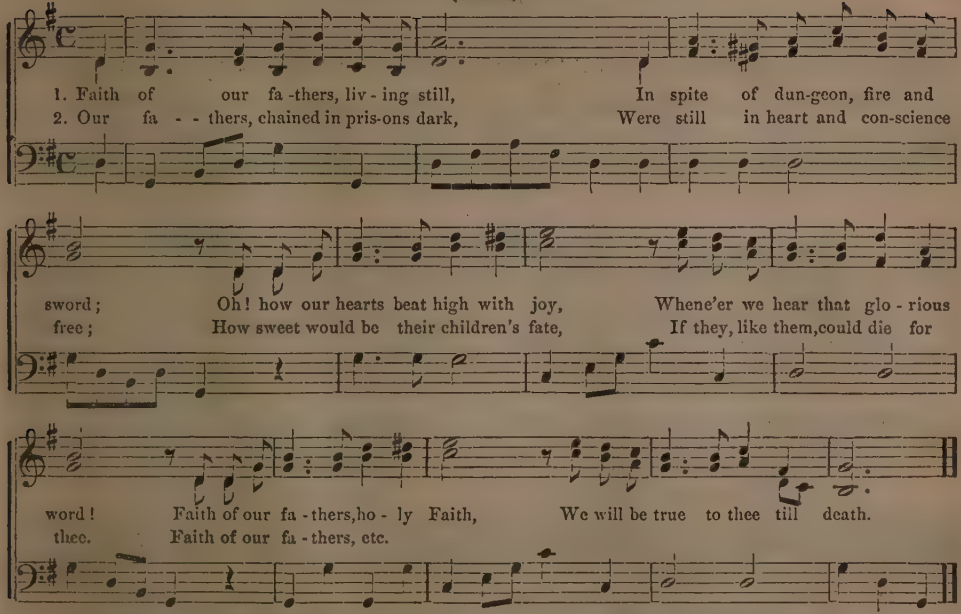
(130.)


Andante. p
1. O ho - ly mar - tyr, spot - less dove, With joy we cel - e - brate thy day;
2. Thy cru - el suf - f'rings all are past, A crown of glo - ry decks thy brow;
Thou dwell - est now in bliss a - bove, Where ty - rants o'er thee have no sway.
Ce - les - tial light is round thee cast, And God is thine for - ev - er now.
Sweet Ag - nes, pure, an - gel - ic child, Sweet Ag - nes, pray, Oh, pray for us!

3 Oh, pray that we may ever seek
To be as free as thou from stain;
As constant, fervent, pure and meek,
Regardless of earth's fleeting pain.

4 And, holy saint, be this our prayer,
That prizing not the world's renown,
Through trials it may be our care,
To strive but for a heavenly crown.

(134.)

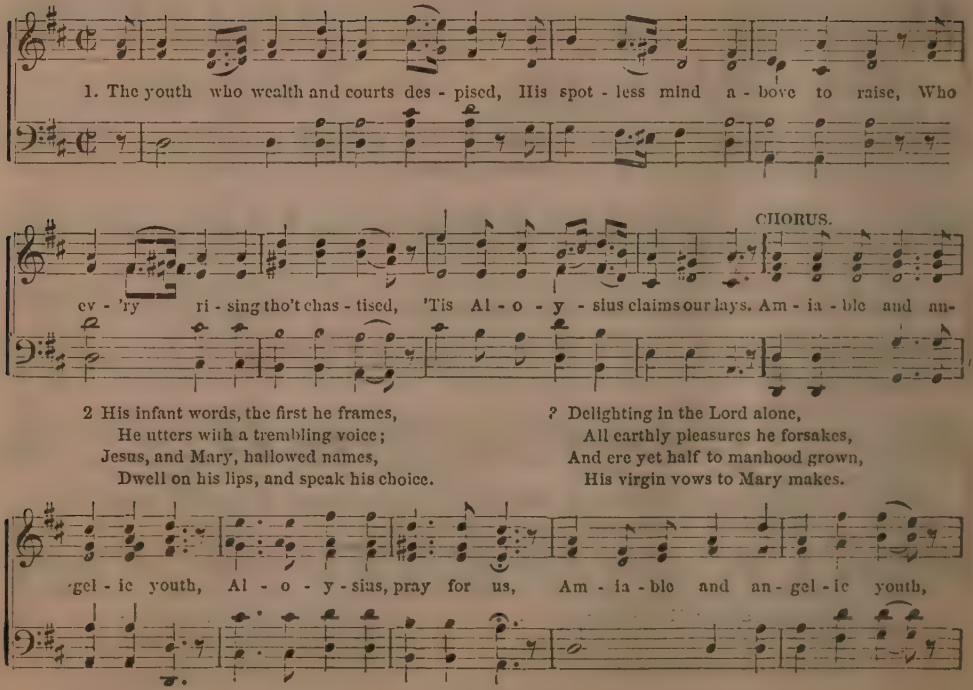

1. Faith of our fa-thers, liv-ing still, In spite of dun-geon, fire and
2. Our fa--thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science
sword; Oh! how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo-rious
free; How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for
word! Faith of our fa-thers, ho-ly Faith, We will be true to thee till death.
thee. Faith of our fa-thers, etc.

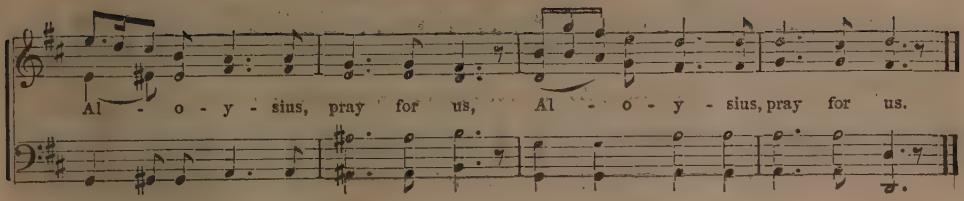
3 Faith of our fathers; Mary's prayers
Shall win our country all to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Oh, then indeed we shall be free.

4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

ST. ALOYSIUS.

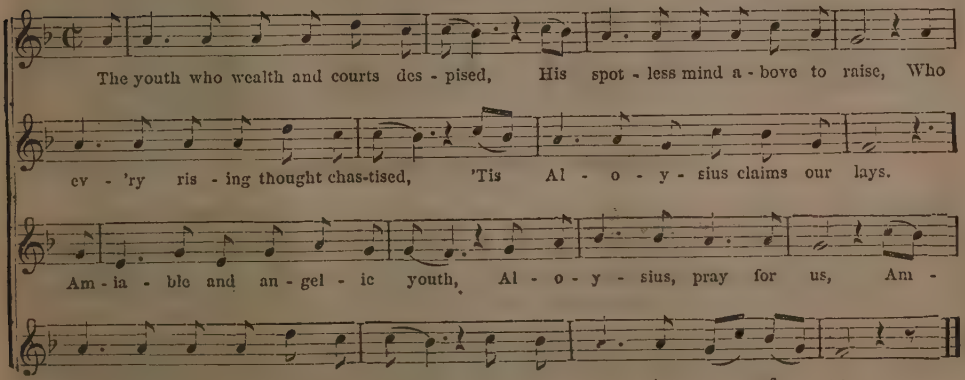
(131.)—a


1. The youth who wealth and courts des - pised, His spot - less mind a - bove to raise, Who
CHORUS.
ev - 'ry ri - sing tho't chas - tised, 'Tis Al - o - y - sius claims our lays. Am - ia - ble and an-
2 His infant words, the first he frames,
He utters with a trembling voice;
Jesus, and Mary, hallowed names,
Dwell on his lips, and speak his choice.
3 Delighting in the Lord alone,
All earthly pleasures he forsakes,
And ere yet half to manhood grown,
His virgin vows to Mary makes.
gel - ic youth, Al - o - y - sius, pray for us, Am - ia - ble and an - gel - ic youth,



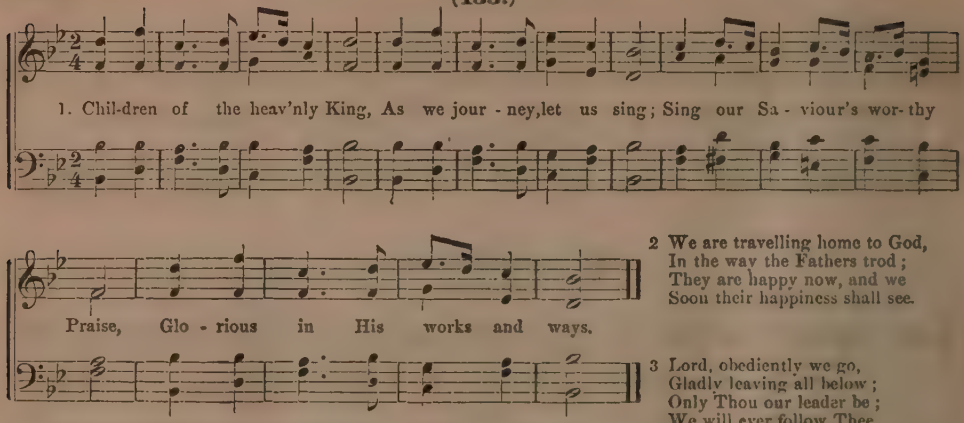
ST. ALOYSIUS.

(131.)—*b*


The youth who wealth and courts des - pised, His spot - less mind a - bove to raise, Who
ev - 'ry ris - ing thought chas-tised, 'Tis Al - o - y - sius claims our lays.
Am - ia - ble and an - gel - ic youth, Al - o - y - sius, pray for us, Am -
ia - ble and an - gel - ic youth, Al - o - y - sius, pray for us.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

(133.)

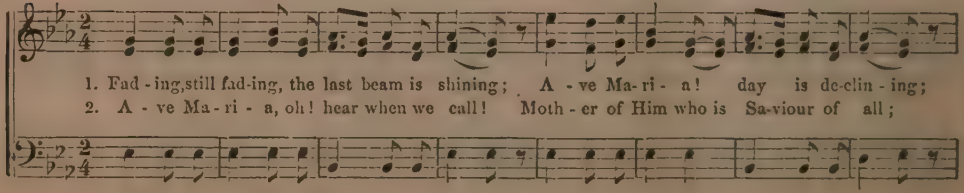


2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

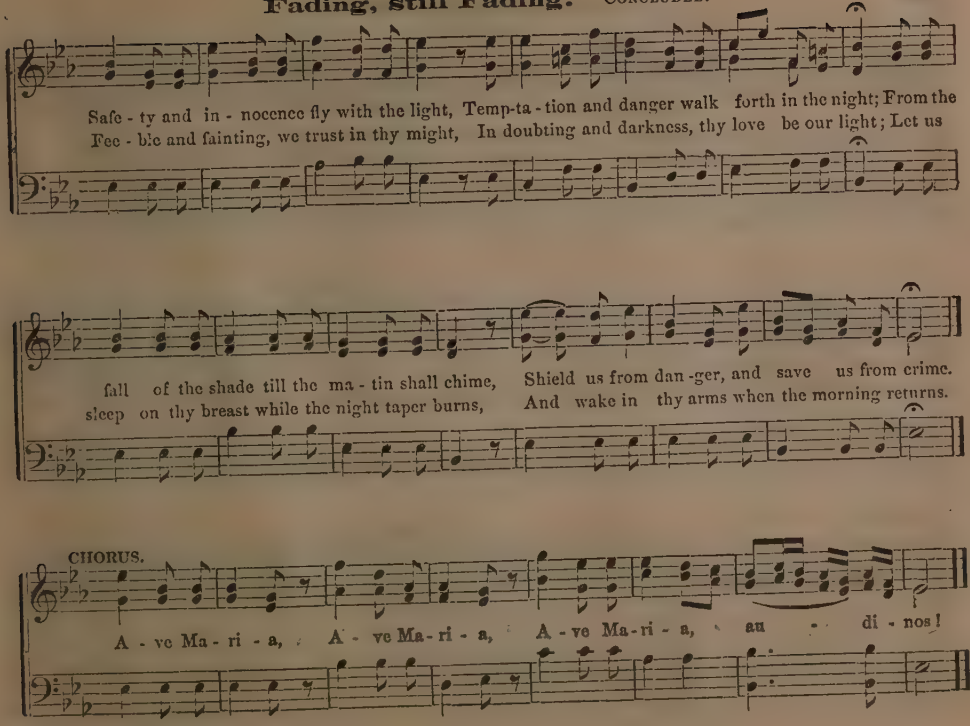
3 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be;
We will ever follow Thee.

FADING, STILL FADING.

(136.)

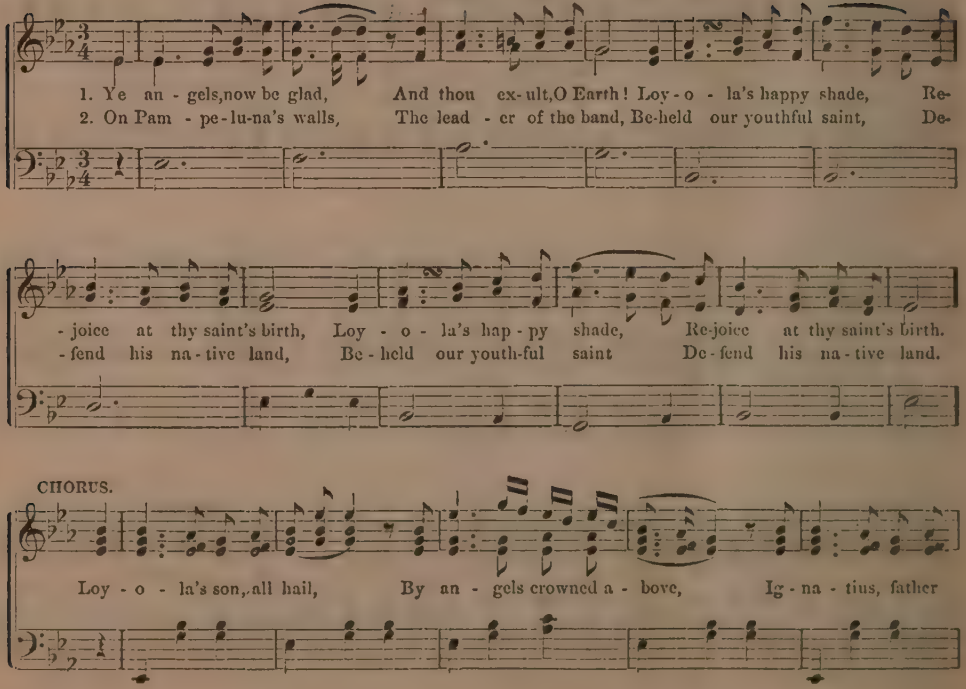

1. Fad - ing,still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; A - ve Ma-ri - a! day is de-clin - ing;
2. A - ve Ma - ri - a, oh! hear when we call! Moth - er of Him who is Sa-viour of all;

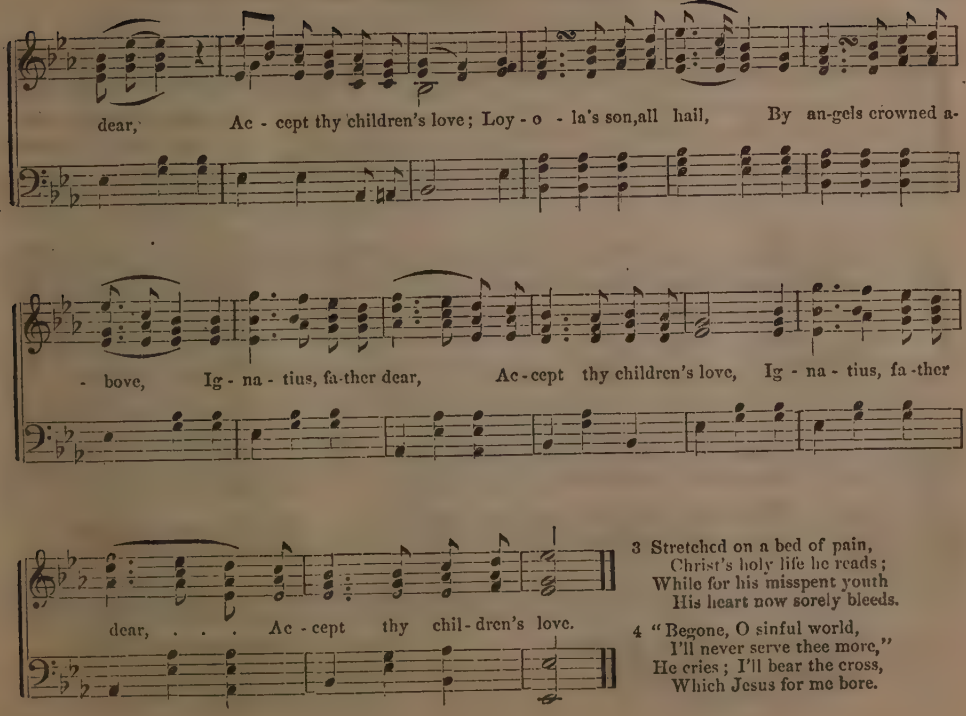
Fading, still Fading. CONCLUDED.


Safe - ty and in - nocence fly with the light, Temp-ta - tion and danger walk forth in the night; From the
Fee - ble and fainting, we trust in thy might, In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light; Let us
fall of the shade till the ma - tin shall chime, Shield us from dan -ger, and save us from crime.
sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, And wake in thy arms when the morning returns.
CHORUS.
A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a, au - di - nos!

ST. IGNATIUS.

(137.)


1. Ye an - gels, now be glad, And thou ex-ult, O Earth! Loy - o - la's happy shade, Re-
2. On Pam - pe-lu-na's walls, The lead - er of the band, Be-held our youthful saint, De-
- joice at thy saint's birth, Loy - o - la's hap - py shade, Re-joice at thy saint's birth.
- fend his na - tive land, Be - held our youth-ful saint De - fend his na - tive land.
CHORUS.
Loy - o - la's son, all hail, By an - gels crowned a - bove, Ig - na - tius, father

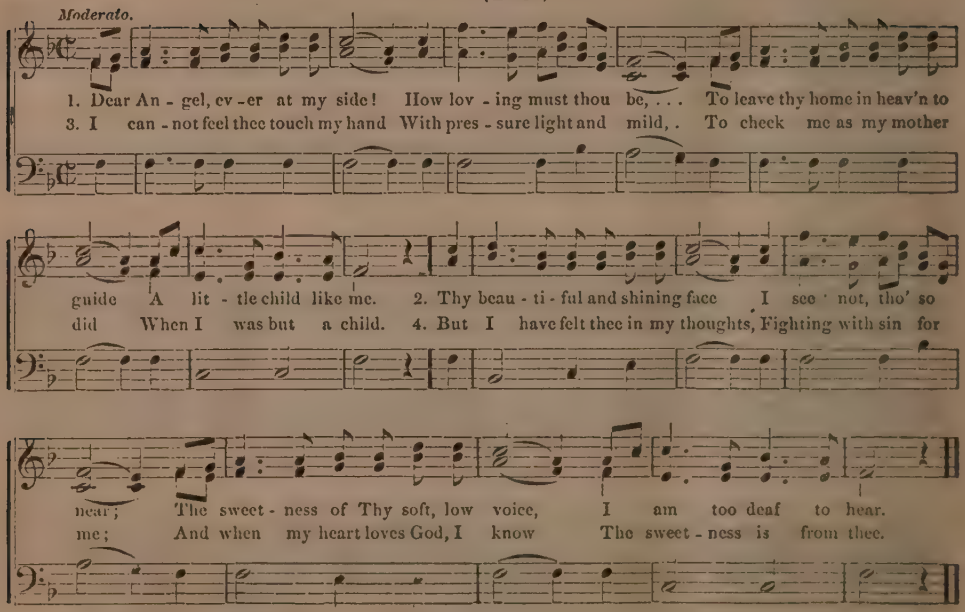

dear, Ac - cept thy children's love; Loy - o - la's son, all hail, By an-gels crowned a-
- bove, Ig - na - tius, fa-ther dear, Ac - cept thy children's love, Ig - na - tius, fa - ther
dear, . . . Ac - cept thy chil - dren's love.

3 Stretched on a bed of pain,
Christ's holy life he reads;
While for his misspent youth
His heart now sorely bleeds.

4 "Begone, O sinful world,
I'll never serve thee more,"
He cries; I'll bear the cross,
Which Jesus for me bore.

DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.

(149.)


Moderato.
1. Dear An - gel, ev - er at my side! How lov - ing must thou be, . . . To leave thy home in heav'n to
3. I can - not feel thee touch my hand With pres - sure light and mild, . To check me as my mother
guide A lit - tle child like me.
did When I was but a child.
2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shining face I see not, tho' so
4. But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Fighting with sin for
near;
me;
The sweet - ness of Thy soft, low voice,
And when my heart loves God, I know
I am too deaf to hear.
The sweet - ness is from thee.

5 And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
That tells me thou art there.

6 Then for thy sake, dear Angel! now
More humble will I be;
But I am weak, and, when I fall,
Oh, weary not of me.

7 Oh, weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me though I
Her worst of sons have been.

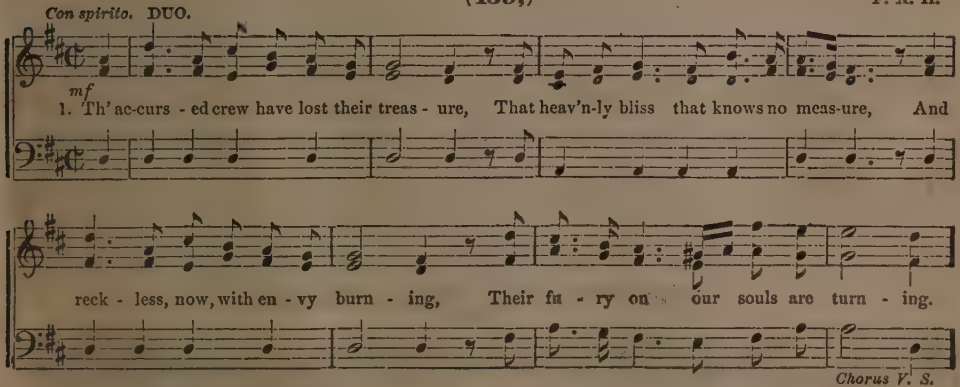
8 She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou know'st what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

9 Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon th' eternal shore.

ARM FOR DEADLY FIGHT.

(139;)

F. A. H.

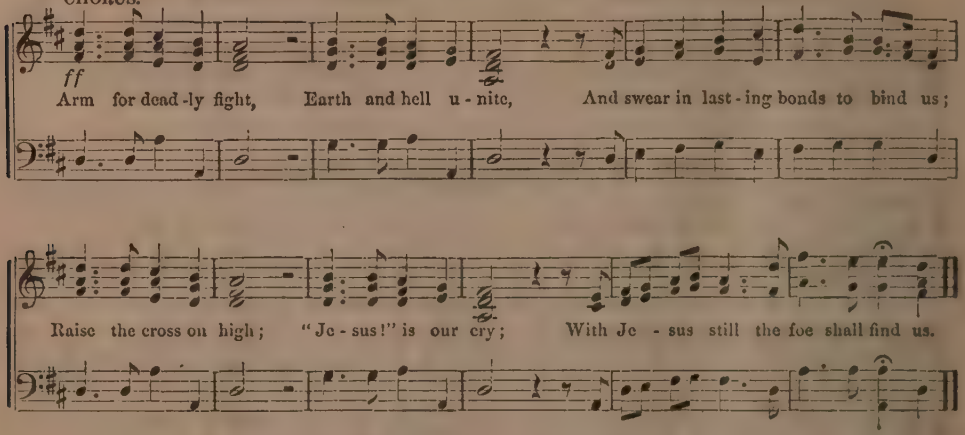

Con spirito. DUO.
mf
1. Th' ac-curs - ed crew have lost their treas - ure, That heav'n-ly bliss that knows no meas-ure, And
reck - less, now, with en - vy burn - ing, Their fu - ry on our souls are turn - ing.
Chorus V. S.

2 Thrice happy he who, heavenward turning,
Prays while he fights, with ardor burning;
Begs aid from those who here have striven,
And succor from the Queen of Heaven.—CHO.

3 Though crafty is the foe's contriving,
And ruthless his relentless striving,
On God, our hope, our strength, relying,
We'll pledge to heaven our faith undying.—CHO.

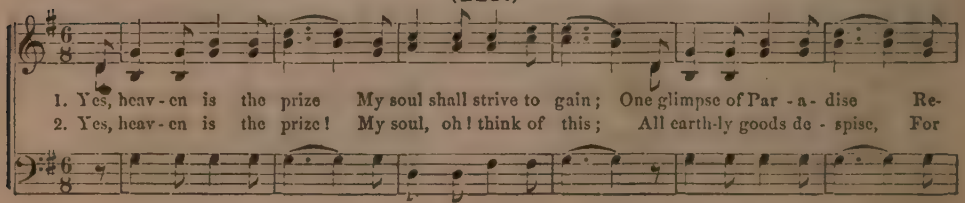
Arm for deadly Fight. CONCLUDED.

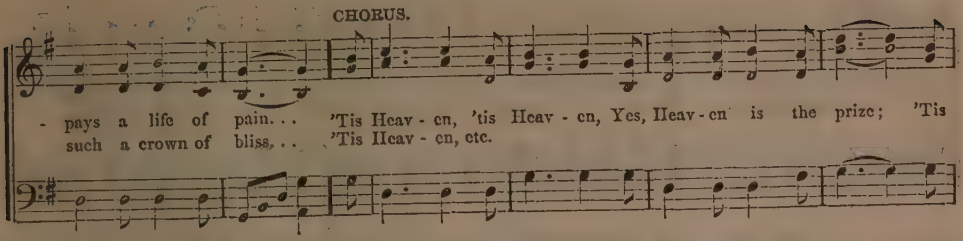
CHORUS.

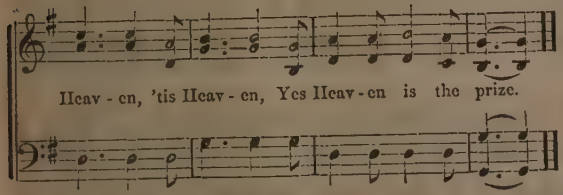

ff
Arm for dead-ly fight, Earth and hell u-nite, And swear in last-ing bonds to bind us;
Raise the cross on high; "Je-sus!" is our cry; With Je-sus still the foe shall find us.

HEAVEN IS THE PRIZE.

(140.)


1. Yes, heav-en is the prize My soul shall strive to gain; One glimpse of Par-a-dise Re-
2. Yes, heav-en is the prize! My soul, oh! think of this; All earth-ly goods de-spise, For





3 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around.
Look up beyond the skies,
Where hope and strength are found.—Cho.

4 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Oh! 'tis not hard to gain.
He surely wins who tries;
For hope can conquer pain.—Cho.

5 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
The strife will soon be past:
Faint not, but raise your eyes,
And struggle to the last.—Cho.

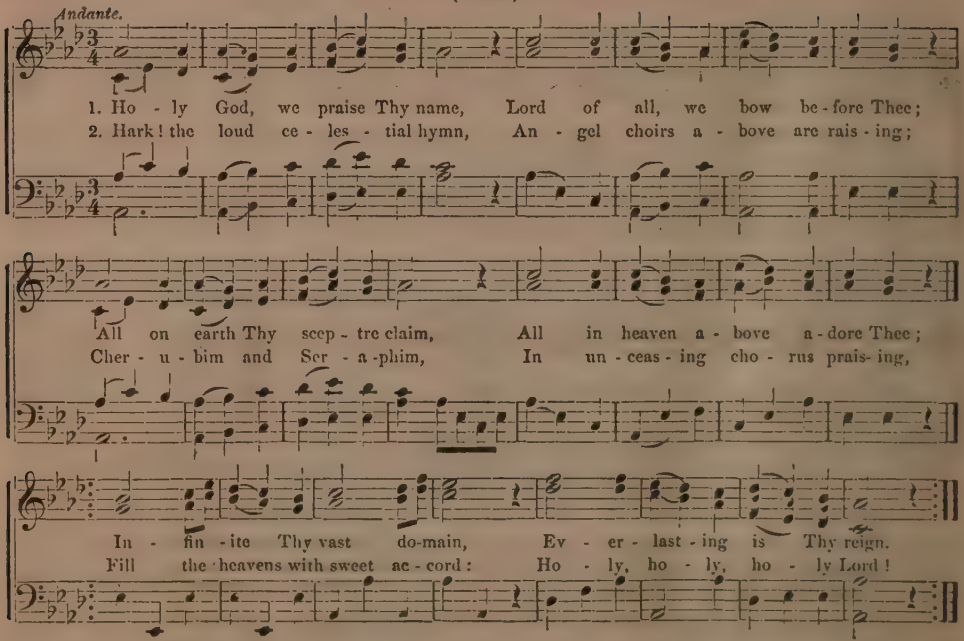
6 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Faith shows the crown to gain;
Hope lights the way and dies,
But Love will always reign.—Cho.

7 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Too much cannot be given;
And he alone is wise
Who gives up all for Heaven.—Cho.

8 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Death opens wide the door,
And then the spirit flies
To God for evermore.—Cho.

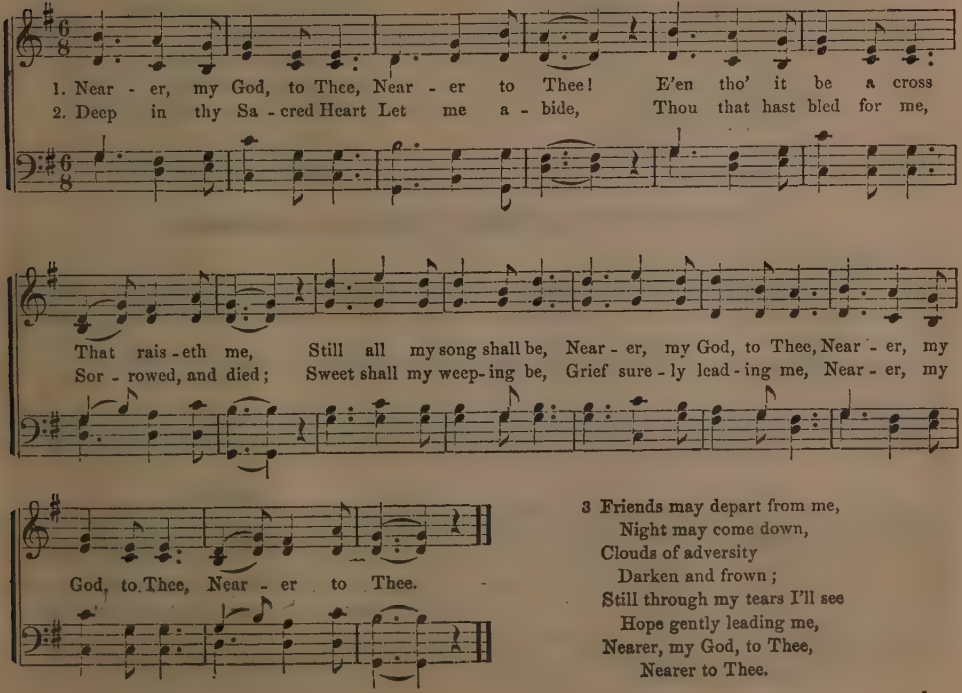
HOLY GOD.

(135.)


Andante.
1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name, Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee;
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
All on earth Thy scep - tre claim, All in heaven a - bove a - dore Thee;
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
In - fin - ite Thy vast do-main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
Fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

3 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded:
Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.

(Extra.)


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Deep in thy Sa - cred Heart Let me a - bide, Thou that hast bled for me,
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my
Sor - rowed, and died; Sweet shall my weep - ing be, Grief sure - ly lead - ing me, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

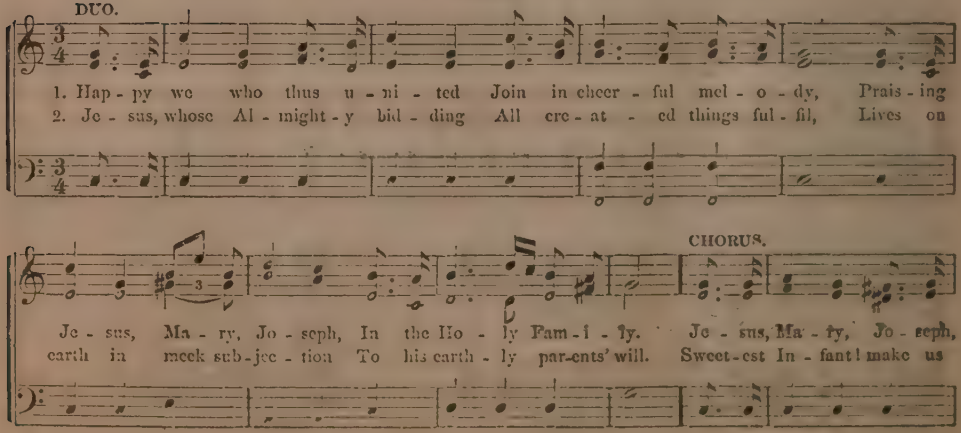
3 Friends may depart from me,
Night may come down,
Clouds of adversity
Darken and frown;
Still through my tears I'll see
Hope gently leading me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

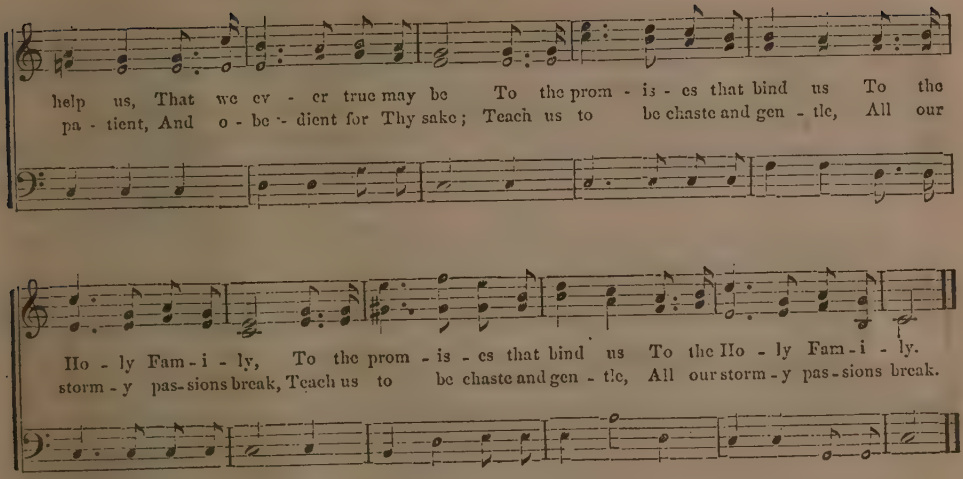
4 What, though the shadows fall,
Naught shall I fear;
When darkest seems the night,
Morning is near.
Sweet shall my trusting be
Sorrow still bringing me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 And, when the goal is won,
How like a dream,
In the dim retrospect,
Sorrow will seem.
Sweet will my transports be,
Jesus, thy face to see,
When I have come, at last,
Nearer to Thee.

HAPPY WE WHO THUS UNITED.

(138.)


DUO.
1. Hap - py we who thus u - ni - ted Join in cheer - ful mel - o - dy, Prais - ing
2. Je - sus, whose Al - might - y bid - ding All cre - at - ed things ful - fil, Lives on
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Ma - ry, Jo - seph, In the Ho - ly Fam - i - ly. Je - sus, Ma - ry, Jo - seph,
earth in meek sub - jec - tion To his earth - ly par-ents' will. Sweet - est In - fant I make us

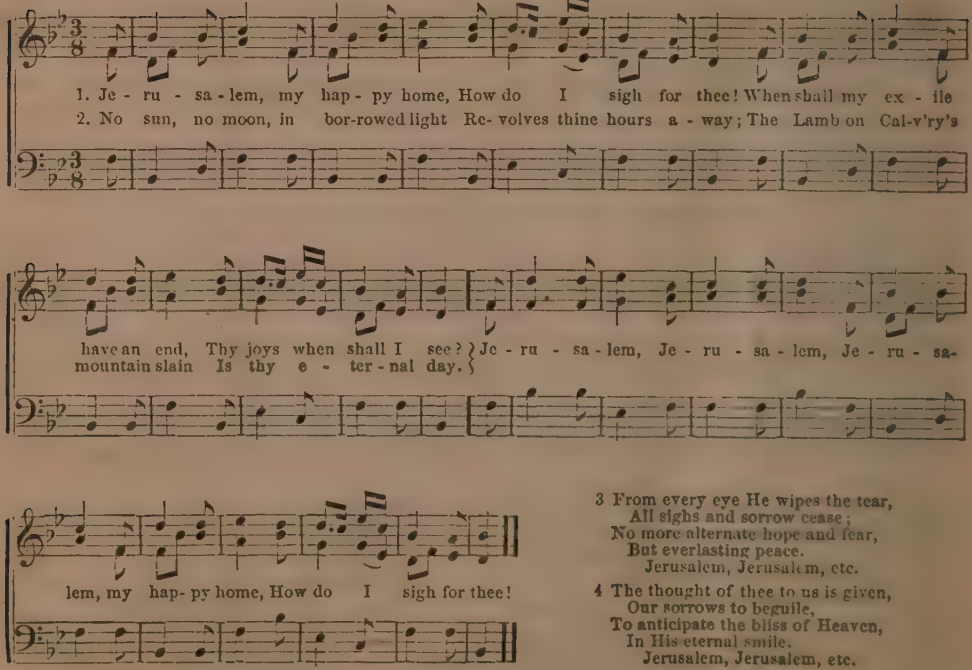

help us, That we ev - er true may be To the prom - is - es that bind us To the
pa - tient, And o - be - dient for Thy sake; Teach us to be chaste and gen - tle, All our
Ho - ly Fam - i - ly, To the prom - is - es that bind us To the Ho - ly Fam - i - ly.
storm - y pas - sions break, Teach us to be chaste and gen - tle, All our storm - y pas - sions break.

3 Mary! thou alone wert chosen
To be Mother of thy Lord:
Thou didst guide the early footsteps
Of the great Incarnate Word.
Dearest Mother! make us humble,
For thy Son will take His rest
In the poor and lowly dwelling
Of a humble sinner's breast.

4 Joseph! thou wert called the Father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord;
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.
Suffer us to call thee Father,
Show to us a father's love;
Lead us safe through every danger
Till we meet in heaven above.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

(131.)

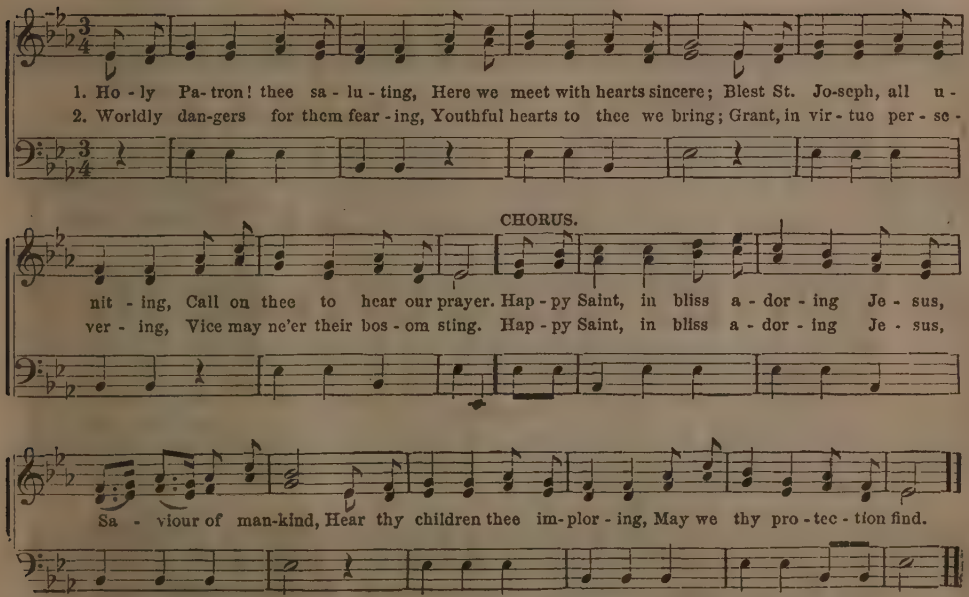

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee! When shall my ex - ile
2. No sun, no moon, in bor-rowed light Re- volves thine hours a - way; The Lamb on Cal-v'ry's
have an end, Thy joys when shall I see? } Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa-
mountain slain Is thy e - ter - nal day. }
lem, my hap- py home, How do I sigh for thee!

3 From every eye He wipes the tear,
All sighs and sorrow cease;
No more alternate hope and fear,
But everlasting peace.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, etc.

4 The thought of thee to us is given,
Our sorrows to beguile,
To anticipate the bliss of Heaven,
In His eternal smile.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, etc.

ST. JOSEPH.

(132.)


1. Ho - ly Pa-tron! thee sa - lu - ting, Here we meet with hearts sincere; Blest St. Jo-seph, all u -
2. Worldly dan-gers for them fear - ing, Youthful hearts to thee we bring; Grant, in vir - tue per - se -
CHORUS.
nit - ing, Call on thee to hear our prayer. Hap - py Saint, in bliss a - dor - ing Je - sus,
ver - ing, Vice may ne'er their bos - om sting. Hap - py Saint, in bliss a - dor - ing Je - sus,
Sa - viour of man-kind, Hear thy children thee im-plor - ing, May we thy pro - tec - tion find.

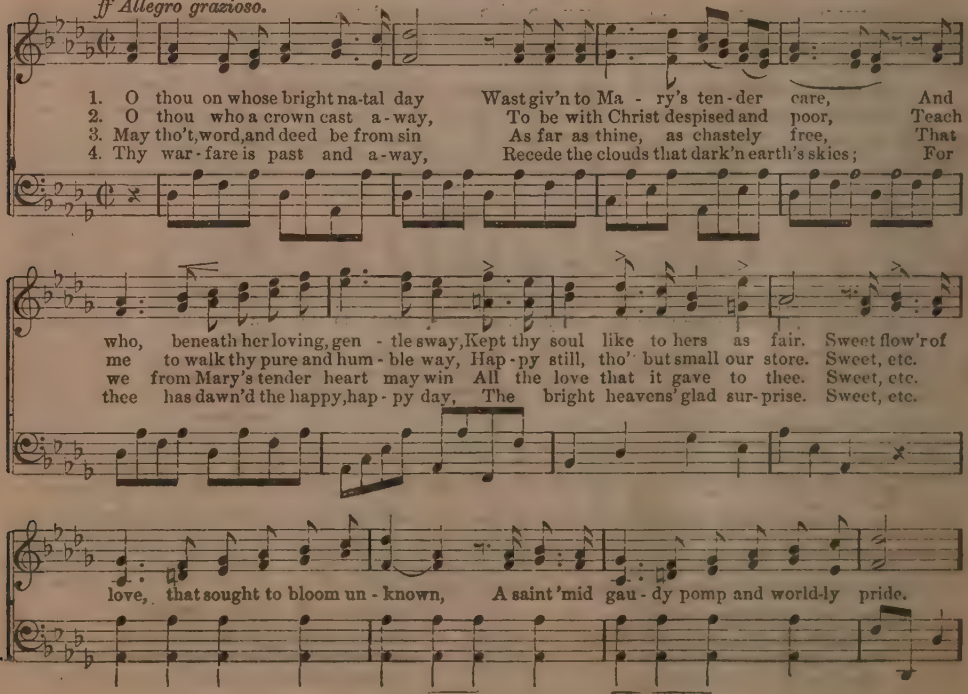
3 Thou, who faithfully attended
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
Who, with pious care defended
Mary, Virgin ever pure.—Cho.

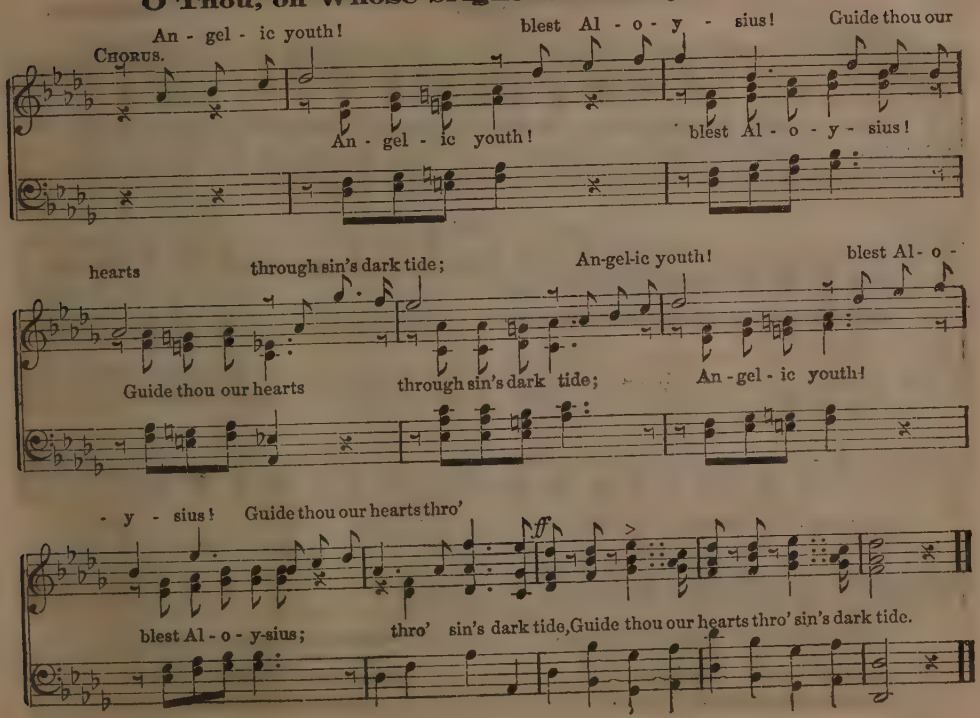
4 Through this life, O watch around us,
Fill with love our every breath,
And when parting fear surrounds us,
Guide us through the toils of death.—Cho.

O THOU, ON WHOSE BRIGHT NATAL DAY.

(144.—St. Aloysius.) LAMBILLOTTE.

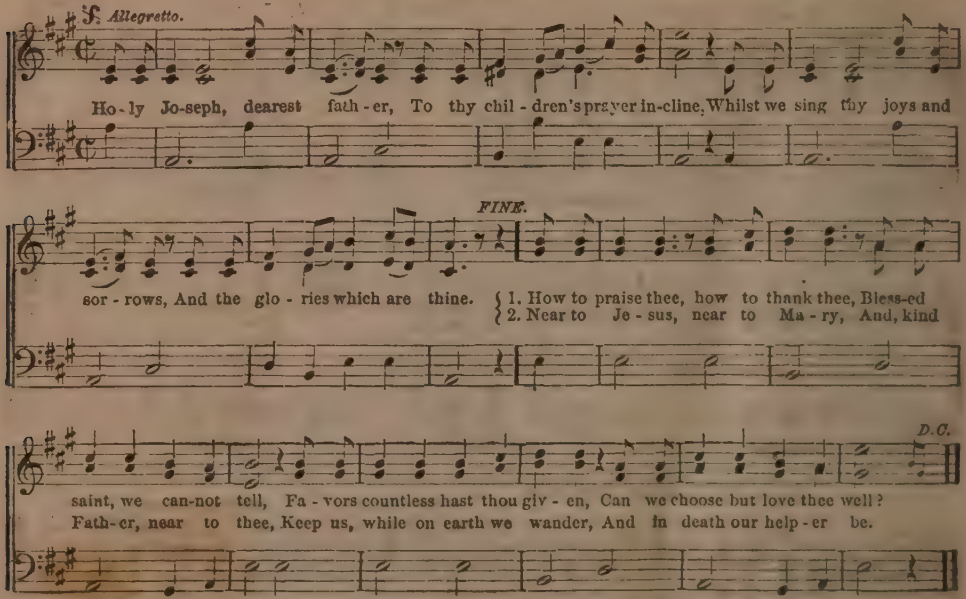
ff Allegro grazioso.


1. O thou on whose bright na-tal day Wast giv'n to Ma - ry's ten-der care, And
2. O thou who a crown cast a-way, To be with Christ despised and poor, Teach
3. May tho't, word, and deed be from sin As far as thine, as chastely free, That
4. Thy war-fare is past and a-way, Recede the clouds that dark'n earth's skies; For
who, beneath her loving, gen - tle sway, Kept thy soul like to hers as fair. Sweet flow'r of
me to walk thy pure and hum - ble way, Hap-py still, tho' but small our store. Sweet, etc.
we from Mary's tender heart may win All the love that it gave to thee. Sweet, etc.
thee has dawn'd the happy, hap - py day, The bright heavens' glad sur-prise. Sweet, etc.
love, that sought to bloom un - known, A saint 'mid gau - dy pomp and world-ly pride.


An - gel - ic youth!
blest Al - o - y - sius!
Guide thou our
CHORUS.
An - gel - ic youth!
blest Al - o - y - sius!
hearts
through sin's dark tide;
An-gel-ic youth!
blest Al- o -
Guide thou our hearts
through sin's dark tide;
An - gel - ic youth!
- y - sius!
Guide thou our hearts thro'
ff
blest Al - o - y-sius;
thro' sin's dark tide, Guide thou our hearts thro' sin's dark tide.

HOLY JOSEPH, DEAREST FATHER.

(145.) NIEDERMEYER.


F. Allegretto.
Ho - ly Jo-seph, dearest fath - er, To thy chil - dren's prayer in-cline, Whilst we sing thy joys and
FINE.
sor - rows, And the glo - ries which are thine.
1. How to praise thee, how to thank thee, Bless-ed
2. Near to Je - sus, near to Ma - ry, And, kind
D.C.
saint, we can-not tell, Fa - vors countless hast thou giv - en, Can we choose but love thee well?
Fath-er, near to thee, Keep us, while on earth we wander, And in death our help - er be.

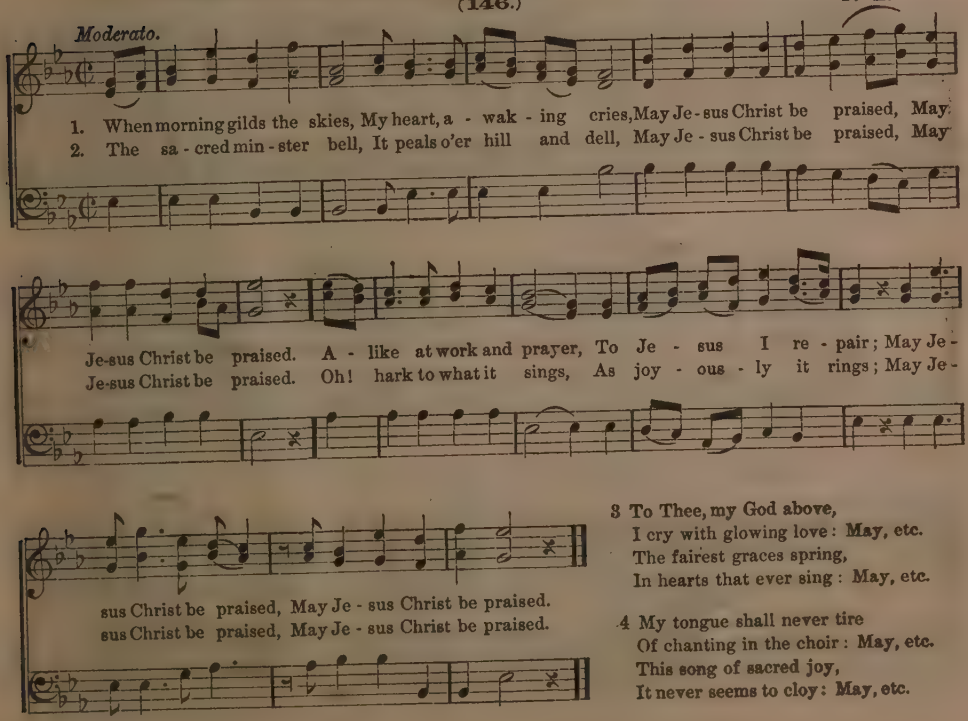
3 We have prayed and thou hast answered,
We have asked and thou hast given.
Need we marvel? Jesus tell us,
Joseph has the stores of heaven.

4 One more favor we will ask thee,
Thou of all canst grant it best,
When we die be thou still near us,
Bring us safe to endless rest.

WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES.

(146.)

F. A. H.

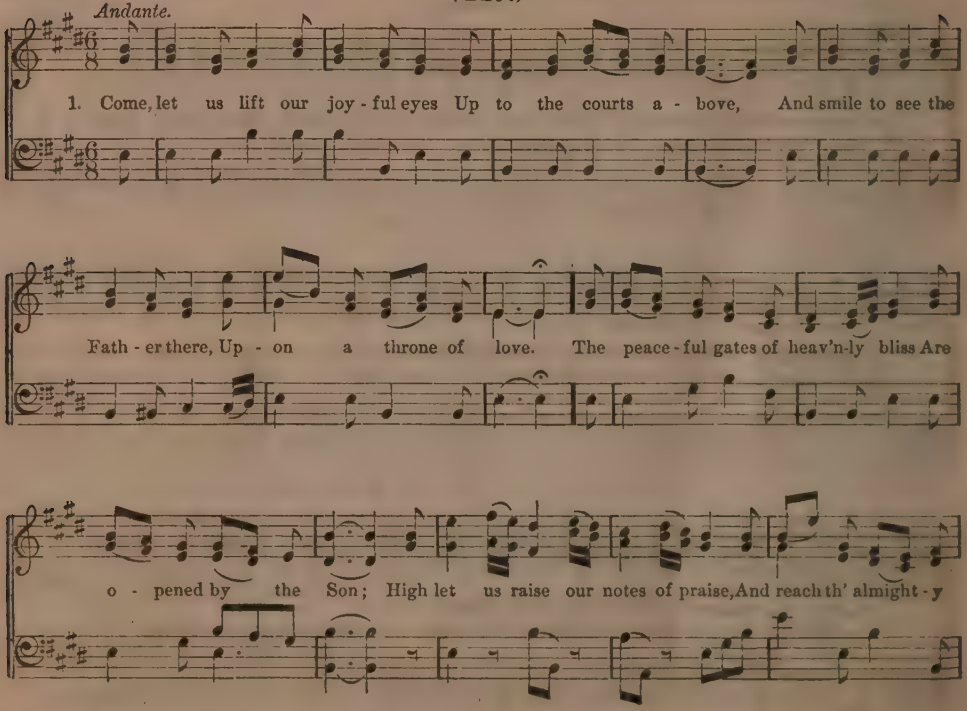

Moderato.
1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised, May
2. The sa - cred min - ster bell, It peals o'er hill and dell, May Je - sus Christ be praised, May
Je-sus Christ be praised. A - like at work and prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je -
Je-sus Christ be praised. Oh! hark to what it sings, As joy - ous - ly it rings; May Je -
sus Christ be praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
sus Christ be praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised.

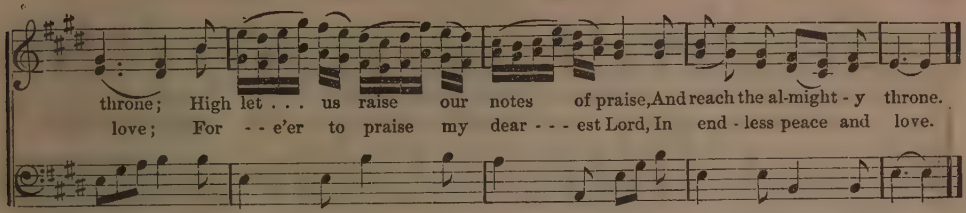
3 To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love: **May**, etc.
The fairest graces spring,
In hearts that ever sing: **May**, etc.

4 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting in the choir: **May**, etc.
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy: **May**, etc.

COME, LET US LIFT OUR JOYFUL EYES.

(147.)


Andante.
1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see the
Fath - er there, Up - on a throne of love. The peace - ful gates of heav'n-ly bliss Are
o - pened by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th' almight - y

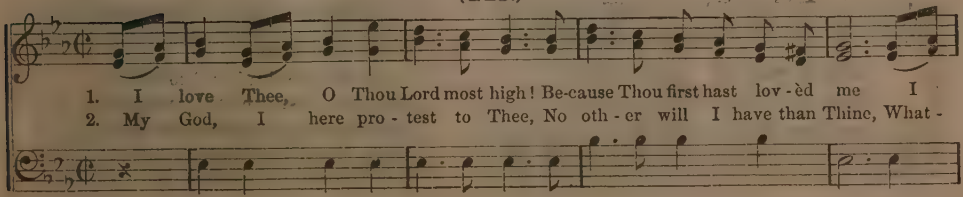

throne; High let . . . us raise our notes of praise, And reach the al-might - y throne.
love; For - - e'er to praise my dear - - - est Lord, In end - less peace and love.

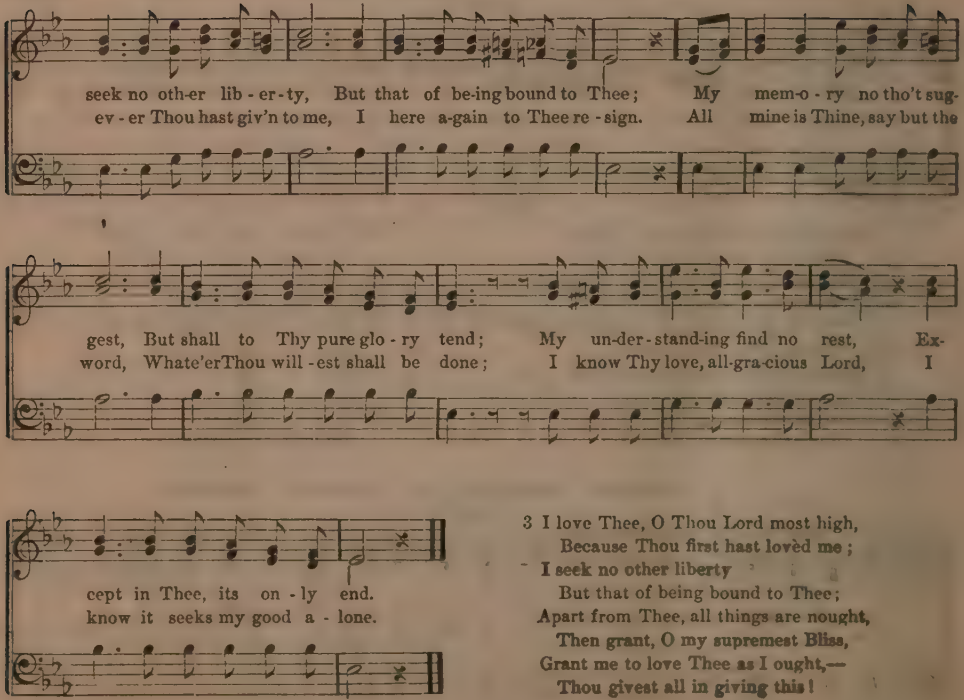
2 O heaven! O land of pure delight!
Where saints immortal reign,
Where endless day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain,
When shall my soul, from darkness free,
To thy bright seats remove,
Fore'er to praise my dearest Lord,
In endless peace and love;
Fore'er to praise my dearest Lord,
In endless peace and love.

3 To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God who all things made,
And to the Lamb for sinners slain,
Be endless honors paid.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was and is,
And shall be evermore;
Be glory, as it was and is,
And shall be evermore.

I LOVE THEE, O THOU LORD.

(143.) S. N. D.

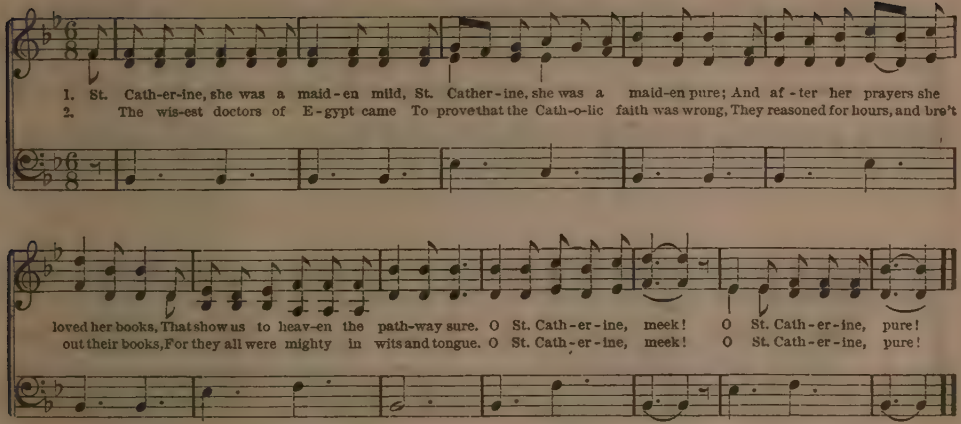

1. I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high! Be-cause Thou first hast lov - èd me I
2. My God, I here pro - test to Thee, No oth - er will I have than Thine, What -


seek no oth-er lib - er - ty, But that of be-ing bound to Thee; My mem-o - ry no tho't sug-
ev - er Thou hast giv'n to me, I here a-gain to Thee re - sign. All mine is Thine, say but the
gest, But shall to Thy pure glo - ry tend; My un-der - stand-ing find no rest, Ex-
word, Whate'erThou will - est shall be done; I know Thy love, all-gra-cious Lord, I
cept in Thee, its on - ly end.
know it seeks my good a - lone.

3 I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast lovèd me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee;
Apart from Thee, all things are nought,
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought,—
Thou givest all in giving this!

ST. CATHERINE'S BALLAD.

(150.)


1. St. Cath-er-ine, she was a maid-en mild, St. Cather-ine, she was a maid-en pure; And af-ter her prayers she
2. The wis-est doctors of E-gypt came To prove that the Cath-o-lic faith was wrong, They reasoned for hours, and bre't
loved her books, That show us to heav-en the path-way sure. O St. Cath-er-ine, meek! O St. Cath-er-ine, pure!
out their books, For they all were mighty in wits and tongue. O St. Cath-er-ine, meek! O St. Cath-er-ine, pure!

3 Saint Catherine stood before them all,
So humble—she trusted in Heaven alone;
She proved that the Catholic faith was right,
Till there they sat, as dumb as a stone.

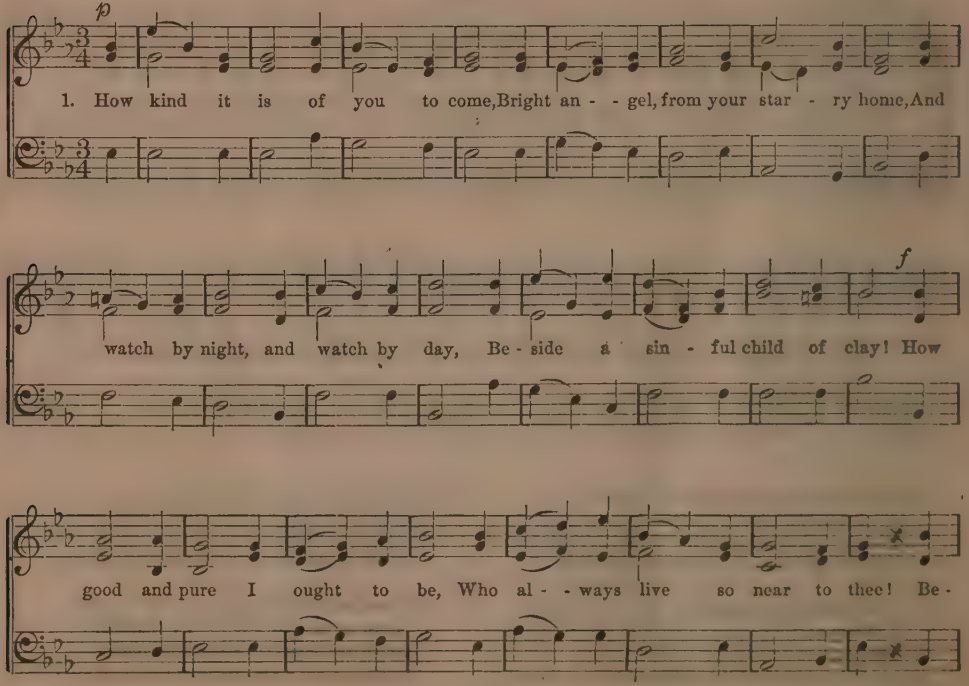
4 Now what did the king and his courtiers do,
When none of them all could answer a word?
They said she no longer was fit to live,
And cut off her innocent head with a sword.

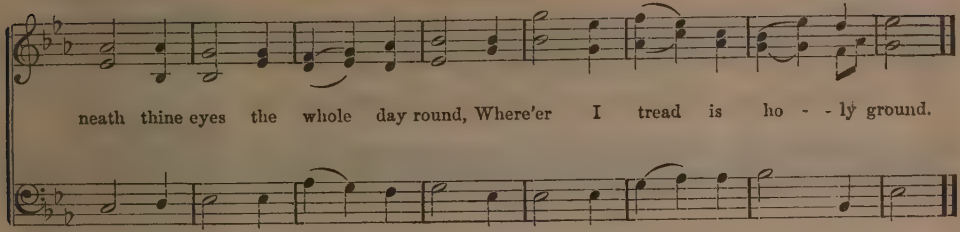
5 But, far away to the holy mount,
Bright angels in triumph St. Catherine bore;
And now in the courts above she reigns
With Christ and His Mother for evermore.

6 O dear Saint Catherine! pray for us now;
Help us to keep our Faith's true light;
For we are in struggle with danger and sin,
And you are in Heaven where all is bright.

CHILD'S HYMN TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

(148.) RICHARDSON.


p
1. How kind it is of you to come, Bright an - - gel, from your star - ry home, And
watch by night, and watch by day, Be - side a sin - ful child of clay! How
f
good and pure I ought to be, Who al - - ways live so near to thee! Be -



2 And if I had my wish, I would,
Dear angel mine! be always good;
This minute I would rather die,
Than say bad words or tell a lie;
I always feel disposed this way,
Whene'er I kneel me down to pray;
But I forget when church is o'er,
And am as naughty as before.

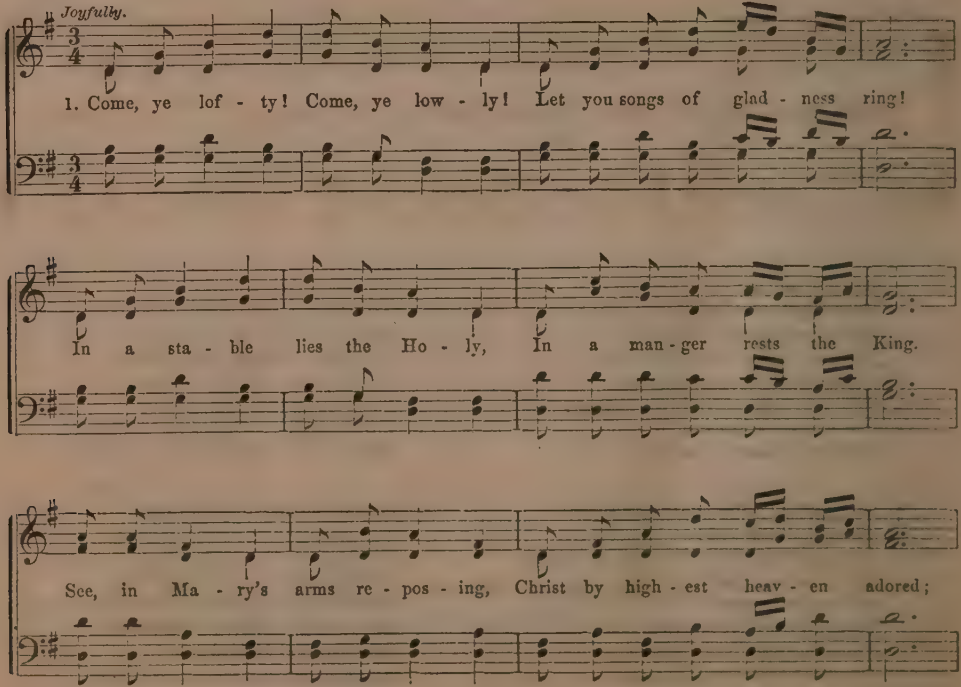
3 O blessèd guardian! kind and mild,
Have pity on a poor weak child,
And pray that God will make me strong
To do the right and shun the wrong.
Whenever I commit a sin,
I feel my very heart within
Grow chill and heavy like a clod,
Because I have offended God.

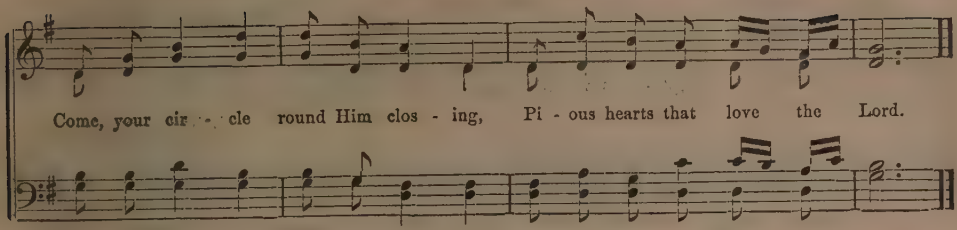
4 But I would rather love the Lord,
And shun each sinful deed and word,
Than do the sin, then feel the force
Of bitter shame and keen remorse.
I wish to think of God and thee
Whenever pretty things I see,
Till every flower that gems the sod
Shall make me think of thee and God.

5 Inspired by faith, I wish to hear
Thy gentle footfall strike my ear,
Before thy radiant face to bow,
And feel thy kiss upon my brow.
Thy broad white wings shall be my shield
While battling on life's dusty field;
Thine arms enfold me when I die,
And waft me homeward to the sky.

COME, YE LOFTY! COME, YE LOWLY!*

ARCHER GURNEY. (22.)—*b* HARRY SANDERS.


Joyfully.
1. Come, ye lof - ty! Come, ye low - ly! Let you songs of glad - ness ring!
In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King.
See, in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing, Christ by high - est heav - en adored;



2 Come, ye poor; no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore;
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen round about behold them,
Rafters naked, cold, and bare:
See, the shepherds! God has told them
That the "Prince of Peace" lies there.

3 High above a star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,
For you all has ris'n the star.
Let us bring our glad oblations,
Thanks, and love, and faith, and praise;
Come, ye people! Come, ye nations!
All-in-All draw nigh to gaze.

4 Come, ye children, blithe and merry!
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized, for His dear sake:
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender!
Come, ye spirits brave and bold!
All-in-All your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old

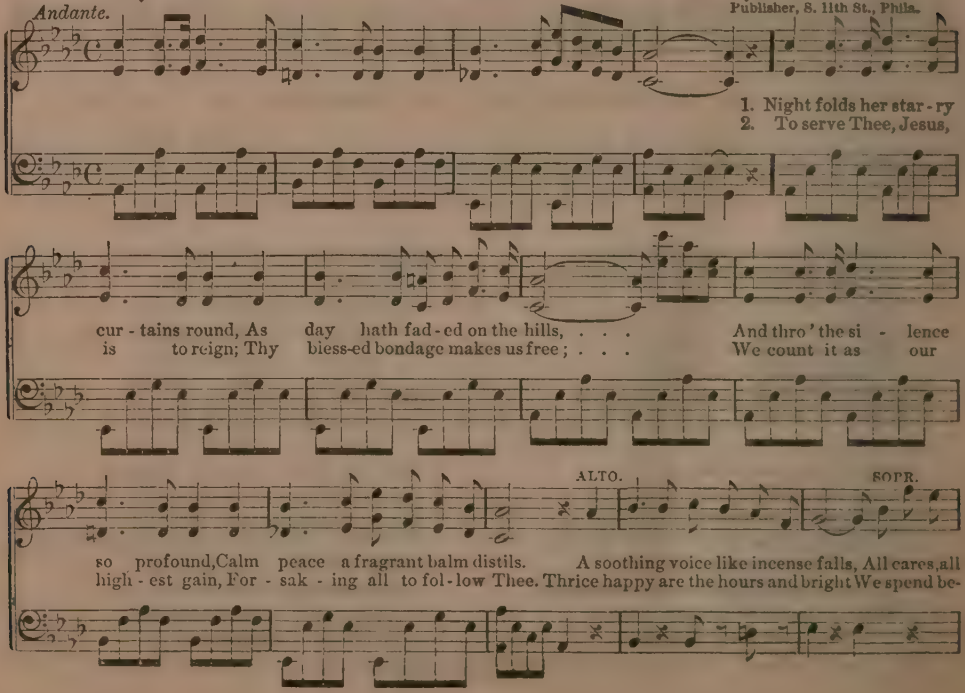
5 Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing,
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
"Welcome, Welcome, Christmas morn?"
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

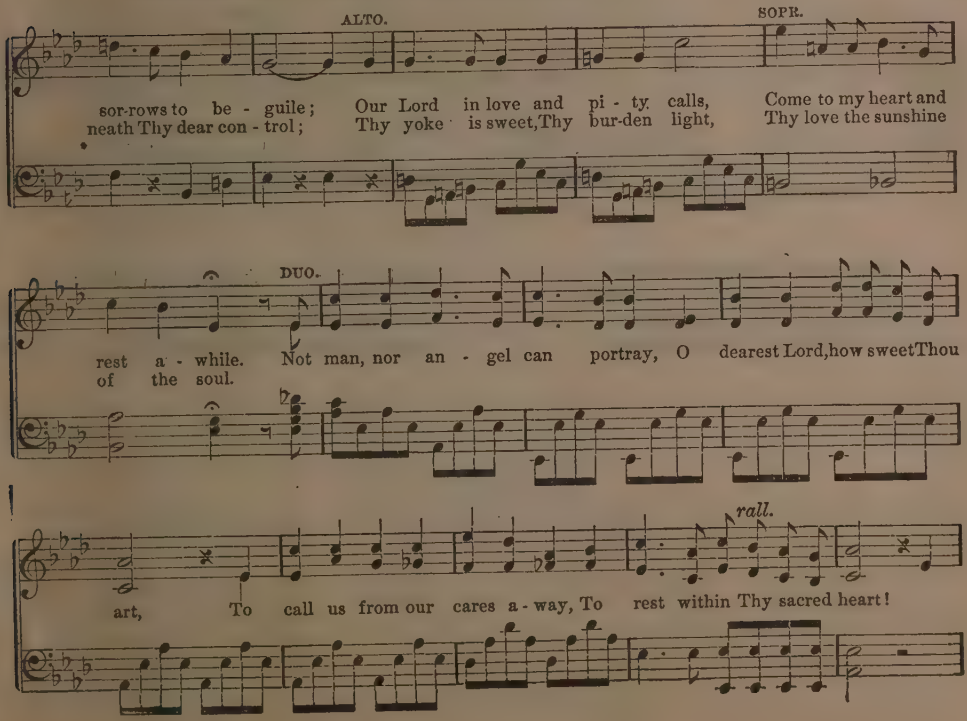
Other music for this hymn may be found on p. 34.

232 EVENING HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

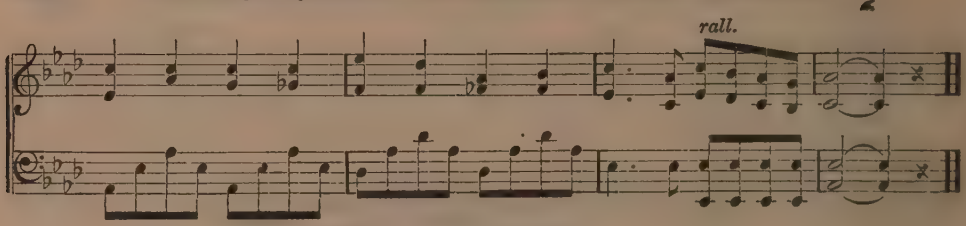
Words by S. N. D. (Extra.) Music by A. H. Rosewig.

Publisher, S. 11th St., Phila.


Andante.
1. Night folds her star - ry
2. To serve Thee, Jesus,
cur - tains round, As day hath fad - ed on the hills, . . . And thro' the si - lence
is to reign; Thy bless-ed bondage makes us free; . . . We count it as our
ALTO.
SOPR.
so profound, Calm peace a fragrant balm distils. A soothing voice like incense falls, All cares, all
high - est gain, For - sak - ing all to fol - low Thee. Thrice happy are the hours and bright We spend be-


ALTO.
SOPR.
sor-rows to be - guile; Our Lord in love and pi - ty calls, Come to my heart and
neath Thy dear con - trol; Thy yoke is sweet, Thy bur-den light, Thy love the sunshine
DUO.
rest a - while. Not man, nor an - gel can portray, O dearest Lord, how sweet Thou
of the soul.
rall.
art, To call us from our cares a - way, To rest within Thy sacred heart!

Evening Hymn to the Sacred Heart. CONCLUDED.



O dearest Lord, our steps restrain,
That from Thy grace we ne'er depart;
And closer draw the triple chain,
That binds us to Thy Sacred Heart.

Then shall our wond'ring transports know
The blessings to Thy spouses given,
The hundred fold on earth below,
Above, the endless joys of heaven.

FINIS.

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